



A Tragic Experiment

WRITTEN BY H. PARK BOWDEN. ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. BACON

"H A—AHA!"

The hearty, masculine laugh from the adjoining room made the girl start in her light slumber—for girl she still was in years, though a wedding-ring gleamed on one slender hand, while the other infolded the wee, bare foot of the sleeping infant at her side.

Another hilarious outburst, and she opened her eyes with a deep-drawn sigh. For some minutes she lay quite still, listening to the two voices in the next room. One was her husband's, speaking in quick, nervous jerks, as was his wont when excited; the other, which was characterised by a certain racy buoyancy, was strange to her ears.

"Another of his medical friends," she thought, her straight, delicate brows contracting. For she felt instinctively that his fellow-students, all, more or less, held the opinion that Herman Churchill had committed the height of folly in hampering himself with a penniless wife, when he had barely wherewithal to support himself.

And this distressing conviction was ever attended by a still more distressing presentiment that, sooner or later, he would himself become imbued with their opinion—would rue the day when he had set love above ambition. Already a reserved constraint was beginning to mark his manner towards her.

O why, she asked herself sadly, why did she ever let her heart be swayed by his passionate protest: "If you let your uncle marry—or, rather, sell you to that old reprobate—you will ruin your own life and mine. I don't care a jot for success unless I can share it with you—my wife!"

And yet, remembering the flood of tenderness that had overflowed her soul as she listened to that sudden caressing

cadence in his vehement voice, she could not but feel that love would again prove all-prevailing, could she re-live that fateful hour in the peaceful, old mausoleum garden.

"O baby, if I could only help him, could only do something to prove my love—and strengthen his!" she murmured, pressing her cheek to the little dark head beside her.

Then she gently loosened the grasp of the tiny, pink fingers that had closed on the girdle of her robe, and quietly rose from the bed. Going to a quaintly-framed old mirror, she arranged her short, ruffled curls, which, being fair and soft as floss silk, formed a sort of aureole about her small, well-shaped head. The extreme paleness of her complexion strikingly intensified the clear, rich colouring of her eyes—

Deep and Dark,
Solemn and true,
Pansy eyes
Of the noblest blue.

Presently she moved to the arched, ornate window, and stepped out on the balcony—one of those marvels of carved woodwork that beautify the streets of Lahore; and resting her arms on the latticed parapet, she looked listlessly down on the narrow Oriental street that she had thought so quaint and picturesque when first she came here after her runaway marriage.

Three rooms over a lapidary's shop! It had sorely vexed the poor but proud medical student that he should have no better home to offer the daintily-nurtured girl. However, by dint of various bargains among the neighbouring bric-à-brac shops, he had made two of the scantily-furnished rooms replete with artistic beauty. The third he reserved as his own special den, where he pursued his medical studies. This room also

opened on to the balcony; and the voices of the two men within came with audible distinctness through the open doorway, near which stood a flowering shrub.

"But just consider, twenty thousand deaths annually from snake-bite—and you question whether my experiment is justifiable!"

The raised excited tones of her husband's voice rang out clearly. With a curiosity bordering on apprehension she moved towards the window listening intently.

"Now don't blaze out like that, old fellow: the thermometer and my nerves forbid it! Since you place such faith in this antitoxin you are naturally bent on making the final test; but I can't say my confidence in its efficacy comes up to yours—I should be sorry indeed to submit myself to cobra virus, as you so coolly talk of doing."

As the good-humoured, pacifying reply fell on her ear, horror blanched her face to an ashy pallor; and she was taking an impulsive step forward to enter the room when she was arrested by his friend putting the question that throbbed in her brain.

"And when do you intend making this experiment on yourself?"

"Not until after the 24th—the anniversary of my wedding-day."

The pause that followed was terribly eloquent to her. Despite the confidence he had evidently professed, he must certainly fear that this horrible experiment, whatever it was, might prove fatal. He would not hazard the chance of that day finding her—a widow. She leant, faint and trembling, against the framework of the door, concealed from their view by the thick foliage of the syringa.

"Aye, what about your wife and child? What would become of them if the worst should happen?"

"They would be well provided for. In that case the Maharajah would settle an annuity of 10,000 rupees on her—more than I could earn for many a year to come if I were to peg on in the ordinary way."

All the chafing bitterness against poverty and obscurity that she knew had

long rankled in his breast, seemed concentrated in that short sentence.

"But if, as is far more likely," he continued quickly, "the test fulfils my expectations, he intends establishing an institution to be devoted to the practice of my discovery."

"Well, he can't do more than that, certainly—unless he would allow the ultra test to be made on his august self!"

"And now, Rutland, I want you to be a witness when I make it."

"Good Heavens, man, don't ask me that! I'd a hundred times rather stand second in the most bloodthirsty duel."

"I am sorry you feel like that about it, for you are the only friend I have, except the fellows at the hospital; and I would rather not take any of them into my confidence. Won't you think better of it and give me your promise?"

"Since you put it in that light, old fellow, I will pocket my scruples rather than leave you in the lurch. And now you are duly inoculated, I suppose there is nothing more to be done until you make this experiment. But where shall you make it—here?"

"Yes, Bedeen, the snake-charmer lives overhead, and he has a cobra among his collection whose poison fangs have not been extracted. In fact, that is one of the reptiles from which I have obtained the virus I've used in immunising the horse—one the Maharajah placed at my service some months back. Of course, you won't mention this to my wife. I haven't breathed a word of it to her," he added, his enthusiastic tone suddenly subdued to one of compunctious constraint.

"So I concluded—else she would have prevailed on you to abandon it."

"Abandon it—never! This is no pet hobby, man; it is the master passion of my life!"

The short, decisive avowal made her shrink as from a blow. Of what use to raise her appeal as wife and mother? Ambition ruled supreme in his breast, and this awful venture of his promised to crown it with honour—promised to raise him above the dead level of struggling poverty. And on the chance

of that promise being fulfilled, he was prepared to stake his life. But did her anguish and desolation count naught?

Stifling the rising sob in her throat, she again bent forward as the stranger's voice broke the silence.

"Well, we must hope that she will soon know of it as an invaluable discovery that will rank her husband with Pasteur and Behring. Inoculation against cobra-bite would be a boon indeed to India and every snake-ridden country. Going? I should say so—I must be at Government House by four o'clock."

There was a movement within the room, a few parting words, and a minute later she saw a soldierly-looking young fellow hurry away down the street.

Her first impulse was to go straight to her husband and beseech him to desist from this horrible experiment. But then there rang through her head those sharp, determinate words: "Abandon it—never!" And a tragic sense of the immutability of his purpose, the utter impotence of any such appeal benumbed her heart.

But the next minute it bounded anew as a sudden, point-blank thought glared upon her brain. For one moment she quailed, then faced it stedfastly, bravely, aye even gladly, as a revelation empowering her to "prove her love and strengthen his."

A look of strong resolve subduing the agitation of her face, she turned and entered the room she had dignified with the name of "laboratory."

He was in his shirt-sleeves bending

over a table littered with bottles, retorts, mortars and various instruments.

He looked round with a start that showed to what a pitch of nervous excitement he had been wrought by his recent discussion. Indeed, the fire of it was still flushing his thin, dark face, still burning in his deep-set, grey eyes.



"DRAWING UP HER LOOSE SLEEVE"

"So you have had your nap, little one—but I am afraid it hasn't done you much good; you look as white as a witch!" he said, taking her face between his hands, and looking down on it with a remorseful intentness, that would have roused her wonderment but for the terrible knowledge she had just gleaned.

"Do I, Herman; I suppose it's the heat," she replied carelessly. "But who

has been with you? I was on the balcony just now and saw him leave."

"O—you mean Captain Rutland. I hope to introduce him to you the next time he calls," he answered, meeting her upraised eyes with an uneasy look. "I would have done so now, had I known you were on the balcony. How long have you been there?"

"Only a minute or two, but long enough to hear that you have made some wonderful discovery that will make cobra-bite harmless. I caught a few words, and then I couldn't resist listening. Why have you never said anything about it to me?" she added, with an assumed touch of pique.

He was silent for half a minute, wondering how much of their conversation she had heard, and casting about in his mind how to answer her so as to divulge nothing of the dangerous nature of his enterprise.

"Because, sweet Inquisitor, I wanted to ascertain that the treatment does indeed confer immunity before I raised your hopes. At present it is doubtful whether it will prove a success or failure."

"And when shall you know?" she asked, keeping her eyes the while on the pestle she was fingering.

"Not until—until someone who has been inoculated happens to be bitten."

She drew her breath quickly.

"Then I suppose you will be anxious to get as many people as possible inoculated?"

At this question a look of relief relaxed the harassed contraction of his dark, heavily-marked brows. Evidently she had only heard their closing remarks.

"Just so. As soon as I have obtained my diploma I must scout for patients," he said, adopting a light tone. And turning away, he applied himself to arranging some bottles on a shelf.

The next minute her hand was laid on his arm.

"Let me be your first patient, Herman; I want you to inoculate me."

"You!" he exclaimed, swinging round and looking at her blankly.

"Yes, me. Preparing is preventing, you know," she said, attempting a smile

that quickly died on her lips. "I suppose it is much the same as being vaccinated?" she added, drawing up her loose sleeve.

"Yes, but not now, Muriel mine—wait until you are stronger." And stooping, he tenderly kissed the rounded softness of her arm, and drew down her sleeve. But she pushed it up again with a show of petulance.

"No, no, you must do it now. I won't be refused!"

He stood irresolute, being, in fact, in an awkward dilemma; knowing as he did that in her state of health she must not be thwarted; and that by the same reason the injection of the serum might be attended by danger. But he quickly perceived there was a middle course open to him: he must practise a little deception.

"You are a very headstrong little woman!" he said, assuming a yielding manner. And going to a side table, he hastily browned some water to the similitude of serum. Then returning to her side, he proceeded to make a subcutaneous injection beneath her milk-white skin.

"Have you had this idea in your mind long?" she asked, as he carefully used the hypodermic syringe.

"About eighteen months or so. You have heard me speak of the Maharajah? Well, he has taken the keenest interest in the subject; and has, I believe, every confidence in my success. He used to come to the hospital to see how a servant of his who had met with an accident was getting on. One morning, Houghton, the head surgeon, introduced me to his Highness, and since then he has often had a chat with me. On one occasion he told me that he had lost his only son through his being bitten by a cobra; and then I was led to tell him how I was bent on this—but you are trembling from head to foot! There's not the least danger in this, my own, else I would not do it for the world!"

If he had but known what was the bitter prevision that was overwhelming her soul—he, a bereaved, grief-stricken man, bending over her lifeless body.

"There, *dearissima*, you have been a

pattern patient," he said, pressing his lips to her cold, damp forehead.

"Will one injection be sufficient?" she asked, with a quivering lip, as she drew down her sleeve.

"Quite sufficient," he answered, not without a twinge of conscience at so imposing on her faith. "And now, my sweet, you had better go and lie down again for a bit with the kiddy. I wonder he hasn't been piping for his mother long before this."

A spasm as of acutest pain contracted her delicate features as he mentioned the child; and without another word she hastened from the room.

"And about what time do you think you will be home, Herman?"

"That will all depend on the Professor's longwindedness; but I daresay I shall be back by seven o'clock."

"Seven, and now it is just four," she said slowly, looking at the little bronze clock with an expression that fairly puzzled him, such shrinking dread did it betray. She had never before taken his leaving her so much to heart. But doubtless, like himself, she had been counting on their spending this red-letter day—the anniversary of their wedding—in close companionship.

"I wish to my heart I were not obliged to leave you, Muriel mine. I am afraid the time will hang heavy on your hands, and I am sure that young Nabob will," noticing with concern how pale and exhausted she looked as she lifted the open-eyed infant from his cradle and held him up for his father to kiss.

Was it the last time she would see him caress the child she had borne him?

The question held her mute.

"Good-bye, sweet wife, I will sheer off home as soon as I possibly can. And after dinner we will go for a quiet stroll together—you don't get out enough, I am sure!"

And drawing wife and child within his arms he tenderly kissed the tiny baby face, and the one that was so strangely pale and wistful,

—Solemn with unutterable thought,
And love and aspiration.

"O, my baby, is it for the last, the last time?" she moaned, as from the balcony she watched him going down the street, his tall athletic figure dwarfing all those he passed. On reaching the corner he looked back and waved his hand. The next moment he was lost to sight.



"DRAWING WIFE AND CHILD WITHIN HIS ARMS"

The child cooed and stretched his little limbs within her arms, as though to call her attention to himself. How those little inarticulate sounds smote her heart!

Returning to the room she touched a handbell. It was answered by a native girl, the lapidary's daughter, who for a slender wage had gladly undertaken the duties of nurse to the little new-comer.

She at once produced a feeding-bottle from some folds of flannel, for to

Muriel's grief the dearest prerogative of motherhood had been denied her. But now she felt that had it been otherwise she could not have risked a danger that might leave the little one motherless.

Her bosom heaved at the thought, as she laid him in his cradle and placed the mouthpiece between his eager lips.

For some minutes after the ayah had left the room she knelt by his side watching him contentfully absorbing the milk.

At last, with a long quivering breath she rose to her feet, and seating herself at a table she drew some writing materials before her.

But she had not written half-a-dozen lines when the pen dropped from her nerveless fingers, and she bowed her face on her arm in a paroxysm of anguish.

For some while her bitter sobs mingled with the child's gurgling suction, which suddenly gave place to a wailing cry.

In an instant she was bending over the cradle, stifling her grief in order to croon a lullaby. After a time, the little fellow dropped asleep; but his half-closed, azure-gleaming eyes seemed to be keeping an appealing watch on her, while his wee, hot fingers tightly grasped one of hers, as if they strove to withhold her from her dread purpose—strove to bind her to life, and all its sweet obligations.

Her face worked with the conflictive emotions convulsing her heart. But yearningly tender as was her love towards the child, it was an infinitely surpassing love that urged her to take her life in her hands, and, if needs be, lay it down as a saving sacrifice.

The little clock chimed five. She started and shivered.

"One hour gone—Bedeem will be back soon. I must be quick."

But for yet another minute she hung over the cradle, watching, with dry, burning eyes, the little flushed cheek, the moist coral lips, and the tiny dark circlets of hair on his fair baby brow.

Returning to the table, she finished her letter in feverish haste; and having folded and addressed it to her husband, she again rang the bell.

"I want you to sit by baby, Zeziah," she said, when the girl appeared; "and

if my husband returns before I do, give him this."

The girl promised to do so, looking with wonder the while at her mistress's drawn, blanched face.

Not trusting herself to even glance towards the cradle, Muriel left the room, and slowly mounted the narrow, winding stairs that led to the house-top, where she knew Bedeen was wont to let his snakes bask during the sunny hours. He only exhibited his craft in the morning, so she could count on finding the reptiles at home—and the man himself absent; for, business over, it was his habit to seek the pleasures of the café over the way.

Another minute, and she stood on the broad, parapeted space, in a flood of amber sunshine. Shading her eyes, she looked shrinkingly around, drawing her breath sharply as her gaze encountered two closely-wired cages—one containing a large cobra-de-capello, the other a number of rat-snakes.

And now the manifold coils of the cobra stirred, and, rearing its head, it fixed a pair of small glittering eyes on her.

She stood still as a statue, her gaze held in horrible fascination; and despite the warmth of the sunshine, an icy numbness seized her limbs and gripped her heart.

Averting her eyes with an effort, she looked away at the golden dome of a distant mosque, above which a flock of white pigeons were softly hovering. The fair, peaceful sight stilled, in a measure, the panic in her breast, and turning, she moved slowly over the well-worn tiles towards the deadly reptile.

It was still rearing its head in watchful alertness, and as she drew near, it expanded its hood, and darted out a slender, forked tongue.

She shrank back a pace, intertwining her fingers in an agony of repugnance. Had it been a poisoned potion she must drink, she would not have flinched; but to meet death in this form, to let those venomous fangs fasten in her flesh—what wonder that every nerve quivered, every instinct recoiled.

She closed her eyes and bowed her

head in agonised prayer. But the next minute the twanging of a vina and a man's strong, gay voice rose distractingly from the street below.

Her hands dropped from her damp, white face, and with a quick movement she stepped to the cage and thrust her fingers between the wires.

At first the enraged cobra swayed its head from side to side, emitting at the same time a low, threatening noise. Suddenly the movement was suspended, the head being held in erect fixity. Then, swift as a lance, it darted forward.

“I hope nothing ails her. It's seldom she fails to be on the lookout for me—though, to be sure, I'm more than an hour late,” said Herman Churchill to himself, as he sent an eager look ahead to the carved wooden balcony from which his fair young wife had so often smiled a welcome on him.

It was long since he had returned home with so light a step, for the grim danger that had clouded his ambitious hopes had been summarily swept aside by the most signal success. On reaching the Mayo Hospital that afternoon he had found that a cobra-bitten field labourer had just been admitted. In preparation for such an accident Churchill had for some time past provided himself with a phial of the immunised serum; and now, as the man was evidently beyond ordinary treatment, the doctors consented to try this new remedy. The serum was accordingly injected, and speedily manifested its antagonising

power to the anxious eyes of the medical watchers.

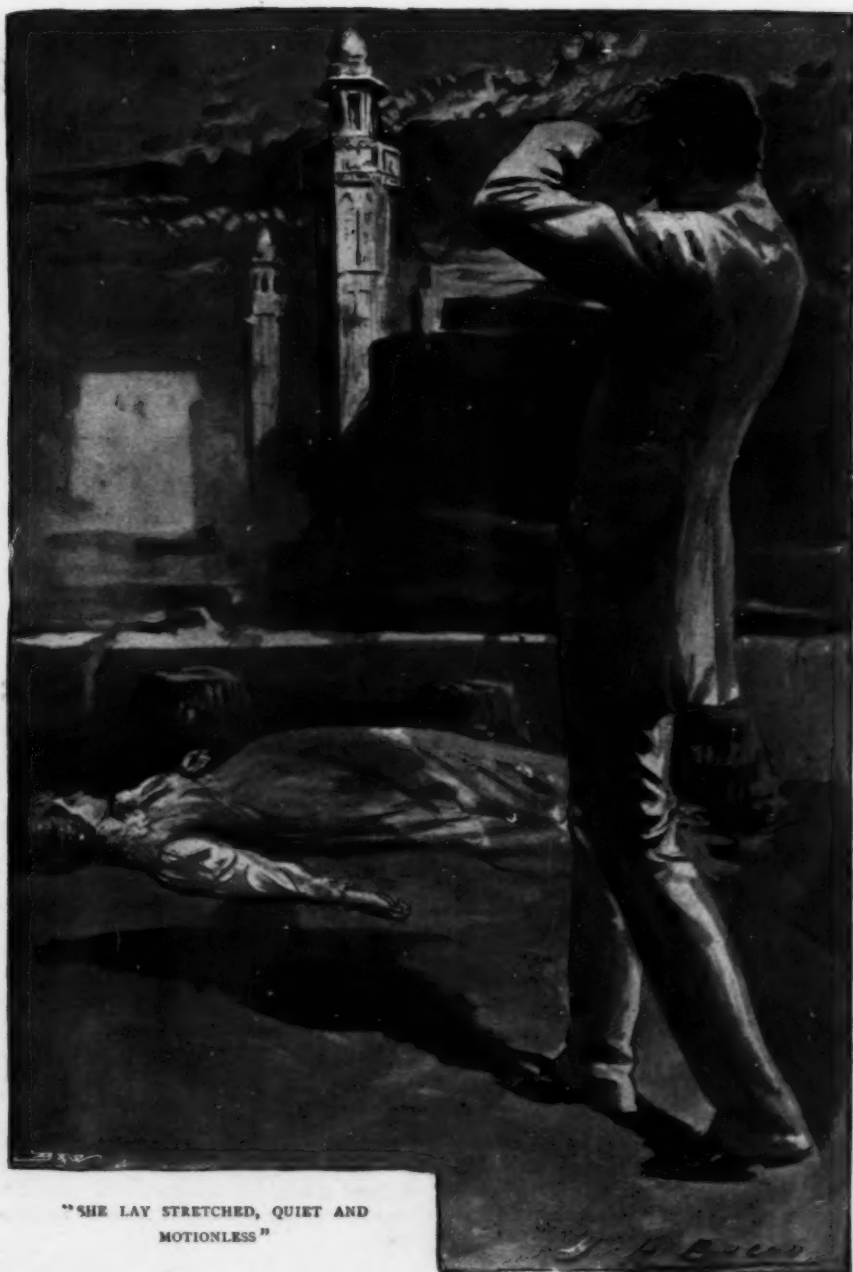
Their warm congratulations when the patient's recovery was ensured still rung in the young fellow's ears, adding to his eagerness to impart this long hoped-for



“INTERTWINING HER FINGERS IN AN AGONY OF REPUGNANCE”

success to his wife. With no longer a compunctious reluctance to meet her earnest gaze, he hastened on into the house, and up the stairs to their sitting-room.

The ayah was pacing the room, the baby in her arms, and a troubled look on her swarthy face.



"SHE LAY STRETCHED, QUIET AND
MOTIONLESS"

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In reply to his anxious inquiries after his wife she said that she thought her mistress had gone out, and handed him the note she had left for him.

Tearing it open he eagerly scanned the unevenly written, incoherently worded message:

"Forgive me, Herman, my husband, if I have done wrong, but I cannot let you risk it. I overheard more than you thought the other day when Captain Rutland was with you. I heard how you are bent on making an experiment that may cost you your life—how no appeal of mine could induce you to abandon it.

"To lose you, the love of my life, the father of my child—the fear of it was like a knife in my heart. I felt as if I should lose my reason, until I saw that I need not stand helplessly by; I could step between you and danger—could test your discovery on myself.

"And so I persuaded you to inoculate me. If it should fail I would infinitely rather die for you, my Herman, than live without you. My whole being is bound up in yours.

"When I have written this I am going up on the roof. I know Bedeen keeps his cobra there——"

He waited to read no further, but still grasping the letter dashed from the room, up the stairs, and out on the house-top.

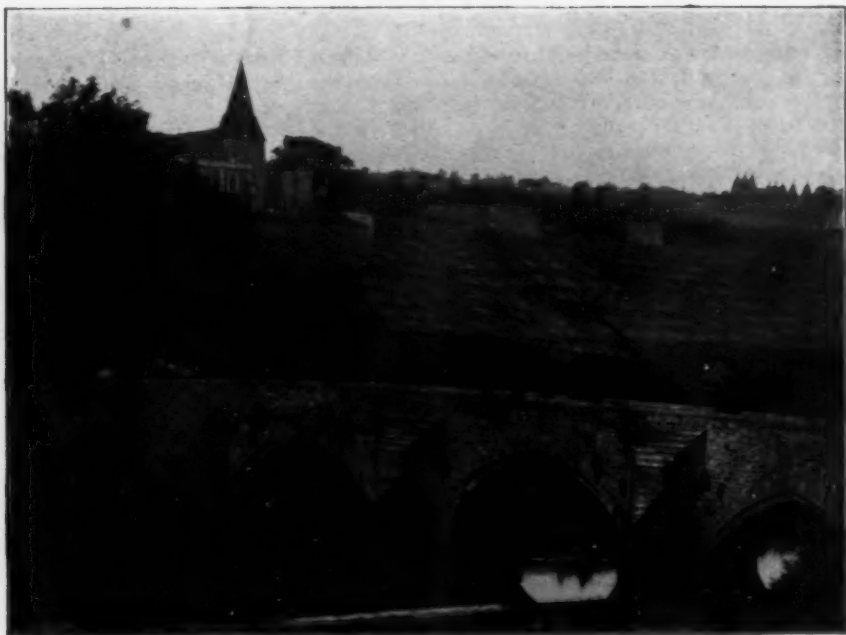
And there the dreaded sight confronted his starting eyes.

She lay stretched, quiet and motionless, close by the cobra's cage, her deathly white face turned up to the sunset glow—that was powerless to soften its frozen look of horror.

With an agonised groan he caught hold of her rigid hands and closely examined them. But the small, red punctures he dreaded to see were nowhere visible. Then, as he marked the absence of any symptom of poisoning, it dawned on his frenzied brain that a Heaven-sent swoon had timely prevented her self-sacrifice; and he caught her to his breast in a passion of thankful joy.

A tremor of limb and quiver of eyelid told him that consciousness was returning to her, and the next minute their eyes were meeting once more in perfected love.





EAST FARLEIGH FROM THE STATION

How I Went Hopping

WRITTEN, AND ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR
SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

IT was pouring in torrents as I emerged from the train on to East Farleigh Station platform. The outlook was dispiriting and well calculated to damp the ardour even of an enthusiastic amateur hopper. The valley of the Medway, which winds round the foot of the hill and laps the foundations of the quaint railway station, was hidden in mist, and the water came down in sheets, which swept the platform and made all Nature steam.

I shouldered my neatly-tied bundle, and after a steady climb reached the "Bull," and even in that deluge paused to admire my surroundings. It would indeed be difficult to find a quaint inn or a more picturesque situation. On the right a long, low, lath-and-plaster-built caravanserai, on the left a picturesque

church. Midway between the two a clump of fine old trees with spreading branches and gnarled trunks. Behind rise the hop gardens, reaching up the hill-side, while in front is a sea of mist, which gives the vague promise of a glorious view if ever the deluge gives over.

Having thus reconnoitred, I entered the inn, and by dint of much shoving and the exchange of personalities more exuberant than polite, succeeded in reaching the bar, and endeavoured to draw out my fellow-creatures with a view to finding an engagement.

My efforts were not very successful. The majority of the company were too far gone in beer to converse except in oaths, and the few comparatively sober ones did not hold out a very hopeful

prospect for me. "Doan't want no bloomin' 'ands in our company," said one dirty Whitechapelite. "It's all we can do ter make it wuth while ter sub once a week. Sivin bushels a shillin' we've got ter pick, and the bloomin' 'ops is that small, yer wants a teliscope ter find 'em." "Tell yer wot," shouted a comfortable-looking virago in accents decidedly thick: "I think there's a pole-puller wanted in Ginger Joe's gang. Yer might try 'im." "Garn," exclaimed a younger woman, whose tousled hair dripped rain-drops over the puling baby she carried in her arms; "Ginger won't work with strangers; that ain't no bloom-in' good. 'E'd better go and see Uncle Ned." Then, turning to me, she continued, "Go up ter the orffis and see the gunner. Arsk for Mr. Brookes. There's a lot of 'em, an' they're all all right, they is. I know some of the new companies is short-'anded. They'll take yer on at the orffis immejiate."

Having edged my way through the steaming crowd which packed the bar, I found my way to the bailiff's office, from which the destinies of Ellis's Farm are governed. The farm in question is the biggest of its kind in Mid-Kent. Indeed, I question whether it is not the biggest in the county. On this estate there are more than 400 acres under hops. The gardens are owned by a lady, whose business man and manager is Mr. Brookes—and a very capable and surprisingly energetic manager he is, as I soon had opportunities of learning. I was looked up and down, passed over to one of the "King's" lieutenants, and by him sent to an underling, who in due course led me out and presented me to Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Barnes, of East Farleigh, is no relation to his pseudonym of New York. He is an old policeman, having served his time in the county force; and, with his training and experience, he is the right man in the right place, his post being that of overseer, or officer in charge of the hoppers at Ellis's. And as there were this year close on eleven hundred of these, drawn for the most part from the scum of humanity, it will be understood that Mr. Barnes had his hands pretty full. There are 134 hopper-houses

at Ellis's, all told, one being very much like another. The rooms are all on the ground floor, and measure about 14 feet square. The door is fitted with a lock and key, and there is a good-sized window—which is, however, not glazed,



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but closes at night with a strong shutter. Mr. Barnes has the supervision of all these, and he also sees to the giving-out of straw and faggots—the former *ad libitum* twice a week, the latter in proportion of two faggots for each "house" every evening. It is he who goes the rounds at night and sees lights out; he deals with difficulties, quells disturbances, sees to the sick, sends for the doctor if required, and calls in the police when their presence is needed.

Having been handed over to this redoubtable individual, whose bearded face and stalwart form portray a man

not to be trifled with, I am given a little information and advice. I am told that I am to consider myself a member of No. 97 Company, whose hotel is hopper-house No. 13. I am instructed as to the water supply—which I found ample



THE KING OF THE HOPPERS

throughout my stay—and informed that the current rate of pay is seven bushels for a shilling. I am then told that the picking is over for the day, but that I had better get down to my hopper-house and chum up with my company, and be ready to make the acquaintance of the tallyman in the field at six in the morning.

So I shouldered the red-cotton handkerchief, which contained my worldly goods, and went down the road to near the Bridge, where I duly found No. 13, and proceeded to introduce myself to

my bedfellows. My chums turned out to be a cabman out of work who goes hopping every year, a newspaper vendor who plies his trade in Oxford Street, his wife and little boy, and a lad about whom I know nothing, but who proved to be a very decent and tractable chap. The interior of the hopper-house was cleanly whitewashed, the greater part of the floor being covered with clean straw. The married couple had brought an empty paillasse with them which they had filled, and this made a very passable bed, which they had curtained off from the rest of the room by hanging a shawl from the rafters. The other two apparently used the straw just as it was, and I realised that I should have to follow their example. It was nearly six o'clock by the time I had introduced myself, and preparations were in progress for supper; the cabman's lady, a person long past her prime, well wrinkled and none too clean, busying herself in the peeling of potatoes, while her husband tended a wood fire he had just lit in the shed provided for the purpose which runs along the brick wall opposite. The lady was very graciously inclined towards me, and having asked me what I had for supper, offered, on my replying that I had not provided anything, to let me share with the rest, adding, "Yer needn't pay to-night. I don't spose yer has much money, and yer can stand us a pot afore yer go 'ome."

After four large potatoes and a pint of very fair beer from the inn, I felt that so far as I was concerned, the day was over, so I followed the example of the others and retired to the straw, gratefully accepting the place next the wall which was offered by the cabman. The surroundings were novel. The rain pattered on the roof, our neighbours on either side appeared to be preparing to make a night of it, and already decidedly tipsy were shouting and swearing most horribly. The air reeked of steaming clothes hung up to dry and damp straw; but I was tired out and soon fell asleep, forgetful of everything till I was awake at half-past four by the cabman treading on my stomach in the course of getting into his trousers.

It was a lovely morning. The rain had ceased. The sky had cleared, and I rose, stiff and bruised somewhat from the marks of the nubby bits among the straw; but refreshed and fit. And I went out and had a swim in the river close by, and then hied me to the stall outside the "Bull," where I purchased a huge hunk of bread, and a modicum of margarine with a penn'orth of tea; and then I followed the rest of my company to the field, and we ranged ourselves round a pile of bins; great canvas bags about six feet long by two wide, and as deep, stretched on wooden trestle-like frames, and used for containing the hops picked. The newsvendor with his wife and child occupied one bin, cabby had another, while I shared one, divided down the middle so as to keep our pickings distinct, with the youth.

It takes some little time to discover what a lot of hops are required to fill a bin. We started picking at six, the signal for work being given by the sounding of a horn. Seven o'clock came, and the bottom of my section of the bin was only just covered, and by eight the bin was still three-quarters empty. But my fingers were getting tired, and they already showed a liberal staining of hop-juice, a pigment which appears to be permanent, and which I have not discovered anything to remove. At nine the measurer allotted to the section in which my bin figured came his round, accompanied by his boy, who carries the record-book. The measurer scoops the hops out of the bin with his bushel basket, calling out the number as he does so, the boy booking the bushels in the book against the number of the bin. When all the hops have been measured and shot into the sack which the measurer carries, the record is made on

the tallies—pieces of deal fashioned so as to fit into one another, so that when placed in juxtaposition an indentation can be made with a knife across both edges simultaneously. One of the tallies is kept by the hopper, the other being retained by the tallyman, and the record is thus maintained, while it is impossible for either to falsify the register, as any mark not appearing on both pieces would be at once noticed when they are next placed together.

On my asking the measurer to measure my picking he looked at me askance. "So I will when you have picked a few,



POLE PULLERS AT WORK

my man," he said; and assuming his most superior air he passed along the section. But on his reappearance two hours later he did measure me up, and found I had picked rather over three bushels! I felt very proud of myself despite the chaffing of the rest of my company, for I had earned sixpence, the rate being seven bushels a shilling, and I began to build castles in the air as to the result of my hopping.

At twelve o'clock the horn sounded again as the signal for dinner, and the majority of the pickers struck work and proceeded to produce provender of every possible species, which they set about devouring seated on the ground, or resting against the edges of the bins. Some few leave the garden, and go to their

hopper-houses for their meal, while others pay a visit to the "Bull" in search of beer; but the majority have their victuals with them, and proceed to put them away with a zest that is admirable to behold.

After noting the eagerness with which

every night and most afternoons. The Londoners, spoken of in the hop county as the "foreign" pickers, in contradistinction to those who dwell in the neighbourhood, are greatly in the majority, numbering something like 80 per cent. of the whole, and while a considerable propor-

tion of these are decent and respectable folk, there are many who are incorrigible ruffians. It is true that in well-managed gardens like Ellis's these black sheep are annually weeded out, and those who misconduct themselves are never taken on again; but there is, I believe, a leavening of black-guardism to be found among the hoppers every year, and small wonder when the large number employed is taken into account.

The process of treating the hops after picking is extremely simple, and is performed in specially constructed buildings known as oast-houses, from the peculiar shape of their cowl-capped roofs. The old-time oast-houses were of extremely picturesque outline, and though for the most part falling into decay, are still to be found dotted over the hills of Mid-Kent; the present order of oast-house partaking of the nature of a factory, being in every sense

larger and more utilitarian than its predecessors. As soon as the waggon bearing the hops reaches the oast-house half a dozen men seize the bags and carry them to the upper floor, where they are emptied on to the furnace nettings. All round the floors are a series of chambers, starting on the ground and ending in a cowl some thirty feet above. The first



IN THE DINNER-HOUR

my companions ate their meal, I took a turn round the field to take stock of the hands visible. I found that they represented well-nigh every class, from the decent cottager who dwells in the neighbourhood and seeks to add to his slender income by picking hops, to the coarsest Whitechapel rough, who comes hopping because it enables him to get drunk

HOW I WENT HOPPING



IN THE GARDEN

floor level is lined with joists, over which is strained coarse canvas, and on this the hops are laid. A fire is then lit below and a handful of sulphur thrown on. In the result the smoke and sulphur fumes rise, drawn up by the draught created by the oast and its attendant cowl, and in a very short time the hops are dried and turned a bright yellow. They are then thrown out on the floor to cool, and subsequently packed tightly under hydraulic pressure in big sacks, termed pockets, containing $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., or thereabouts.

At one o'clock the foreman's horn proclaims dinner-hour at an end, and we all fall to work again. But we are not suffered to toil for long. Shortly after two the signal to stop is sounded, and we know that there are as many hops picked as the oast-houses can deal with that day; for hops must be dried immediately they are picked or they are no good. The measurer comes round and credits our earnings, my total being seven and a-half

bushels, rather over one shilling in all. And then an exodus sets in from the fields as the pickers—men, women and children—make for the hopper-houses, or the "Bull" on pleasure bent.

I follow the crowd and find myself outside the "Bull" watching the people



CARTING THE HOPS

mingle, drink, chaff, or indulge in horse-play and foul language. And as I chance to turn, my attention is caught by a memorial cross erected in memory of forty hoppers who perished in the cholera epidemic of 1849; and I pondered over what such a scourge would

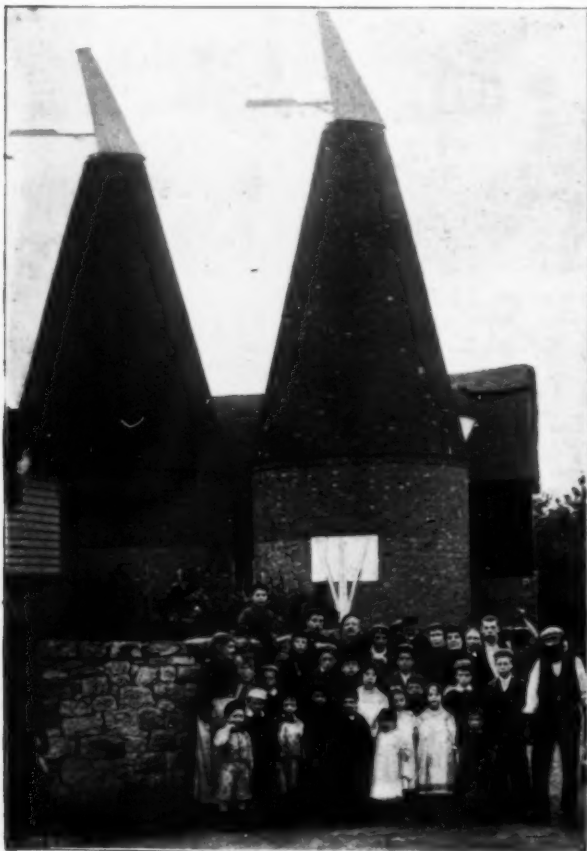
possible class of character. Many there are who are highly respectable, and who have been picking at Ellis's for as many as twenty years. One old Irish woman boasted of not having missed coming for twenty-four years. Another virago of sixty brags that she has been a regular

attendant for eighteen seasons, "barring one when I was in quod for killing my fust 'usband, and sarve 'im right!"

I saw a number of sights during my hopping experiences which were saddening to a degree. On the second night of my stay I took a stroll round about the hopper-houses, after the pickers were supposed to be abed. I found one of these with the door open, the sole occupant being a little dot of about three, who, dressed only in a single cotton garment, sat up on the straw-strewn floor and sobbed for "mummy" as though its little heart would break. Meanwhile, as I learned from the neighbours, its mother was at the inn spending her earnings in getting drunk.

A touching spectacle of another and less shocking type I noted during the picking-hours on Saturday morning, when I saw a girl with a little boy—the latter suffering from ophthalmia—both dead beat and tired out, fast

asleep under one of the trees opposite the "Bull." On the same Saturday night, after a walk across the bridge, I was returning to the hopper-houses when I overtook a man and woman slanging one another in the middle of the road. The woman held a baby in one hand, while she gesticulated excitedly with the other. The gist of the argument appeared to be that her husband had drawn her earnings as



OLD-TIME OAST HOUSES

mean to-day, until my musing was interrupted by the outbreak of a fight between two ladies opposite, which was watched with the keenest attention by the crowd assembled.

And here I propose to drop the diurnal form of my adventuring, and collate just those incidents which appeared to me the most striking. I have already stated that the pickers include every



UP-TO-DATE OAST HOUSES

well as his own, and refused to give her any money to buy drink with, while the man was nearly tipsy already. After a good deal of the vilest abuse, the woman uttered her ultimatum: "I've 'ad enough of yer, I 'ave," she shouted. "I ain't agoin' to carry on with yer any more. Look 'ere," she said, as her anger got to red heat, "it's your brat more than mine. I ain't agoin' to mind it for yer. Look arter it yer bloomin' self." Saying which, she plumped the infant down in the middle of the muddy road and ran up the hill towards the "Bull." I don't know how the matter ended, but I cannot recall a more horrid spectacle than that woman abandoning her child.

It is true that all the characters one meets out hopping are not of this degraded type. Some at least are distinctly amusing. One young chap

there was, who dwelt in a hopper-house close by ours. He was a sailor and a lady-killer. I came across him quite a dozen times during my stay, and never alone. He always had a young and more or less good-looking girl with him, and they all appeared to be on the most affectionate terms with this desperate Lothario. And while the amount of drunkenness rampant at hopping time is disgusting, it is not without occasional touches of humour. On Sunday afternoon I watched two men, both of middle age and both

genially drunk. They were propped up against the churchyard wall. The elder man was chanting a song to the other, of which I noted one verse which is not without a touch of humour. The singer had been eulogising the better time which is always coming:

We'll all drink nothing but real champagne,
And 'ave no work to do;
Which news is exceedingly joyful,
But a little too good to be true.



THE BAILIFF'S OFFICE AT ELLIS'S—THE DINNER HORN

Sunday is the hopper's saturnalia. It is on this day that he is seen at his best or worst, according to his temperament.



A REMINISCENCE OF OTHER DAYS

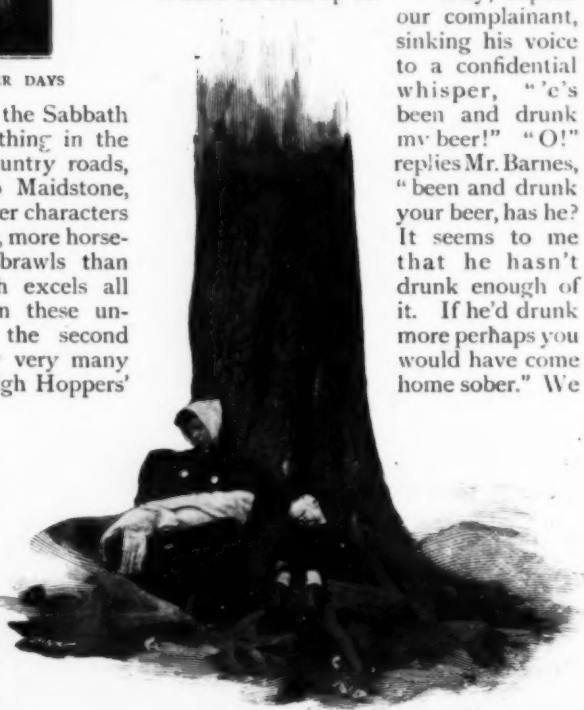
The good characters spend the Sabbath in rational amusement, bathing in the river, strolling along the country roads, or, perchance, walking into Maidstone, three miles away. The queer characters mark the day by more noise, more horse-play, and more drunken brawls than usual. The Sunday which excels all others in its fruitfulness in these undesirable exhibitions is the second Sabbath in September, for very many years the date of the Farleigh Hoppers' Fair, a function which has been discarded and unobserved during the past six years or more.

On the particular Sunday which is supposed to be sacred to the fête in question, the pickers assembled at Farleigh this year distinguished themselves to an unusual degree. Fights were in progress during the greater part of the day, and I spent

several hours careering about from the "Bull" to the Bridge and thence elsewhere, to witness the various barneys which took place at short intervals. I was very greatly struck by the influence exercised over even the roughest of the pickers by the ex-policeman before alluded to. I entered into conversation with this guardian of the peace, and we were soon chatting as though we had been old friends. And as we walked along the rows of hopper-houses, every moment some voice would come out from the shadows to give him greeting.

"Good-night, Mr. Barnes," this from a shrill-voiced woman nursing a baby. "Good-night, Mr. Barnes," from a gentleman who is zig-zagging his homeward way, and who pauses singing while he collects his thoughts and puts the question, "Wish you'd speak to that there Chippy—you know; Chippy Johnson, the bloke as dosses along o' me." "I know," replies my companion. "No. 64, isn't it? What's he been up to?" "Why," replies

our complainant, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, "'e's been and drunk my beer!" "O!" replies Mr. Barnes, "been and drunk your beer, has he? It seems to me that he hasn't drunk enough of it. If he'd drunk more perhaps you would have come home sober." We



WORN OUT

leave the toper trying to take in the full force of this sarcasm, to be approached by a woman who complains that her husband "won't come 'ome," but is up at the "Bull" "blueing all the money they have earned that day." Mr. Barnes is fully equal to the occasion. "I'll speak to him," he says, and we turn and leave the hoppers' town and make for the "Bull." It takes a little time to find the man wanted, but he is discovered at last propped up in a corner and contem-

just you get home at once and hand over what money you haven't spent to your wife. She'll take better care of it than you." He was a big, powerfully built man, but he bore himself like a baby. With shamefaced air he twiddled his thumbs. "All right, Mr. Barnes," he replied, "I'll go. Good-night, Mr. Barnes," and he went, leaving us watching him down the road and in at the gate.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and I had had a long day, so I bade my new-found



THE BULL INN, EAST FARLEIGH

plating the bottom of a pot that had been recently emptied. To him goes Mr. Barnes. "Here you are, Joe Straddles," he says. "I've got something to say to you. Just come outside a minute." Joe is not yet tipsy, and follows our lead. "Now Joe," says my mentor, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. There's your wife down at the hopper-house all alone and miserable, while you are loafing up here and spending all your earnings and hers too. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Joe. I didn't think you were that sort. Now

friend good-night, and made towards No. 13. The others were already abed, and it didn't take long for me to follow their example. But I wasn't destined to get my coveted rest. Hardly were my eyes closed when the night's entertainment began with a shindy opposite. Voices grew loud, and a man could be heard abusing a woman. Oaths and objurgations followed, and soon after I heard a door bang and a woman crying, so I rose and opened the door to see what it was, and found an old, grey-haired woman in a flannel nightgown

squatting in the mud midway between our house and the one opposite. Her face was buried in her hands, and she was moaning to herself. I approached her and inquired about her trouble, and learned that her son Bill had resented her lecturing his wife on the subject of



BED-TIME

temperance, and as she had remained firm to her principles, he had put her out of doors. "And I won't go back, not if he begs on his bended knees, I won't," she said, to clench the argument; and she rose, and, clad as she was, set out in search of that universal refuge in distress, Mr. Barnes, who would doubtless find her a lodging in some other house.

So I turned in again, and was just off when a distant whistle proclaimed the arrival of the last train from Maidstone, and soon after the sounds of many erratic footsteps, much thick language, and some drunken shouting became apparent. The holiday-makers were returning, and a group of several persons

entered the hopper-houses on either side of No. 13. But they had not come home to rest. On either side of us was discord. In No. 12 there dwelt two families of the same name, and I had heard the women slanging one another several times since I had been in my quarters. In No. 14 was a smaller party, the man named Connor, a burly little chap, rough in manner and having the reputation of a bruiser. The voices in No. 12 became louder and more excited. My fellow-lodger continued to slumber undisturbed, but someone in No. 14 opened the door and shouted to the disturbers of the peace to "stow their blooming row."

But instead of stowing it the squabble became more animated, and it was easy to distinguish the slanging match which was in progress between the two ladies who had fallen foul of one another. At last matters culminated in action. "I've 'ad enough of 'er," bellowed an infuriated female. "She's that stuck-up there's no putting up with 'er. Ever since we came here I've tried to be civil and to pull along with 'er; but no, not likely, is it? You won't speak to us, you won't; you don't think the likes of us good enough for you, do you? Look 'ere"—here I heard the speaker smacking her hands—"I ain't a-goin' to stop 'ere another hour, d'yeer!" And then there was the sound of a bolt being withdrawn, while two children crying bitterly became audible. I peeped out of the door and saw an infuriated woman carrying various small articles out of No. 14 and placing them in the footway. "I ain't a-goin' to live with yer any more, I ain't," she resumed. And disregarding the cry of her children she continued to carry her belongings out. By this time a small knot of more or less tipsy on-lookers had gathered round, while most of the doors opposite were open to allow the undressed occupants of the neighbouring hopper-house to watch events. The excited woman had just about extracted all her property from No. 14 when a little dark man came up the road. "'Ere he comes!" shouted my neighbour triumphantly. "'Ere's my 'usband. Come on, Joe. These people 'ave insulted me. Now just you go for that there man!"

Joe required but a moment to take in the situation, but as soon as he had done this he rose to the occasion. He burst into No. 14, and in a moment knocked its male occupant down in the doorway, the feat being no sooner accomplished than with a piercing shriek a younger woman, the victim's wife, ran to the conqueror and flinging her arms round him endeavoured to stay his prowess.

At this juncture Mr. Barnes made his appearance, accompanied by his lieutenant, also an ex-policeman, an able second, and these proceeded to stay the turmoil, but without much success. "Now you people, just you go to bed or there'll be trouble in the morning," said the licitor, and a portion of the audience promptly dispersed, but the two combatants continued to exchange blows and roll about the ground. Then the new arrivals seized the strugglers and pulled them apart. And then occurred the crisis. Just as Mr. Barnes's back was turned the door of No. 12 opened and Connor came out. "I've got summut ter say ter you," he cried as he went up to the already worsted man. "You come on and——" Whereupon Connor struck out at the other, who went down like a felled ox as his wife went into a paroxysm of hysterical shrieks and flung herself on her fallen mate. "'E's killed 'im, 'e's killed 'im," she cried, as she cast her arms round her husband. And for a moment it looked as though the man was done for; but attention was drawn away from him by the reappearance of Steevens from No. 14, who made for Connor, and in a moment there were at least half a dozen couples pommelling one another with all their might, while a jumbled mass of humanity, including several women, were inextricably mixed up as they struggled together on the ground.

And then Mr. Barnes blew his whistle, and the shrill notes rose loud above the din. Having sounded the alarm, the guardian of order again bore Steevens away from Connor, and thrust him back into No. 14, but in an instant he burst out with a clasp knife in his hand, and, but for the quick eye of

Mr. Barnes, there would probably have been murder done that night in Farleigh. But after another ten minutes' struggling the riot began to subside, and as a sergeant with two constables were heard coming up the road, the crowd melted away, and peace ensued.

And then it occurred to me that I had seen enough, and I registered a vow that I would move. So in the morning I washed my hands of hopper-houses for ever, and went to the "Bull," where, after certain explanations, the landlord consented to take me in. I remained there several days exploiting the scenes of my



A HOPPER HOUSE

experiences, and photographing the subjects reproduced, and I own that I never appreciated the comforts of an inn and enjoyed the abilities of a capable cook so keenly as on this occasion at the "Bull" at East Farleigh.

And the moral of it all—I think it will be better if I leave my reader to draw it for himself.



NOT QUITE SURE OF HIM

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles

A Modern Mercury

WRITTEN BY ALFRED SLADE. ILLUSTRATED BY O. ECKHARDT

“ONCE and for all, Frances, I want you to understand that I won't have it.”

“My dear Philip, it is really not worth your trouble to tell me that; because I shan't take the slightest notice, you see.”

And Mrs. Adams sat back and tapped the table at her side with a wonderfully fine affectation of indifference.

Her husband continued pacing the room in fury, and consequently making a good deal more noise than his dead weight seemed to warrant; for one of those moments had come to him, when a man ardently desires a fellow-man to assault, and a woman, in like circumstances, goes into hysterics or breaks something.

“You are absolutely intolerable,” he commenced again, stopping and facing round sharp; “enough to drive a fellow mad. Here, within three months of our marriage, I ask you a favour—a favour a husband has really the right to demand as his due; I ask you to see no more of this fellow Devereux—no more, that is, than your work at the theatre renders necessary; and that you point-blank refuse me.”

“I have already explained to you,” Mrs. Adams wearily retorted, spreading out her skirts with emphasised solicitude, “I have already told you that it is only for professional matters that I see Mr. Devereux at all—who, by the way, is as real and honest a gentleman as *any* man I know. He is of great service in rehearsals, and I esteem it very kind of him to come here so often and coach me in my part. It is your place to thank him for it instead of coming here and making scenes with me behind his back.

“Besides,” she continued, in crescendo that betokened irritation, “I made it a

stipulation before our marriage that I should still remain an actress. I love my art, and I am going to score a huge success in the new play; and I shall be grateful to Mr. Devereux for the great help he has given me.

“You complain of my conduct, indeed,” she went on, rising to her feet and preventing her husband interrupting her. “I think I have more just cause to complain of yours. Three months since we were married, as you say, and you neglect me already! Always in your study with the door locked, writing your insufferable masterpieces. Who brings me home from the theatre every night? Mr. Devereux, as you complain. And why? Because *you*, who ought to be there, are *not*; and failing the courtesy of Richard—Mr. Devereux—I should have to return alone. You cannot say anything,” she continued with scarcely a pause; “I know all you want to say; and if you will be silent for one minute more, *you* will know all *I* want to. I trust you will have the candour to admit that I have never uttered a word of reproach till to-day. But if you come here and fume at me as you are doing now, you exhaust my patience. There!”

Mrs. Adams stamped her little foot in anger; would then probably have burst into tears had she not noticed a strange light in her husband's eyes. He drew two chairs together, gently forced her to sit, sat down beside her, and took her hand in his.

“Frances, my darling,” he said, very softly and very slowly, “listen to what I am going to say. I reverence you too much, and love you too greatly, to ever utter a word to insult you. That Devereux is necessary to you at the theatre, I admit; that he is necessary to you at the house, I could admit also. Never a word of

suspicion shall pass my lips; and if I could, with my life even, would I prevent such an insult from others. But the world, the false and silly world outside, amuses itself vastly with shuttle-cocks of scandal; when it sees Devereux here so often, it says foolish meannesses, and repeats them, and so finishes, perhaps, by believing them. This, since one cannot

there. Perhaps the less I see of you the less I shall be able to hate you!"

Here, opportunely, came a discreet tap at the door, and the maidservant entered with a card. Mrs. Adams took it with a little sigh of relief.

"Westwood," she muttered, searching her memory, "Westwood? O, yes, of course; the interviewer from the *Lorg-*



"YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY INTOLERABLE"

prevent, I would avoid; the honour of your name, which is the same as mine now, remember, demands that you see less of this actor, who can still remain your friend, but must never be called your lover."

"You cad!" hissed the wife, springing to her feet. "You coward! O, that I were a man to horsewhip you for the insult! Go, you my husband, go to your books and manuscripts; shut yourself in your study and hide yourself

nette; I had given him an appointment for this morning."

"You may show him up here, Marie," she told the maid; then continued to the air generally, for her husband to listen to as he liked, "You had better receive him—I will be down again in a few minutes." And she sailed through the door with all the dignity of the tragedy queen she was; and so to her bedroom, where she sank down and had a good cry just like any ordinary woman.

Then, when her eyes were red and aching, there came another reaction, or, perhaps, a recurring impersonation of her theatric nature; and alive once more to her actual position and the public *convenances*, she bathed those aching eyes, and to her pale, angry cheeks put on a point of rouge.

With all the affectation of composure she could assume, she went down the stairs; picked up a property guitar en route; untwisted one or two of the pegs; and burst into the room with:

"Look, darling, I have had an accident; can you put it right for me?"

Then all smiles and blushes and confusion; and apologies to the stranger sitting opposite; for "I didn't know there was anyone here, you know."

The entrance was not lost on the interviewer, ingenious youth, who made it a note of admiration to commence with; and proceeded timidly and with great evident respectfulness to ask more vague and obvious questions. Mrs. Adams placed herself close to her husband in a most graceful posture of endearment—for purposes of publication; and the three-cornered conversation went on, with all the usual developments of mutual complimentation.

"Yes, she was extremely pleased with her past success; people were so kind to her, so profuse in their praises; it was for that she was studying so hard now, to be worthy of their applause in her forthcoming play.

"No, the play was not written by her husband—not this one, at any rate; Philip was so very busy with his novels, but perhaps one day, when he had more time, who knows?"

And so on and so on until everyone

concerned got tired, and Mr. Westwood at last took his leave, pausing for a moment ere he closed the door to imprint once more on his mental vision the charming picture of happiness that the Adamses then presented. But as soon as the door had closed, with the interviewer on the outside, the charming picture existed no longer; Mrs. Adams rose, crashed the guitar to the ground,



"A MOST GRACEFUL POSTURE OF ENDEARMEN,"

and went back to her own room; Mr. Adams yawned with laboured effort, and remained where he was.

Matters between them could scarcely be worse. There was no real cause as yet for a quarrel: that was the ugliest part of it. But Mrs. Adams felt herself grievously outraged by her husband's unjust suspicions; Mr. Adams was mortally piqued by his wife's disdain and anger at what he meant to be a kind and considerate proposal. Here, then, were two souls, nay, three, if you wish to count Devereux, all primed for their eternal undoing; but a merciful Providence was swift coming to their salva-

tion, and putting the *Lorgnette* through the press.

* * *

Providence had been very busy all night; now Providence could go home and sleep with a clear conscience, for the *Lorgnette* had appeared without mishap. One copy of it lay neatly folded on the Adames' breakfast-table; and Adams, coming in, saw it and took it up. But the wrapper was addressed to his wife; he put it down then at once; they were standing too much on their dignity to allow any liberties with each other's correspondence.

He put the paper down, as I have said, with much righteous consolation; but as he took his seat opposite, he looked at it eagerly; once he was even on the point of giving way and opening it; he restrained himself only just in time, turned to the window and whistled. And at last hitting on a compromise, he went stealthily out, in his slippers; hurried to the newshop round the corner, got another copy of the *Lorgnette*, and was just late enough in getting back to find his wife already at breakfast.

She appeared not to notice his entrance; he, on the other hand, was stolidly unconscious of her presence; they were both eating in too-obvious abstraction, and reading the papers at their left elbows.

"Man is vain and curious; so vain and curious as to become extravagant, in gratification of his vices."

Adams distinctly heard the words; he looked up to see who was speaking. It could not have been his wife; she was still occupied in her paper; it must have been an echo. An echo, however, that should be answered; and so Adams answered it:

"A man's extravagance is one of his redeeming features; women haven't any."

And feeling more content, he fell to reading the journal seriously. His wife's interview, of course, came first; and very nicely too it commenced.

"Nothing more exquisite could possibly be imagined than the scene in which I found myself. A small room, it is true, but deliciously furnished; trinkets from

the Orient, treasures from Japan; on the walls priceless pictures; below, rugs and carpets in which one's feet sank as in a sea of velvet. And everywhere flowers—on the tables, in the corners, every available niche was full of them, all kinds of flowers, and all of them beautiful; and all of them charmingly arranged by the touch of a woman's hand."

He and she must have been reading the same passage; they both stopped and looked up together. All around them were flowers, it was true; but this morning the woman's touch was sadly lacking. It was a pity, thought Adams; flowers availed nothing without sympathy. They bent their heads and again read on.

"A veritable nest of love; for here love dwelt and had his hiding-place. A young poet and author had met the most promising actress of her time; and Love had hovered over them and made them one. And here they lived their transformed life, in an eternal honeymoon; and shined from the vulgar sordid world outside, had made for themselves an earthly paradise."

Adams looked up with a laugh; but in his wife's eyes there was a glint of wetness and on her lips a quiver of emotion that took the laugh out of his face and left behind a look of wistfulness and hope. And for the space of a second they regarded one another—then cast down their eyes and went on hastily with their reading.

"A paradise all but perfect; yet even here there was a sorrow—and it was a broken guitar. She ran in with it, crying: 'O, darling, an accident! Will you mend it for me?' And he, the Prince, stooped down and put it right, while she, disconcerted at my presence, was all smiles and blushes and apologies for such charms. And so the guitar was mended, and all the world, that golden world of them two, was at peace again."

Once more she looked up to him and he to her; and once more they dropped their eyes on to their papers. But this time in semblance only, for they had read enough. It *had* been true, all that, when they were first married; and how

perfect that time had been, and how they had loved each other!

And then this had come between them, this stupid resentment, this non-existent grievance, this childish assumption of dignity and pride. For, at the end, that was all it amounted to; and each knew in conscience that there was nothing more. Devereux was merely Frances Arundale's professional adviser, a position quite normal and of honourable

heart realised its full meaning. And now between them stood the spectre of a stupid hideous mistake, that both knew for an absurdity, but that neither had as yet the courage to cast down and break beneath their feet. What would it lead to in the state they had arrived at? Unhappiness, at any rate; lack of confidence, then hatred; perhaps even sin.

Yet, was it necessary, this ridiculous



"OBVIOUS ABSTRACTION"

acceptance; and the world was well aware of it, in spite of the lying construction it pretended to put on their association. But Adams had been too keenly sensitive, too hotly jealous of his wife's good name, and imagined to himself danger where none existed. Mrs. Adams, with an artistic temperament of equal sensitiveness, and by the very reason of her sex and the emotional fatigue of her profession strained to an hysterical, passionate irritation, had allowed her tongue to utter her anger before her

misery? Was it not just possible, before it was for ever too late, to go back to the old days—to the honeymoon that ought to be, that *might* be eternal? How devoutly they both wished it: how nearly persuaded they both were to declare it!

Adams was on the point of starting up; and then the memory of the words she had spoken came stinging back to his mind, to lash his soul again to resentment. *That* he could never forgive. And he sank back in his chair with both

hands clenched, and shut his eyes in despair.

When he opened them again it was to find his wife nestling to his knee. With her hand to his she said: "Philip, will you forgive me?" And he had raised her to his breast and had forgiven her all.

There was no need of words; with mouth to mouth they kept silence, save for the lullaby of kissing; and in their hearts their love sprang up anew, purified in a baptism of tears.

And the glorious sun crept down to their window and smiled at them in sympathy and approbation; and the flowers that were in the room bowed towards him in respectful courtesy, and motioned slyly to the lovers interlaced, who moved not for many minutes; but lay there in the calm of happiness, and forgot all else in the world beside.

And then the wind rustled in at the

window and played with the leaves of the *Lorgnette* on the table; and Frances, watching, laughed at it and rose. She took the paper in her hand and folded it with care; kissed it, and locked it up among her most treasured relics. "For," she cried merrily, "we owe it very much, don't we, Philip?"

"Indeed, yes," he answered; "and the writer too. Send him a card, dear, for your next reception."

"No," she said reflectively, "I don't think so. I am grateful to him—much more than I would like to let him know. But to meet him would raise painful recollections, of things for the future dead. See, I have buried the paper in the deepest drawer of my secretaire; and now we will forget everything of the matter except that we love each other very, very dearly."

And so virtue, in Westwood's case, was indeed its own reward.



"A PEAL OF BELLES"

Photo by Lallie Garett-Charles



WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY D. MACPHERSON

III.—PAPER-BAGS AND SACK-MAKING

*"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"*

IT is the duty of every chronicler of facts to allow no personal feelings, or bias, to enter into his statements, but in dealing with the labour of little children, one must have a heart of stone not to be moved to indignation by the sights that continually meet the eye in almost every slum in the East End and in Southern London. And when one dips beneath the surface and learns, not only the amount of labour accomplished by the tiny hands and the pitiful remuneration that labour receives, but the appalling conditions under which the children live from their birth upwards, it needs a more than usually judicious mind to accept these facts philosophically. There is always a dif-

ficulty in discovering the reasons that have led the parents to take up any one particular line of industry, for amongst the majority there is an absolute indifference as regards the work itself, the few shillings that its prosecution brings them weekly being their sole thought. As far as the trades which are dealt with in this series of articles are concerned, the children are initiated into them at a very early age, and too often by a bitter and hard apprenticeship, in which blows and starvation play an ugly part. If the mother is a match-box maker, a belt or umbrella maker, the children naturally follow the same trade, the boys drifting away into various employments, more or less temporary, as they get into their

teens—and in too many cases following the example, set by the majority of the fathers in this class, of loafing at the street corners and living upon the work



CARRYING PAPER FOR PAPER-BAGS

of the women. Thus, whatever trade a woman may follow in her home—and she probably has learnt it in the same hard school from her own mother—and is compelled to call in the services of her children to augment the weekly wage, she is practically an active agent in lowering the prices paid for her own handiwork—prices that have fallen in an

ever-increasing ratio during the past few years, almost entirely owing to the general employment of children by their parents.

A fact that must at once strike all inquirers into these various trades, whether it be with an economical or a philanthropic object, is the disproportion between the prices paid for work that does not entail severe physical application and strain, and that which results in intense fatigue and weariness. There is not the same degree of labour incurred in making match-boxes or cardboard boxes as in making belts or umbrellas, although, to earn anything like a living wage, the same long hours are necessary. Yet there is very little to choose between the meanness in the payment of any one of these trades. The same holds good with paper-bag and sack-making.

Of all the industries paper-bag making is the easiest, and although the price varies according to the sizes of the bags, the highest price of three-farthings a gross for big bags made of stiff brown paper cannot be considered unreasonably low when the twopence-halfpenny that is paid for a gross of match-boxes, or even the one shilling and threepence that is paid for a thousand small paper-bags, or the five-farthings that a dozen belts will fetch at the factory, are taken into consideration.

The material for the bags is generally given out from small shops chiefly in lengths of brown paper and thick tissue, although there are other varieties. With the paper is given the order—so many dozen big brown paper-bags, so many dozen tissue paper-bags, such as grocers and confectioners use so largely, so many dozen of those pointed bags in which sweets are sold—and away the worker hurries, the great bundle held tightly in her arms. But it is no uncommon thing to see a small boy of ten staggering through the squalid streets, bare-footed and his clothes in tatters, with a great parcel of flapping paper upon his shoulder, to the one little room where his mother and, perhaps, two or three sisters are waiting, the paste-pot and scissors all ready, to commence the work of cutting, "cornering," folding, and pasting directly he arrives. Need-

less to say, the operator provides her own paste, as well as the string with which the bags are tied together in dozens. The scissors fly through the crackling paper, the mother cuts out the bags, one child folds them, another pastes, whilst perhaps a third, younger than the two others, counts them out in dozens of the various sizes, and fastens them together with string. A large paste-pot, a pair of long scissors and a sharp knife, and a ball of thin twine, are all the tools required, but the paste and the twine make heavy inroads on the few farthings each dozen bags produces. They paste, and fold, and snip all day long, with the constant dread of a visit from the school inspector ever before them. Should he come, the mother is ready with a pitiful story, and full of promises for the attendance of the children at school "to-morrow. She was feelin' that low, an' if these 'ere bags ain't made afore ter-night, they wouldn't have no food fur ter-day nor ter-morrer. And one pair o' 'ands can't do 'em, an' that's flat, so there!"

The school inspector will protest, and then will come the tirade which he hears from every other mother when he taxes her with the harm she is doing to her children by keeping them from school to help her with her work. "Schoolin'! What's the good o' so much schoolin', I should like to know? I never 'ad no schoolin', mister, an' I ain't felt the want of it so far, and what's more, I ain't likely to. What's good enough fur me is good enough for my kids, an' when they goes to school they don't get no dinner an' no tea. . . . Yes, I thought yer'd say that, it's jest the sort o' thing a bloomin' ole school inspector as knows no better *would* say. No, I don't starve 'em on puppus when they is forced to go to school. It's jest this. If the kids don't work there ain't no food to give 'em, 'cos there ain't the money to buy it. Put that in yer pipe an' smoke it."

And these women, turned into railing viragoes by the everlasting struggle for mere existence, tell a truth that is painfully obvious: if the children do not work the children suffer. Since it is only possible for a widow and her three children to make one thousand bags a day

by their united efforts, this producing seven and sixpence for six days' work, out of which half-a-crown must be paid for the rent of their one small room, it is



DELIVERING FINISHED BAGS

perfectly clear that without the aid of the little ones this particular mother would not be able to support them.

One of the most saddening trades is sail-cloth and sack-making, for it entails an amount of physical labour that must be most injurious to the children of tender age, whose services are called in chiefly, however, in this instance after school hours. In one particular district of the East End a sack factory forms a

nucleus for this industry, the dwellers in the neighbouring streets almost exclusively following the trade. In summer these narrow thoroughfares present a terribly squalid appearance, filled, as they are, with busy workers stitching at sacks, sail-cloths and hay-rick covers; in winter, when all the work must be

sides and the bottom together, and hems the top. Thus, in addition to the force required to push the needle through the jute and of drawing each individual stitch as tight as possible, there is the constant strain upon the little body of keeping the two edges of the sacking even by pulling against the hook. The least



BARGE COVER MAKING

done inside the miserable little houses, the conditions under which they labour beggar description. After five o'clock in the afternoon in front of almost every house, children may be seen binding the edges of the sacks together with coarse twine, which they push through the rough jute with a thick needle. One end of the sacking is fixed to a hook in the wall, and the child, holding the material tightly stretched, sews the two

wrinkle when the sack is completed causes it to be condemned, and it has to be picked to pieces and sewn all over again. The price paid is sixpence for two dozen sacks, or a farthing for each sack, and the sewers provide their own needles and twine.

Sail-cloth making is scarcely more remunerative, and in one narrow alley it seemed as if all the misery and hopelessness of this work were collected

together to give one overwhelming and convincing proof of the endurance of human nature. There were about forty two-storeyed houses upon one side of this alley, which ran between two thoroughfares, and on the other was a high brick wall, once whitewashed but now stained by all manner of dirt. On each side of every doorway were children sewing sacks—sometimes two little mites working upon one; and all along the blank wall enormous lengths of sail-cloth were fixed to ropes and laying flat along the brickwork, at which both women and children were sewing without interruption. Facing every doorway and standing against this wall was a bucket or a dust-bin, nearly all the latter lacking covers, filled with the refuse from the houses, and giving forth an insupportable stench of decaying fish and vegetables. Swarms of flies hovered over these evil-smelling receptacles and about the workers, who seemed indifferent alike to both. Broken window-panes stuffed with rags, the dirt and squalor, the unwashed floors and tumble-down furniture, of which the open doors gave one a passing glimpse, were a sufficient indication of the lives led by these particular sack-makers. The scenes outside the houses were even more pitiful.

A little girl of eight was laboriously stitching at a sack, which a younger brother of seven was holding at the proper tension from the hook. She pushed the needle through the thick jute very slowly, very carefully, and then pulled the twine as tightly as she could, smoothing down the edge with her left hand, her little forehead puckered into a serious frown. "Where do you go to play?" she was asked. "In — Park?" "Plye?" she answered in a tone of scorn and amazement. "Plye? O, I never have no time to plye." And as she stopped her work to make this answer, she unconsciously showed the inside of her left hand. It was quite raw, the jute having rubbed the skin from the under side of the thumb and the two first fingers; and all along the hem of the sack were little specks, of blood.

This child's mother and two elder sisters and another boy were hard at work upon a barge cover, fixed to the wall immediately behind her. Whilst the woman, whose clothes were in rags, and whose neck showed gaunt and bare above the top of her burst bodice, sewed the cover along the top, the two girls sitting on the stones were binding the bottom, the boy sewing at one of the sides in a squatting position. A piece of leather fastened round the palm of the hand acted as a thimble, the needle being pressed through the unyielding material with its help: the muscles on the woman's bare arm stood out in great knots, and the tension of the children's hands at every stitch made one shudder. It seemed like an evil dream, and the silence with which the work was done gave it an added horror. By working all day a woman can make a barge-cover or a hay-rick cover in two days; two women, by sewing steadily, being able to finish a cover in one day. The price is half-a-crown per cover, which means one and threepence a day for a woman working either alone or with another. Can it be wondered that as soon as the children's services are available they should be pressed into this body-killing toil, since every stitch is of value, and every pair of hands, however small and feeble, brings the work to quicker completion?

The whole length of this alley was lined by these covers, the children and women working with their heads bent over the disgusting heaps of refuse in the pails and bins, whilst at right angles the work of sack-making was going on busily, the alley being so narrow that many of the children at the sacks had to pull them sideways to avoid collision with the cover-makers against the wall. A public-house at one end of this street of pain told its own tale only too eloquently, many of the loafers at its doors being the husbands and fathers of the toil-worn women and children who formed a terrible vista from end to end of the narrow and pestiferous opening. A child was swearing horribly over some bad stitches that it was pulling out, babies were screaming, shouts of coarse laughter



"PLYE? I NEVER HAVE NO TIME TO PLYE!"

drifted down from the public-house, piercing cries came from an upper window where a man was beating his wife, and the blinding sun seemed to search out every nook and cranny of wretchedness and heighten the squalor of the miserable rags that did duty for these unhappy people's clothes. This was in summer; in winter, when the great covers and sacks must be sewn within the fetid, stifling rooms which are their homes, the physical labour must be increased tenfold. Is it to be wondered

at that "plye" has no place in these poor little sack-makers' lives?

The facts for this article were collected in July. In September a sail-cloth factory was opened on the south side of the river, to which many women and children from the particular neighbourhood with which this series deals speedily went for employment, the children working outside the walls of the factory in order to evade the provisions of the law as to premises. Their fares across the river were twopence each way for adults,

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and a penny for children. The price paid for a sail-cloth or hammock is exactly half of that paid on the other side of the river—one shilling and three-pence—from which fivepence is deducted for string. Therefore, the worker receives tenpence for a cover, from which she has to pay fourpence for boat fares, leaving sixpence as her day's wages. If she takes two children to help her, she can make, perhaps, two small hammocks, receiving two shillings and sixpence

minus tenpence for string. Out of the remaining one and eightpence, eightpence goes to the boatman, leaving one shilling. These figures will show very clearly the value of children's services to their mothers. The reduction in the new factory is also leading the old factories to pay similar prices, but there is no cessation in the demand for work, and the children engaged upon this trade will be worked more hardly than before.

VIOLA AND ORSINO

YOU are a man and strong:

I am a woman and weak.

I shall love you my whole life long,

Yet may not speak.

You are a world to me,

I am nothing to you;

Yet I think of you all day long

I dream of you all night through.

And you will never miss

What I glean from your life's full store:

I gather each grain that falls,

And am richer for evermore.

Alas! for the broken heart!

Alas! for the teardrops shed,

When after a love-filled life

The heart's beloved lies dead.

But, ah me! for the hungry heart!

Ah me! for the smothered fire,

When barriers lie between

The heart and its desire.

E. GIBSON.

The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

VI.—THE ROSY CROSS

CHAPTER I.

JOB POTTER cannot by any stretch of imagination be called a euphonious name, but in the case of a capitalist a little thing like this is excusable. Between Potter the millionaire and the Hon. Augustus Vansittart, the dude, the gulf was a wide one. There were, however, reasons for the friendship between them.

A common-looking little man was Potter, but shrewd withal. There was nothing solid to be obtained from Vansittart. Only there was a Mrs. Potter, away in England, ambitious for social distinction, and Vansittart might be used as a lever. Vansittart was quite ready to respond. The dinners given by Potter at the Royal Banner, Chicago, were quite poems in their way. They were dining together this evening.

"This," Potter remarked, "is my last business trip to America. A couple of months more and I return home to settle down."

"Ditto," responded the exquisite Augustus. "I haven't seen my people since I was a lad. They—er—sent me over here. And now I've come into money, don't you know. Accounts for my being here. Gad, it's worth something to have a Bond Street coat on again. All the same, the Bishop is a nuisance."

"What Bishop?" Potter asked interestedly.

"His Grace of Croydon. Sort of connection. Came out here for his health. So I arranged to meet 'em here and go home together. They arrive tomorrow. Guess they won't recognise me. And it's a good job Lady Ella's along."

"And who may Lady Ella be?"

Potter rang the title sonorously.

"Niece, old chap. Regular beauty, and a flier. But don't worry. I shall certainly tell them how kind you have been to me, and if you like, when they do come, I'll get the old man and Ella to come and dine with you."

Potter beamed. If he played his cards right, here was a fine opening for the introduction to capital S Society for which Mrs. Potter yearned. More for an advertisement of this kind than anything else, he had bought the "Rosy Cross" diamond.

"Delighted," he said. "I'll show Lady Ella the 'Rosy Cross.' Women love diamonds. Suppose you saw by the papers I'd bought the stone?"

Vansittart succumbed to a yawn.

"Yes," he drawled; "you syndicate chaps will be after the earth next."

"It's a pretty stone," Potter said parenthetically. "Like to see it?"

Vansittart nodded, but did not enthuse, although the famous gem known as the "Rosy Cross" was exciting a deal of interest just at present. The stone, or rather a cluster of stones long and twisted like a snake, was supposed to have been found in California, but good judges declared it to be a stolen Brazilian treasure brought to that favoured spot, buried and dug up again so as to give the yarn local colour.

Roughly speaking, the stones might have been worth £100,000—as a matter of fact, they might have fetched double that. Potter brought the curio from his adjacent bedroom, for they were dining privately, and handed it to Vansittart.

"Pretty little thing, isn't it?" he asked complacently.

Vansittart boiled up enough enthusiasm to say yes. Had Potter only known how near he stood to being shot in cold blood and robbed of his treasure then and there, he would have looked less satisfied. Vansittart, otherwise Felix Gryde, lighted another cigarette with the air of a man who regards life as too violent an exercise.

"Put the thing up," he said. "Think I'll go to bed; I'm tired to death. Let you know when the Bishop and Lady Ella come along."

Three days later Potter was flustered and delighted to hear that the Right Reverend the Bishop of Croydon had arrived with Lady Ella, and would the millionaire mind if they dined with him on the Friday? Their eastern train left on the Monday morning, so there was not much time.

It need hardly be said that Potter was delighted. The manager of the Royal Banner was interviewed, and departed with *carte blanche* and a promise of no quibbling over the bill if everything was "done up to the 'ilt."

Thereupon a suite of rooms were actually transformed for the occasion. A bed-chamber was specially furnished for Lady Ella, also a dressing-room for the Bishop, to say nothing of a drawing-room where after the amber wine had ceased to foam her ladyship should dazzle the men with her beauty and dispense to them coffee and sweet smiles.

"Blow the expense," said Potter; "these are the nobs I'm after. I'll give these toffs something to talk about when

they get home. Lord, won't Maria be pleased when she hears all about it!"

The appointed time came and with it Lady Ella and the Bishop. They were gracious and pleasant to the last degree. Before the evening was over Potter felt that Lady Ella had no equal in the wide world. A woman so beautiful and so fascinating had never before crossed his limited horizon.



"LADY ELLA WAS DEEPLY TOUCHED"

She was elusive as a dream and fascinating as Ninon. An instinctive knowledge of the genuine was amongst Potter's many gifts—an expert in precious stones is born, not made—and he knew that Lady Ella rang true. Without any previous knowledge of patrician dames, he would at once have recognised and resented any attempt to pass off a counterfeit article.

Lady Ella was gracious and friendly. She appeared to recognise Potter as of her own world, and at the same time conveyed to his senses in an incense-like way the wide difference between them.

Potter found Lady Ella and himself drifting apart from the others. The Bishop appeared to be wrapped up in Vansittart, Lady Ella became confidential. It was not long before she had found out all about Maria.

"Bolton Gardens," she said sweetly; "I don't remember meeting your wife anywhere, Mr. Potter. I must get the Duchess to call."

This was a little vague, but none the less delightful. Potter was curious to know what duchess, but he asked no questions.

"You will be glad to get home, Lady Ella," he said.

"In a way, yes. All the same I am delighted with America. But the dear Bishop is a terrible responsibility. Nervous prostration, you know."

Potter glanced at the Bishop and expressed his sympathy. Despite his handsome face and dignified bearing the Bishop looked anything but strong.

"The sea voyage ought to set him up," he said.

"That is just what I am afraid of," Lady Ella murmured. "The racket and confusion of a long railway journey tries my poor uncle terribly. Constant rest and quietness are absolutely essential to him. It was our mistake—we thought the change and bustle would work wonders. I am so sorry we did not accept the Prince's offer, and use his steam yacht to cross the Atlantic. If I could get a special car to take us from here to New York I should feel easier; really I feel quite capable of pawning my jewels to do so. But that is impossible."

"You would feel more satisfied yourself?"

"Well, no. My nerves need no bracing, and I am looking forward to my trip on the cars. But the Bishop does not care for company, and the expense of a special car—if I could only borrow one of those belonging to those travelling American millionaires. The rest of the voyage could be nothing. But I am talking nonsense."

Potter smiled. He saw a way to clinch the matter of the apochryphal duchess and the friendly call at Bolton Gardens. Millionaires have so many

psychological moments from whence to pluck solid opportunities.

"You've come to the right shop," he began. "I mean that I can procure for you the very thing you require. You have perhaps heard of the Pullman built for Duke Alexis when he was doing America."

Lady Ella had. It had been specially designed for a Tartar prince desirous of new channels for the dissipation of his fortune before Monaco came in still more handy for the purpose.

"She was a dream, they tell me," said Lady Ella. "After the prince shot himself she was purchased by some billionaire. Do you know her?"

"Rather," Potter chuckled. "I bought her. Always travelling from place to place I find it a great advantage to run my own Pullman car. The last three journeys here I have made in the saloon. Anyway, she's here now doing nothing for the next few months, and if you like to take the car to New York and give the Bishop the quiet he requires, why take her and welcome, say I."

Lady Ella was touched, deeply touched by this friendly offer. She did not say that Augustus had suggested the idea. At first she could not consent to hear anything of the kind. Then she began to struggle between proper pride and her duty towards the Bishop. Should she allow sentiment to stand in the way of a man who by common consent must be the next Primate?

"Uncle shall decide," she said, "but in any case, Mr. Potter, we shall never be able to repay you this great service. Uncle, what do you think Mr. Potter says?"

The Bishop protested. He could not dream of such a thing, he said. His white slim hands were upraised against the temptress. No, he would suffer in silence, he would fight against his nervousness and conquer. Nothing could induce him to listen to such a suggestion, and then, five minutes later, like Byron's fair frail one in that most delightful of all epics:

Swearing he would ne'er consent—consented.

Potter was quite touched to see the change in the Bishop. That good man



'A POWERFUL OIL LAMP'

had evidently fought hard against the dread anticipation of the uncongenial journey. His kindly face became all smiles, he checked himself humming an operatic fragment. Potter glowed with the consciousness of a kindly action well done. Besides, the Primate might one day come and dine in Bolton Gardens.

"Positively, I am ashamed of myself," said the Bishop. "But I am not going to be selfish. Is there anything we can do in return? I feel that nothing could repay you for this—er—stupendous kindness. Mr. Potter, I verily believe that you have saved my reason."

Potter expressed his delight. He began to dream of himself as *Lcd* Potter and of Maria as leading a *salon* in Bolton Gardens.

"You can't do much," he chuckled, only you might keep your eye on the expressmen on the journey. I'm going to send the 'Rosy Cross' to my bankers by your train."

Lady Ella was deeply interested. Earlier in the evening she had examined and admired that wonderful stone. She declared herself to be thrilled. "You shan't lose it if I can help it," she said. "Good-night, Mr. Potter!"

* * *

During the next day and a-half Vansittart found it necessary to leave his relatives to their own devices in Chicago. Had they seen and watched his movements they would have been both interested and puzzled.

By the next evening he was some four hundred miles by mail express along the line. There he alighted with some cases, which he proceeded to place in a buggy awaiting him. Then he drove off through the lonely country alone. Presently he

struck the railway-track again at a point where some scrub growing from a deep still part hung close to the edge of the rails. The work took some two hours, but at length it was finished. When Vansittart had completed his task, some sixty feet of the scrub was covered by a strong spongy net, such as acrobats used when fired from cannons, and such-like engaging occupations. Vansittart regarded the thing with satisfaction. The perspiration poured down his face.

But he had not finished yet. Some ten miles nearer to Chicago, in an equally desolate spot, stood a cluster of tall trees, one of which Vansittart proceeded to climb with some large brass instrument in his hand. This was nothing more or less than a powerful oil lamp, which was fixed presently and lighted.

"There!" Vansittart muttered, in a self-satisfied tone, "I calculate that will burn for fifty-six hours; and nobody is likely to come along and disturb it. If they do, so much the worse for Potter. If all goes well and he does meet with an accident here, he won't come to any harm. And what a pleasant time the Bishop and Lady Ella will have afterwards."

Vansittart returned to his horses and drove back to the *dépôt* where he had alighted. There was some time to wait for a western train, but it came at length; and long before Chicago was astir, the adventurer was back again. At breakfast-time the Honourable Augustus Vansittart lounged into the private apartment of his Grace of Croydon in his most used-up condition.

"You look as if you had been working hard," Lady Ella laughed.

"Awfully," came the drawling response. "Pon my word, I've quite an appetite."

CHAPTER II.

WITHIN half-an-hour of the departure of the New York express a breathless individual burst, without ceremony, into Mr. Potter's office.

"My name is Barnes, and I am a detective from New York," he said. "I should have got here before only the rascals got wind of me, and I've been a

prisoner for two days. They think I'm safe for a few days."

"What the deuce *are* you talking about?" Potter demanded.

"I'm talking about the 'Rosy Cross,'" Barnes responded drily, "and I'm talking about the dear Bishop, and Lady Ella, and the Honourable Augustus to boot.

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There's a very pretty plot afoot to swindle you out of your big diamond."

And Barnes proceeded to reel off a graphic story of personal abduction. He also proceeded to describe the plan for getting the big diamond from the safe.

to keep your marble, you must do as you're told. The thieves won't recognise me in this disguise, and we shall lay hands upon them yet. You run off to the Central Depôt and order a special train to be ready in half-an-hour."



"VANSITTART WAS UPON HIM"

"We must telegraph," Potter explained. "They've got my private Pullman, and——"

"The wire won't do," Barnes interrupted. "They may be safely off the train in two hours—perhaps the first stop at Fort Anson. Look here, I've got the thing all cut and dried, and if you want

"In the name of common sense, what for?"

"For you and I to pursue the fugitives. I calculate if we are off in an hour we shall catch the express at Winchester. It will be dark then, and we can step aboard the train without being noticed, only we are strangers, mind.

Then you'll have to go to the office and get an authority from the Company for their man to give you the package from the safe."

"Man, you are talking like an idiot."

"Nonsense," Barnes said confidently, "a man with your money can do anything. If you mean to allow your jewel to go without an effort, why——"

But Potter was not made of that class of stuff. Within fifty-seven minutes by the watch a special engine and car pulled out of Chicago, and, what was more, Potter had the Express Company's permit in his pocket. His mind did not dwell upon Bolton Gardens now: he groaned to himself as he thought of the cost of this little adventure. And Lady Ella——

Barnes rudely interrupted these gloomy meditations.

"I had better tell you what my plans are," he said. "How I got on the track of those folks matters little. I did get on it, anyway, and I discovered what their game was. Like most of us, I wanted to get all the *kudos* of a single-handed capture, and that's why I didn't come to you in the first place. I'd got everything ready—there's an empty berth and a pile of personal luggage waiting for me on the express now—when they lured me away as neatly as possible, and, I suppose, deemed me to be safe for a spell. Now, my idea is this. Directly you board the train, get your property, then go along to your private saloon and drop in on those people in the most natural way. Don't make any disguise about the special—say you are bound to catch up the express so as to be in New York on a certain day. Don't bother about me at all; I shall be all right. But whatever you do, get your property. As you do so, walk away whistling 'Yankee Doodle.' That will be my signal. The rest of the programme I'll tell you later on."

Potter listened carefully to these instructions. For the next hour or two he paced the saloon restlessly, a prey to the keenest anxiety. If they were to miss the train the consequences might be serious. And there was no stop after Winchester for eight hundred miles.

Barnes, on the other hand, was perfectly confident.

"I figured it all out carefully before we started," he said. "We shall have eight minutes to spare. We'll do those rascals yet."

This prophesy was fulfilled to the letter. It was quite dark by the time the special steamed into Winchester dépôt, and the welcome tail-lights of the express made a pleasing picture in Potter's eyes.

"Now, don't forget," Barnes whispered, "get your gem first. I can do nothing until I know that you have it safely or otherwise. I'm going to my berth. When the time comes to strike, expect me. But not before."

Barnes went straight away for his berth with the carriage of a man who knows exactly what he is doing. When he emerged into the light again, strange to say, all trace of Barnes had disappeared, and the Hon. Augustus Vansittart stood in his stead. Then he hurried along to the Pullman. As he strolled gently in Lady Ella cried out: "Upon my word, you are too provoking," she said. "Here we have been worrying about you, and you are on the train all the time."

"I did it to punish you," said Vansittart, "you were so rude last night."

"And whose fault was that, pray?"

"Yours, of course," responded the imperturbable Augustus. "Still, I forgive you, my child. As a matter of fact, I did only catch the train by the skin of my teeth. I hope you are enjoying this unwonted splendour."

"For my part I regard it as a blessing," the Bishop said unctiously. "In the present condition of my nervous system, the absence of stir and chatter——"

"The Duchess of Mayfair is aboard," Lady Ella interrupted.

Vansittart lifted his eyebrows, although he knew the fact perfectly well. The Bishop groaned, for already the Duchess had proved the one fly in the clarity of his amber, her grace being a philanthropist who regarded a prelate as her natural prey.

Someone at this moment came down the corridor whistling "Yankee Doodle."

Vansittart's eyes flashed for an instant, then they resumed their sleepy expression. Then the door was pulled aside, and a pallid face with an uneasy grin on it looked in.

"Mr. Potter," Lady Ella cried, "are you a magician or——"

"'Uman, merely 'uman," Potter murmured. "Don't wonder you are surprised to see me. Fact is, directly you had gone I got a telegram that made it necessary to get to New York without delay. I chartered a special to catch you, and here I am."

Lady Ella expressed her pleasure. If she and the Bishop were acting they were doing it marvellously well. Not the slightest sign of uneasiness was to be detected. Potter began to feel a little more at his ease. If their bearing impressed him, it seemed pretty certain that their suspicions had not been aroused.

They sat chatting there for the next two hours. Then Vansittart rose under pretence of a desire to smoke. Some minutes later he looked in again.

"Sorry to disturb your little symposium," he said, "but the Duchess urgently desires to see her friend the Bishop. Shall she come here, or——"

He of Croydon rose with a smothered groan.

"No, no," he said; "of the two evils I would far rather go to

her Grace. Once she invades my little sanctum my peace will be broken for the rest of the voyage. A good woman, a most devout woman, Mr. Potter; but her voice—— Ella, will you accompany me? I shall get away all the sooner if you do."

Ella rose to her feet at once.

"Certainly," she said, cheerfully. "I



"A TYPICAL COWBOY"

will do anything you please. We shall be back as soon as we possibly can, Mr. Potter."

The door closed behind them. Potter measured Vansittart with his eye. The "Rosy Cross" in his pocket rendered him slightly nervous. Still, in a hand-to-hand struggle with a delicate youth like the one opposite—and Barnes was near. Vansittart drew back one of the sliding panels and stepped on to the gangway.

"It's too hot to be in there a night like this," he said.

He made no suggestion that Potter should join him, which was the reason, perhaps, why the other did so without hesitation. The express car gliding along with lightning speed, the low handrail would have been no protection in case of a struggle.

"What's that down the track yonder?" Potter asked presently. "That light."

"Don't know," Vansittart said carelessly; "it must be five or six miles away yet. Looks to me like a lantern burning on a hill."

"A signal of some kind, perhaps. All the same, I —"

Potter said no more. With a cat-like spring, Vansittart was upon him. There was not the slightest chance for the startled millionaire to cry out, for he was pinned down to the gangway with the grip of a vice, and a handkerchief drenched in some pungent smelling compound was rammed into his throat.

The next few seconds passed like a dream of minutes. Potter was vaguely conscious of nimble hands going over his pockets, of a low, pleased chuckle, and when he came to himself the gag was still in his mouth. As he scrambled to his feet, he was raised like a child and tossed over the handrail. Almost to a yard he alighted on the spot where Vansittart had intended. The scrub and moss and water broke the force of the fall. And when the discomfited millionaire rose, bruised and giddy, but otherwise unscathed, he could see the tail lamps of the express getting fainter and fainter in the night haze.

Panting and breathless from the struggle, Felix Gryde leaned against the rail. He had closed the panel behind

him; he stood in a strip of black darkness. On either side of him the train emitted a stream of dazzling light. Gryde smiled to himself, for the "Rosy Cross" was in his pocket, and his faithful beacon light flashed ahead. Not one of his carefully-laid plans had gone astray.

He heard the saloon door open, and Lady Ella's voice calling him.

"Coming," he replied. "Mr. Potter and I are discussing a little business. Don't open the slide—its fearfully dusty here."

Then Gryde stood up on the rail, and balanced himself as well as possible. As the train shot past the beacon lamp he began to count slowly up to ten.

"Neck or nothing," he muttered; "here goes!"

He launched himself with a spring into the blackness of the night. The next second was an eternity. Then he touched something; there was a rebound, an elastic thrill, as Gryde rolled over and over in the net. He had escaped with not so much as a single scratch.

The rest of the adventure was child's play. Gryde was not the man to leave anything undone. He knew exactly where he was and what to do next. By the time that daylight came the lantern, the net, plus the elegant Bond Street attire of the Hon. Augustus, were buried deep in a pool, and ere sunrise a typical cowboy was making his way across the plain in the direction of the thriving "city" of Birmingham.

* * * *

A few days later in the Central Hotel, New York, an angry and sore—with more senses than one—millionaire was having an anything but pleasant interview with the Chief of Police, the Bishop of Croydon and Lady Ella.

"I can assure you, Mr. Potter," said the official suavely, "your friends here are as innocent as yourself. And that they are really what they represent themselves to be, I am in a position to positively prove."

"We have been grossly deceived," quoth the Bishop. "That rascal, it turns out, was no relation to us at all. My

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real nephew is on his way here, and until he got my cable was not aware of his good fortune. That swindler must have met my nephew, and gleaned enough family history to be able to blind us to his real character."

"And he looked like a gentleman," Potter groaned.

"Many thieves are well educated," said the Chief. "Indeed, a robbery of this kind could only have been planned and carried out by a man of marked intelligence. Probably he gleaned what you were going to do with your diamond, and the coming of the Bishop and Lady Ella to Chicago—which he could glean from the papers—gave him the inspiration. A man like that is always ready to turn opportunities to account."

Potter groaned again. Lady Ella looked sweetly sympathetic.

"He must have been clever in disguise," she said.

"You're right there," Potter moaned. "Fancy his acting two men to me like that, and I never tumbled. And you'll never catch him either."

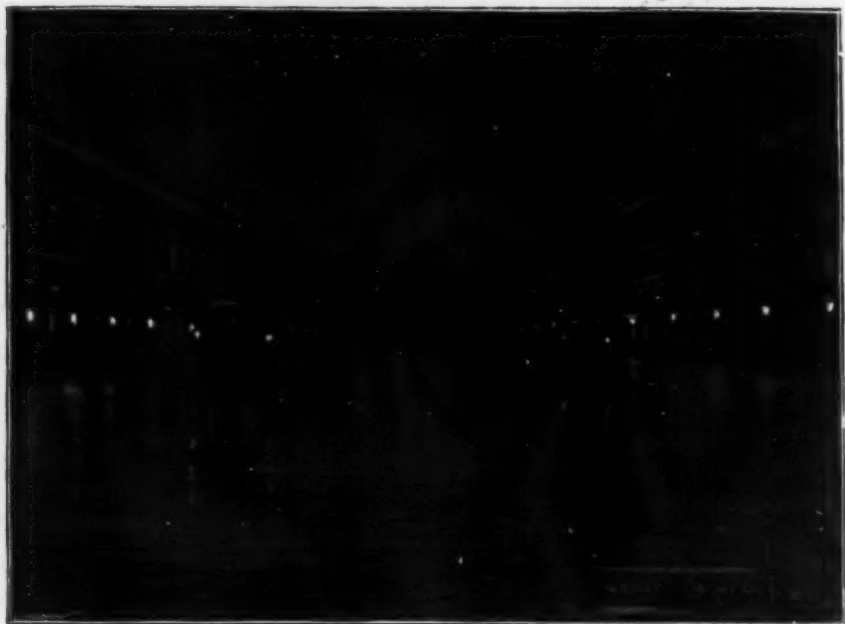
The Chief smiled mysteriously. It was his duty to do so, but privately he was quite of Potter's opinion. Then followed an awkward silence. Lady Ella came to the rescue in her charming way as usual.

"Well," she said, "in any case we shall never forget your kindness, Mr. Potter. And when we get home I shall most assuredly make it a point to call at Bolton Gardens. Doubtless you will forgive us in time."

Potter grasped the proffered hand.

"I'm quite sure of one thing," he said; "if I don't, my wife will."





PORTLAND PLACE

The Lights of London

WRITTEN BY FRANK WHELAN-BOYLE. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG



WITH the sole exception of Pekin, London is the worst lighted city in the world. Perhaps this is unjust to Pekin, for there the streets average 8 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width, and a single lantern will illuminate fifty yards or so. If you would know how wretchedly the greatest city in the world can treat its noblest thoroughfare in this respect, take a walk down Portland Place any evening when the moon is not at its full. If you can see across the road by the light of poor flickering gas lamps, you are to be congratulated—you are in no need of an oculist, and night-glasses would be a superfluity. This, no doubt, is the worst example of municipal ineptitude, but the truth is that the whole of

London is more or less in the experimental stage of street lighting. Electricity is still on its trial—it has been a long trial, but the verdict can scarcely be given yet—and it is by no means certain that electricity will supply the street light of the future. Within the last few years, however, it has made enormous strides in this direction. St. Pancras, Hampstead and Islington have all started municipal installations and made them financially successful, while other undertakings are in progress in various parts of the metropolis. Shore-ditch will probably be the next vestry to commence a municipal supply, its combined works for burning dust and refuse and generating electricity being well advanced. Hammersmith also had its works approaching completion, while the following districts have either schemes before them or hold provisional orders allowing them to promote schemes,

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which is not quite the same thing:—Battersea, Bermondsey, Camberwell, Hackney, Lambeth, Poplar, Newington and Whitechapel. The supply of electric light, it may be said, by the way, is a fairly profitable business, though scarcely at present so attractive an investment as gas, for the three great companies concerned in the latter, with a capital of under fifteen millions, pay over a million a year in dividends. The private electric lighting companies have not the same

value" of their undertakings, without any addition in respect to compulsory sale or goodwill. There are eleven electric lighting companies in London, and all the central districts are supplied by them. In some cases there is competition between them, which is naturally good for the consumer and tends to keep dividends within reasonable limits.

Electric lighting for street purposes is, of course, no new thing. As far back as 1878, the Jablochhoff system was



PICCADILLY CIRCUS FROM ST. JAMES'S

power as gas companies, and are not as a rule monopolies like the water companies. The local authorities have only themselves to blame for allowing companies to come in at all, for under the Electric Lighting Act the Board of Trade gives the preference in granting provisional orders and licences to an application from a municipal body. The worst of it is that companies, when once installed, cannot be bought out, except by friendly agreement, until after forty-two years. At the end of that period they will be entitled to receive the "then

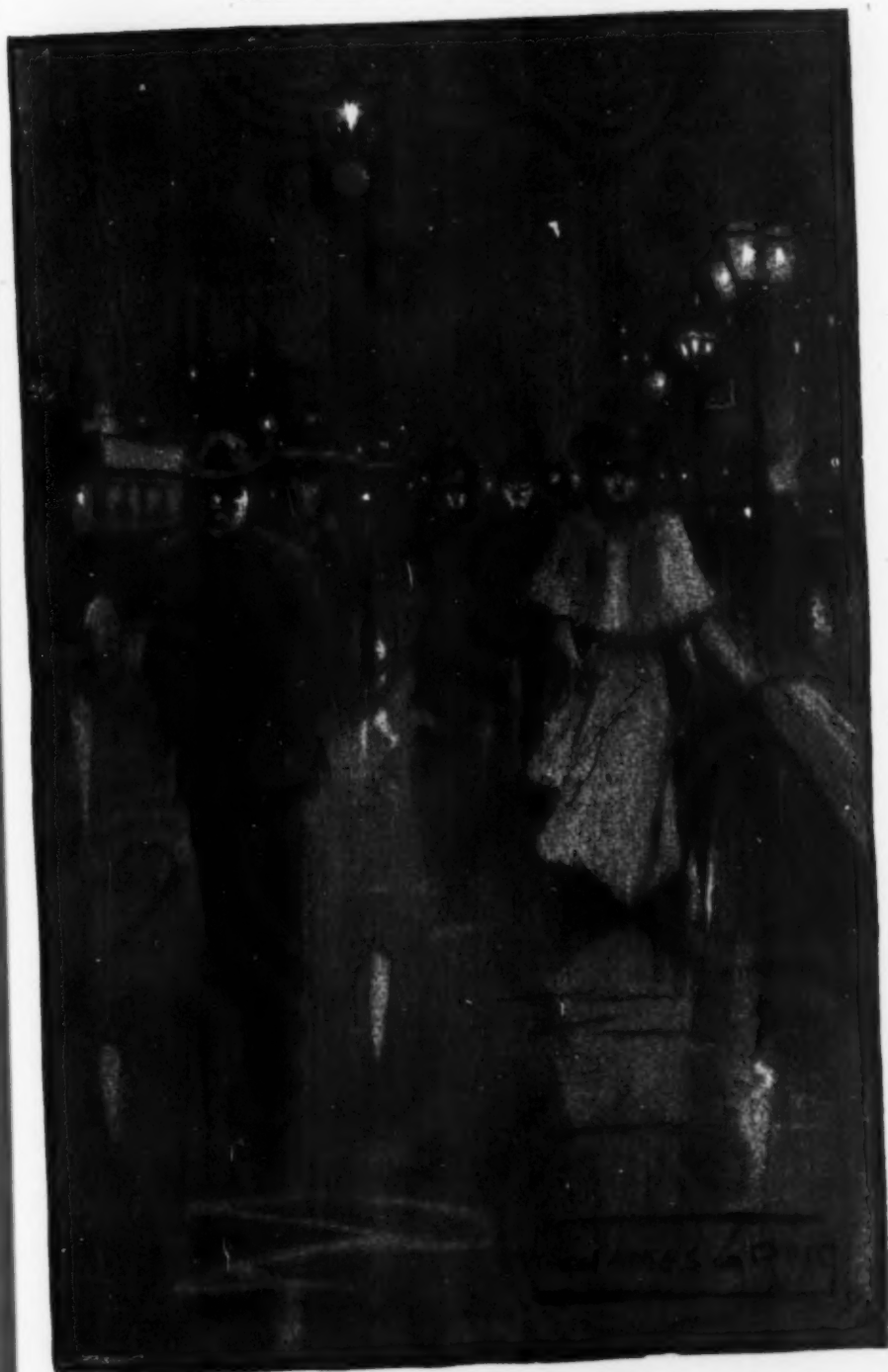
tried on the Victoria Embankment, and within the next few years installations of other systems were made on the Southwark and Blackfriars Bridges. But none of these places are lighted by electricity now. The experiment on so extensive a scale was premature, and met the fate of all such experiments. Since then this particular system, as opposed to the incandescent electric lamp, which is used mainly for lighting buildings, has been vastly improved, but even now it is by no means perfect. The lamp that flickers and the lamp

that fails altogether are still to be found in the City, in Euston Road, in the Holloway Road, Islington, at Hampstead—that is to say, in every installation for street purposes, and until this difficulty has been surmounted, the ideal light will still be to seek.

Some experts still pin their faith, so to speak, to gas. The introduction of electric light has had a wide influence, quite apart from its own peculiar virtues, for it has spurred the makers of gas-burners to feats undreamt of when gas had the field to itself. All kinds of devices to increase the illuminating powers of gas have been the result, and in many cases multiplex gas-burners have been adopted by local authorities for street lighting. These also, for the most part, are in the experimental stage. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the strange variety of lamps which one may see in a walk through the London streets; the collection of different pavements, though numerous enough in all conscience, is nothing to it. The eye is wearied by the constant change from small, sullen, yellow gas jets through all gradations to the brilliant light of the arc lamp. And the lighting has apparently proceeded on the principle that the best thoroughfares should be the worst lighted. Taking the West End as a whole, the scheme of street lighting is absolutely beneath contempt. Never was there greater need for the "League of Light" which Mr. G. R. Sims in a moment of inspiration suggested for the adoption of shopkeepers of the West End. This sweeping assertion has during the last few months been amended by the lighting of Piccadilly, Regent Street, and other thoroughfares within the area of the St. James's Vestry, by arc lights, which, though not monuments of beauty, are at least not aggressively ugly. The Vestry has, foolishly, as some people think, though probably the shareholders of the company who have performed the work do not share that view, "farmed out" the installation instead of making it themselves. They have, still more foolishly, as those who use Piccadilly for other than pedestrian purposes are unanimous in agreeing,

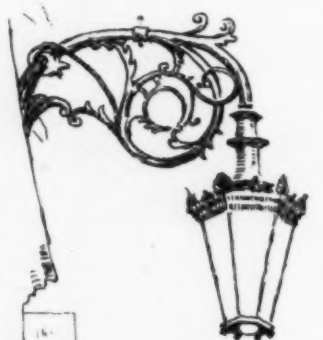
adopted the central roadway system which, though in very broad thoroughfares is admirably adapted to keep the traffic well under control, is in such places as Piccadilly a delusion and a snare, and calculated to bring the hairs of the average 'bus driver in sorrow to a police court.

A brief digression upon the question of central roadway lighting will here be plausible. The present writer has been at some pains to discover the bent of authority on the matter, with the result that the system is condemned as unsuitable for all streets which are not unusually wide, unless they are burdened with very little traffic. Now, these are qualities which can be applied to comparatively few of the highways of London. At present there are not above five or six in which the central system has been adopted, and of these only the Euston Road and Victoria Street can be said to be at all suitable for the purpose. The latter is lighted by gas from the centre at long intervals, in addition to the ordinary lamps. Euston Road is broad, and the centre electric lighting, aided by the blowholes of the underground railways, serves usefully to keep the heavy traffic in order, as well as provide convenient refuges for timid wayfarers. But in Tottenham Court Road, where the masts of the St. Pancras Electric Lighting Department were first elevated, the little islands serve but as impediments to the boisterous stream of traffic which commonly flows north and south. On one recent occasion, when a 'bus broke down, it blocked the whole of one side of the roadway, and the other side being under repair, the wreck had to be lifted bodily out of the way before the traffic could be resumed. The central system, it goes without saying, is better for lighting purposes, but there are many other considerations to be taken into account. For the bulk of our suburban thoroughfares, for instance, it would be impossible owing to the tram lines, unless these were entirely re-organised. On the whole it seems probable that our streets will continue to be lighted from the side walk unless some system of suspending lamps on cross wires and without standards is contrived.



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE BY NIGHT

The St. Pancras Vestry was the first to undertake street lighting by electricity and the first to offer a supply of current for commercial and house purposes. It



ORNAMENTAL BRACKET
CITY

appeared, therefore, the proper thing to obtain from the gentleman who has been responsible for these two installations and who still controls them, some information regarding the pioneer municipal system in the metropolis, and, if possible, some views on street electric lighting in general. Mr. Sydney W. Baynes, the chief electrical engineer, most courteously acquiesced in this view, and the paragraphs which follow embody the facts which he placed at the disposal of *The Ludgate*.

"The vestry started its electric street lighting on Lord Mayor's Day, 1891, when Tottenham Court Road and the greater part of Euston Road were illuminated from the centre. We shall probably not use that method again, as it involves several difficulties. Nor shall we put up lamps as high as 25 feet in future. The experience of the last six years has taught us that 20 feet is the best elevation for all purposes. In the following year the system was extended in the Euston Road and to the Hampstead Road, an addition of 16 lamps to

the 28 already in position. The cost of the latter was £55 each, and the former only £40 4s. They are Brockiespiel arc lights, burning thirty-two hours without refilling—that is to say, for two days in the winter time. In 1893 we added fifty-two more lights in Park Street, Hampstead Road, and Camden Road; and in the following year two in Goodge Street. These were all 23 feet in height." These facts are, perhaps, not of consuming interest to the general public, but they form an accurate record, published for the first time to the world, of what the first municipality in London to adopt electric street lighting has done.

"We have rested for three years; the installation was, after all, an experiment, though one not undertaken before being very carefully thought out. It has paid



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—we have satisfied the ratepayers, who are, naturally, the most important people in the matter, and during the present year we are going to erect ninety-four



more lamps, just about doubling the present number. These will be put up in Gray's Inn Road, as far as the parish boundary, in St. Pancras Road, in Great College Street, in Kentish Town Road and in Fortress Road to the parish boundary on the north. We shall, in a word, then have a continuous line of electric street-lighting from north to south. More than that, the Hampstead Vestry, which started business about two years ago, will join our lights

with theirs in the Chalk Farm Road, so there will be a continuous line from Haverstock Hill to the Tottenham Court Road. And more even than that, our system on the east connects with that of Islington, the third municipality in the metropolis to undertake this work. Yes, it is certainly rather curious that the north and north-west should be thus lighted while the rest of London, with small exception, remains unmoved and satisfied with gas. Our new lamps will be 20 feet high and of the closed arc variety.

"As to the reliability of the light, I can only say that it is not at present all that we could wish, yet very seldom does it go wrong. The danger of failure will be reduced to a minimum when the complete installation is effected. The whole of the street lighting will then be arranged on the high and low tension systems, that is to say, alternate lamps will be attached to either system, and nothing short of a total collapse of the two generating stations could possibly destroy the light.

"The days of the lamplighter over? O, I don't think so. Arc lamps want

cleaning just the same as gas lamps, and then there is the fixing of the carbons every two or three days. It does not require a skilled electrician to do the work; an ordinary labourer can manage it after very little instruction. No, I don't think that the lights go wrong from carelessness in fixing the carbon. Have you ever noticed how sometimes, when a lamp has failed, the passing of a tramcar or omnibus will put it right. That, of course, is the result of vibration, which brings the carbon points on speaking terms again.

"Incandescent lamps? Yes; more reliable, but too expensive for street lighting. Many years ago I lighted a portion of Norwich with the incandescent lamp, and the results were so unsatisfactory that we were compelled to take them down and substitute arc lamps. You see, two incandescent lamps of 32-candle power burn as much energy as an arc lamp of 500 candles, which makes it almost prohibitive for street-lighting. They might, perhaps, manage it at Brighton, for there each gas lamp costs £4 per annum. Here in St. Pancras our gas lamps cost £3. As regards the



question of economy, each arc light puts out four and a-half gas lamps, but then they give thirteen times as much light. Their cost is £39 8s. 9d. It would not be fair to compare that with the cost of the old gas system; we make our profit, of course, out of the private consumer. Another point with regard to economy. At one o'clock in the morning half the lamps are turned off, leaving

quite enough light for people who are out after that—there is, in fact, still six times as much as the ordinary gas lamps supply in other thoroughfares.

"The Refuse Destroyer? Well, I am afraid that the theory of getting your electrical supply from the products of

the dustbin is pretty well exploded. Of course, apart from the advantages of a refuse destructor *per se*, you can get some power from it; but it is an unknown quantity, and depends upon the quality of the refuse. You must be prepared to burn some coal constantly, and at night all coal."



It is astonishing to find how little power is required to supply the present street lighting of St. Pancras. Mr. Baynes, with justifiable pride, showed me over the station, close to the Tottenham Court Road, where everything is as trim and compact as the engine-room of a man-of-war. There are a dozen or more

engines and dynamos there, but all except one are for the house and shop lighting. The engine which supplies all the power for the street lamps is a Wellan's of 86 horse-power, making about 450 revolutions a minute and coupled direct to the dynamo. This station is about to be enlarged, and when the alterations are completed, a huge shaft, more imposing even than that in King's Road, where the refuse destructor is, will throw its shadow over the neighbourhood.

From an artistic point of view, none of the lamps and standards at present in use are quite perfect. They almost all recall Euclid's definition of a line—length without breadth—which perhaps is inevitable under the circumstances, for the ratepayers cannot be expected to spend their money in erecting elegant monuments for a merely utilitarian purpose. Perhaps the type which the Hampstead Vestry has erected are the best, though the Islington lamp runs it hard. The others—in St. Pancras, in the City, in Piccadilly, must be called ugly—though as far as St. Pancras is concerned the lamps which are about to be erected are a vast improvement on the old ones. In the city also, there are exceptions in the

smaller byways. Friday Street, Bow Lane, and Watling Street, all supply examples of what, under the peculiar circumstances, street lighting ought to be. Here not one, but several designs have been employed, and in one case, at least, the incandescent light is used; a light which certainly lends itself more to decorative effect than the arc. Not to be behindhand the municipal patrons of gas have in places erected very handsome standards, though they are, perhaps, more massive than beautiful.

A word in conclusion with regard to a proposal which well deserves a wider notice than it appears to have achieved. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing at the latter end of last year on the subject of a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, says: "It has occurred to me that the lighting of our streets and parks might well be used for the commemoration of our great men. Drinking fountains have already been made to serve this end; why not public lamps of beautiful design? Stevenson, as do all children, old or young, felt the



says (*Virginibus Puerisque: A Plea for Gas Lamps*)."

There is a good deal to be said for this proposal, but it had better be left to experts to say it.

charm and excitement of the lamplighter's office, and the leaping brilliancy of his genius would be not inaptly illustrated by kindling in his honour a beacon to shine upon men's common walks. Fitting sites at once suggest themselves in London and Edinburgh, and suitable materials. Only let the light itself be lovely; not the 'horribly unearthly' glare of naked electricity, such as should 'shine only on murders and public crimes,' as Stevenson himself

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The Tale of a Terrier

WRITTEN BY HENRY MARTLEY. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. HARTRICK

WHEN Professor Etlinger fell in love, he did not behave himself as an elderly scientist should. Fiction has taught us to know and love the elderly scientist under the circumstances. The white-haired benevolent old man emerges from lifelong studies in his laboratory, and his eyes fall dreamily through his spectacles on a fresh young girl. Two endings are then possible. Either the fresh young girl marries another man and the Professor sees his mistake and goes pathetically back to his laboratory, or, another and more popular ending, she proposes to him in a charming winsome way, because he is too absent-minded to do so himself.

But, as I say, Professor Etlinger behaved himself unprofessionally. Perhaps he felt that, being neither white-haired nor benevolent, nor endowed with spectacles, he could not act the part properly. Also, though he possessed a laboratory where he made strange smells, he had not lived there all his life. As a matter of fact, he was an exceedingly wide-awake grizzled man, who from his conversation, we gathered, had seen most places in the world. Who he was we did not exactly know. I have always suspected him of being a German; though he denied the accusation, and spoke English perfectly. We were also ignorant of his reasons for settling in Elmborough. Some of the inhabitants conjectured him to be a coiner, seeking quiet, while others attributed his presence to the excellence of our gravel soil. Personally I had never troubled myself about him till it became apparent that he was paying attentions to Elsie Wilmot. It seemed exceedingly silly of so clever a man to do such a thing, because the announcement of Elsie's engagement to Jack Anstruther was a mere matter of

weeks: but the Professor did begin to pay her attention, and he did it rather well. When he chose to talk he was the best talker that I ever heard. I looked on with amusement at the duel, knowing that girls do not fall in love even with the best books of travels.

About half way through the Long Vacation Jack proposed and was accepted. I met him on his way back from the Wilmots on the day of the fateful event, and he was as deliriously excited as though it had been totally unexpected. After giving him my congratulations and listening to his ravings for a few minutes, I resumed my walk. Shortly afterwards I sighted the Professor ahead of me, and I chuckled maliciously. When I had overtaken him and had passed the time of day with him, I inquired whether he had heard the news? These I told him as flatly and plumply as I could. Being a man of the world he managed to conceal his feelings fairly well, but there was a look about his eyes which somewhat surprised me. It was a look more of amusement than anger. I concluded that he had taken his defeat philosophically as a part of the futility of the female mind.

In a day or two Jack told me casually that Miss Wilmot had lost her fox terrier Gipsy, and was greatly disturbed at the loss. At the time I made some foolish remark about the course of true love, and thought no more of the matter. After a few days I went with Jack to the Wilmots one Sunday afternoon, and then for the first time I began to be puzzled.

As we walked up the drive to the house I heard Mrs. Wilmot's voice from the window, "Elsie, please come in and sit down. You've been doing nothing but run up and down the lawn for the last half hour."



"'I'M CERTAIN THERE'S A MOUSE ON THE CURTAIN'"

I smiled, for I knew Miss Wilmot ordinarily to be lazy and languorous, and I made a mental note of the impatience of lovers.

She came round the corner of the house and I remarked a change in her.

Her walk I knew well, but that day she moved with a kind of slouch. When we came into the house I still observed her, and there was an unaccountable something about her which disturbed me. We had been talking politely to

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Mrs. Wilmot for a few minutes, when Elsie suddenly exclaimed :

"Mother, I'm certain there's a mouse on the curtain."

Poor Mrs. Wilmot stood up and drew her dress about her with apprehension.

Elsie got down on her knees to examine the curtain.

"O, Jack," she exclaimed, "isn't it fun? Won't we just kill it if we can get it?"

"Elsie, come here," said Jack with a pained look and almost roughly. I had known Elsie from childhood, and from my knowledge of her I should not have thought Jack's tone was exactly the way to persuade her. However, she got up submissively and came back to her chair.

"Have you heard anything of Gipsy?" I asked, wishing to change the conversation.

"Nothing," answered Mrs. Wilmot.

"You must miss him dreadfully, Elsie," I suggested.

"O, Gipsy?" she said jauntily; "I don't know that I ever cared much for the little beast. He used to run about on four legs and bark and that kind of thing."

"Why, of course he walked about on four legs," I answered with a puzzled feeling.

"Of course," she said hastily and flushed. "I say, Jack, don't you think we might all go for a good, fast walk? Do let's be jolly and sensible."

Mrs. Wilmot saved Jack from the good, fast walk, and I soon afterwards took my leave. I was not exactly happy in my mind about the engagement; but Jack said nothing, and I concluded that I had intervened in an interval of difference of opinion, and that Elsie was merely teasing Jack in an elaborate way.

After a week or two Jack and I returned to Oxford—we were both at the same college. Jack was moody and abstracted, but a young man takes even his most intimate friend as he finds him, and I thought little of the subject. However, about a fortnight after the beginning of term, Jack and I were loafing in his rooms when we noticed the sound of a disturbance in the Lodge.

We heard the porter objurgating and the yelp of a kicked and frightened dog. He moved to the window and looked out.

"No," he gasped; "it can't be. Yes, it is. Gipsy!"

He ran into the Quad, and sure enough it was Gipsy, who was being pursued by an enraged porter, assisted by two amused scouts. The dog rushed up to him and leaped round him with wild cries of joy. Jack picked him up and carried him to his rooms, regardless of the porter. He fed him and laid him on the sofa. Gipsy slept uneasily, and at intervals raised his head and gazed at Jack with a wistful, yearning look. Jack could not understand the matter. The animal was splashed and draggled, and had evidently travelled a long way.

"What the deuce does it all mean?" asked Jack. "It seemed as if he came to look for me. But that's absurd, the beast always used to hate me. By-the-by, I hope it is Gipsy, and not some other man's dog."

He rose and looked at the collar. Yes, there plain enough was Elsie's name and address.

"Poor little beast," said he; "how did he get here?"

The dog licked his face in a wild ecstasy of affection.

"By Jove, it is queer. But I can't keep him here. I must get someone in the town to keep him till I can send him back to Elsie."

After lunch Jack and I sallied out with the dog to seek a temporary home for the latter in a neighbouring stable. In the porch we stopped to read the notices on the board, and turned to behold before us, Briggs, our junior dean, who had lately entered on his duties as Proctor. Briggs was an unpleasant, fussy person, even as an ordinary Don, and he had been exercising the authority of his newly-acquired office in a way that disgraced even a Proctor.

"Your dog, Mr. Anstruther?" he inquired, with a savage look at Gipsy, who slunk timidly away.

"The animal," he continued, acidly, as it tried to edge out of the door, "appears

to have a better acquaintance with the college regulations than its master. Are you not aware that dogs are forbidden in college?"

"Well," replied Jack, "I am taking him out. The rule only says that dogs must not be brought in."

"Your remark, sir," said Briggs, severely, "is an impertinent quibble."

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Mr. Briggs," answered Jack, "but this dog has come a long way to see me, and there are circumstances — private circumstances

— which have led me to break the rules."

"Mr. Anstruther," rejoined the Proctor, savagely, "I have already expressed my opinion of your conduct in bringing the dog into college, and you don't diminish your offence by inventing frivolous excuses. You shall hear more of this, sir. Your attendance at chapel has been very irregular, and I strongly suspect that you were one of those who were playing football in the Quadrangle last night."

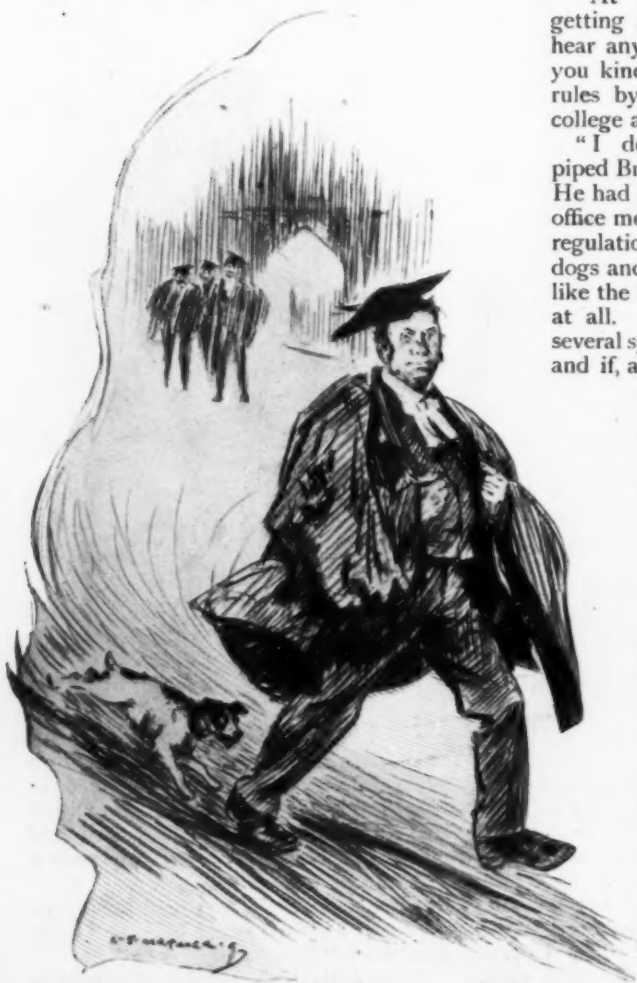
"At least," said Anstruther, getting angry, "I don't want to hear any more of it now. Will you kindly allow me to obey the rules by taking my dog out of college at once?"

"I don't know about that," piped Briggs, in his squeaky voice. He had already made his term of office memorable by some absurd regulations about undergraduates' dogs and hydrophobia. "I don't like the look of that dog of yours at all. It seems to me to have several symptoms of hydrophobia, and if, as you say, and the dog's appearance suggests, it has travelled a long way, it may have come from some infected district. I'm strongly inclined to have it killed under the new regulations."

Gipsy uttered a low growl.

"It is," said the Proctor, "a most dangerous dog. You must have it examined at once, and it's my opinion that it ought to be killed."

Then were the hearts of several undergraduates gladdened by the sight of a fat and angry Proctor pursued across the Quad by a fox-terrier, with bristling mane and angry voice. Terror gave Briggs speed for some twenty



"PURSUED ACROSS THE QUAD BY A TERRIER"

yards, but then he remembered his dignity, and Zeus put it into the heart of the outraged man to stop and kick. The dog fixed its teeth in the fleshy part of his calf, worried it sharply, and then trotted back to Jack. The victim nursed his wounded limb for a moment or two, and rose and walked gravely into the Lodge.

"Mr. Anstruther," he said stiffly, "you have displayed conduct lacking that respect which every gentleman owes to every lady. I must ask you to take me back to my mother."

"Good Heavens!" murmured Jack to me. "The old boy's so frightened that he's gone a little dotty. I'll get Gipsy out of the way, if you'll see after Briggs."

I helped him up his staircase. He seemed dazed, and once took off his cap and looked at it in a puzzled way. I thought I heard him mutter "What a bonnet!" but I was not sure. However, on reaching his rooms, he pulled himself together, and dismissed me with his usual dignity, assuring me, as was the fact, that the wound was a slight one.

I had been dining at another college, and was returning late, congratulating myself that, though I was without cap and gown, the dog-bite would keep old Briggs from lurking near the college, as was his habit. However, to my annoyance, when I turned a corner, I ran straight into that functionary and his bulldogs, and I mentally anathematised his excessive sense of duty.

"Proctor wishes to speak to you, sir," said a bulldog.

"But, my dear Marshal," I heard the Proctor say hurriedly in a low tone to that official, "what will people say if I am seen talking to young men in the streets at night?"

"Why, sir," replied the Marshal with some astonishment, "I dunno' as how they'll say anything different to what they allus does."

"But they'll say such dreadful things about me," persisted the Proctor.

"Well, sir," said the other with a suppressed chuckle, "gentlemen allus does speak rather severely of the Proctor, axing your pardon, sir."

Briggs gave a start, pressed his hand

to his forehead and said, "Of course, of course." Then he turned to me and inquired rather tremulously: "Are you a member of this University, sir?"

I gave him my name and college, thinking it rather an unnecessary formality considering how well he knew me.

"Well, Mr. Trevor, I must ask you to call on me to-morrow at ten," he began. Then a spasm shot across his face. "I mean—hee-hee-hee—my mother would be very pleased if you'd drop in after breakfast to-morrow."

He blushed deeply and cast down his eyes. I looked at the Marshal; the Marshal gazed at me. We both turned our eyes in consternation at the Proctor. There was an awkward silence. Then the Marshal said: "Hadn't you better be getting home, sir?" adding to me in an undertone that Mr. Briggs was very queer that night.

"Yes," simpered the Proctor, "I really think I must be going now. *Au revoir*, Mr. Trevor, don't forget to call on us."

I went back to college filled with mystification; a horrible suspicion was beginning to enter my mind, and I thought over it for awhile. Then I decided to visit Chatterjee. Chatterjee was an elderly Indian who lived in the back Quad, and I was rather interested in him. I dabbled a little in hypnotism, and had discussed with him that question and other questions connected with the unseen. He could certainly do some curious tricks. Chatterjee was, fortunately, still up; and when I had told him the facts that led to my suspicion, he replied:

"There's only one thing I don't understand about it. Is there anyone in your part of the country who knows anything?"

"I suppose you mean a person who's been to India?" I said.

"Quite so," he replied.

It then flashed across me that Professor Etlinger had been in India for several years, and that he had been in love with Elsie.

"It's quite clear now," he said. "I can prove it easily."

He poured some ink into a slop-basin, and asked me to look firmly at it. In a

few minutes I saw in a blurred mist the forms of Elsie and Gipsy. What is more, I could hear them speak to each other.

"What is to be done, Gipsy?" asked Elsie.

"I don't know," said Gipsy, with a dejected depression of his tail. "I want to go back and be a terrier again."

"And I want to be a girl," wailed Elsie.

"I suppose you'd like it," said Gipsy.

he said he could give me a much better one, and who do you think it was?"

"Who?" asked Elsie.

"Why, that little brute Jowler that I could lick any day—and I will, too, if ever I can get back again. I told the Squire I'd kill him if he said such a thing again, and he went away rather hastily."

"O, Gipsy!" said Elsie, reproachfully.

"That's it," said Gipsy. "I never can



"CHATTERJEE TOOK THE BOWL AWAY"

"I did at first; but I find it awfully slow. One always has to be sitting down, and one isn't allowed to shout. Besides, there's that horrid little curate, who will come and talk about Browning and Ruskin and people like that."

"Poor Gipsy," said Elsie, "even I could hardly stand him."

"And then," continued Gipsy, "there's that horrid old Squire. What do you think the old brute said the other day? He told me that I oughtn't to mind losing that terrier of mine, because he was such a badly bred little beast. And

be allowed to behave sensibly. Why, I was just having a rat-hunt in the pigsty —"

Then Chatterjee took the bowl away.

"It's perfectly simple," he said. "Professor Etlinger stole the dog, and changed its soul with the girl's soul. That is child's play to a man who knows anything. Then the dog escaped and bit Briggs, and when a man-beast like that — there are hundreds of them in my country — bites anyone, that person always gets a sort of human hydrophobia from the dog."

"It's too horrible," I said. "Can nothing be done? Is there no cure?"

"O, the cure is quite simple," he said: "if the dog bites the girl, the souls would change again."

"And what about Briggs?" I asked.

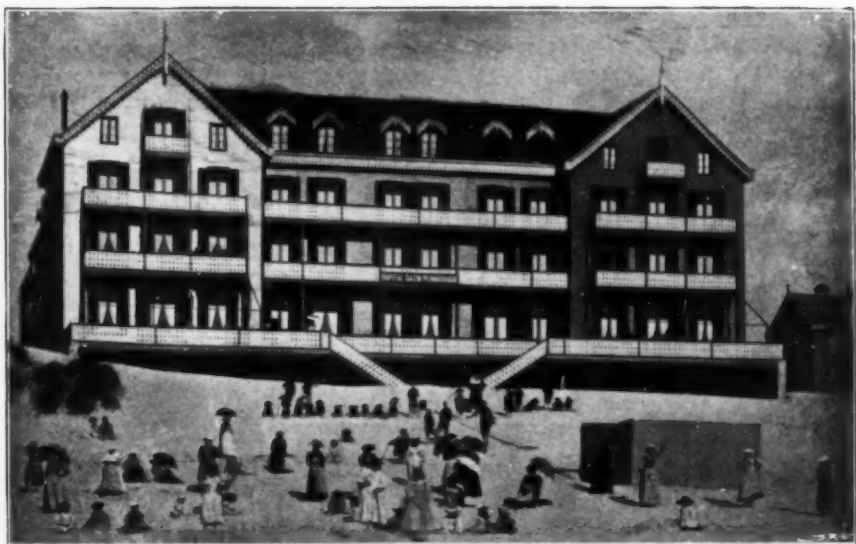
"O, he would recover. And," he added, "Professor Etlinger would die. It's a risky thing to do what he's done. That's why you hear of it so seldom. If you want a cure, just let me speak to the dog for a few minutes, and then send it to the girl."

I thanked Chatterjee, and soon afterwards went to bed with my head in a whirl. Next day Chatterjee interviewed Gipsy for a few minutes, and I induced Jack to telegraph and send the dog home by the afternoon train.

Two days afterwards Jack got a letter from Elsie. I had ceased to be surprised at anything, and only recognised the obvious when Jack informed me that Gipsy had bitten her, that she was in such delight at recovering the dog that she took the occurrence as a joke, and that Professor Etlinger had died suddenly. That ended quite happily, perhaps, the oddest episode that I can vouch for as true from personal knowledge. I have only to add that Briggs had to resign his Proctorship, and retired to the country for awhile, but returned afterwards no worse and no better for what the doctors declared to be a slight nervous derangement brought on by overwork.



THE RIVER OF DREAMS



THE HOSPITAL

A Modern Miracle

CONCERNING THE UNCRIPPLING OF CRIPPLES

WRITTEN BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE. ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KIGHT FROM PHOTOS

WE have all read veracious accounts of the miracles wrought by holy intercession at Lourdes. We most of us have heard of the marvels achieved by the timely aid of the bones of St. Boniface, the cranium of St. Josse, and the handkerchief of St. Veronica. But it is from none of these I am going to tell. The miracle I have discovered in the course of an erratic wandering abroad is not due to the supernatural. It is a human miracle, the outcome of the genius of a great philanthropist who prefers to hide his light under the comparative commonplace bushel of science. The mystery man in this instance is a surgeon, and the miracle—the transformation of cripples into useful and sightly members of society.

Berck is a small town situated in the south of the Pas-de-Calais, midway between Boulogne and Abbeville. It is

a sleepy town of 6,000 inhabitants, and is situated about two miles from the sea. It has a suburb—which has sprung up of late years on the sandhills which skirt the English Channel—which is known as Berck Plage; and from small beginnings this erstwhile fishing village—for such it used to be—has grown into a fashionable watering-place, much patronised by Parisians and largely resorted to by invalids and delicate children. For Berck Plage is probably the most healthy place in Northern Europe. The air resembles that of Margate, but that it is sheltered from the North and entirely free from the excursionist and rowdy element. The air is peculiar and stimulating to a degree, and the place has for some years been regarded as the chief sanatorium of Northern France. It is here that rickety children are sent, and the unfortunate inheritors of hereditary scrofula are treated, to the number of

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700 at a time, in the great Hospital Maritime, established and maintained by the "Administration General de l'Assistance Public" of Paris, while similar cases are also catered for at the splendid Rothschild Hospital founded in memory of Baron James de Rothschild.

Among the surgeons who practise at Berck Plage is Dr. Calot, who has for many years made a special study of the

unpretentious enthusiast, and fearful lest he should be misled by first success, which might subsequently blossom into failure, he decided to keep his own counsel until he had satisfied himself that any results achieved were permanent. The period fixed as settling this point was thirty months, and as this has only just expired, the surgeon only now permits his discovery to be given to the

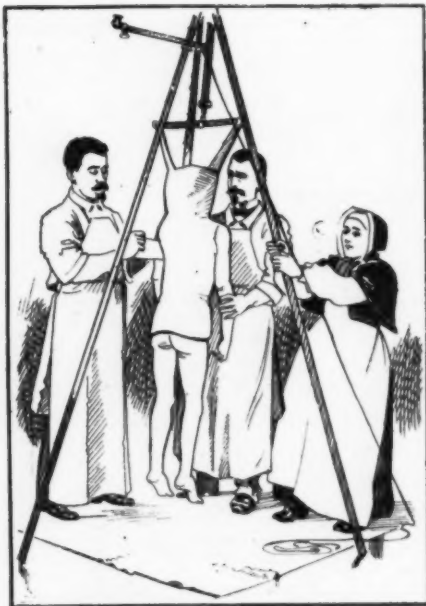


THE OPERATION

diseases of the bones. This surgeon was long greatly impressed by the terrible deformities which rickety and scrofulous children were liable to, and he set about experimenting with cases of deformed spine, in the hope of being able to mitigate, if not cure, that most unsightly of abnormalities, hump back. Dr. Calot's actual experiments were begun in 1895, and have been continued for two and a-half years. But little was said about the experiments, for the surgeon is an

world, and I am, I believe, the first writer who has dealt with the subject of this article in print.

Without going into technical details, or inflicting a medical lecture on my readers, the gist of Dr. Calot's method is this: Given a hunchback, male or female, provided they be young—in the case of a boy, under fifteen, or a girl, under twenty—the surgeon will undertake to make him or her straight whether the hump was in existence at birth or



THE SUSPENSION (1)

whether it developed subsequently. The question of degree does not affect the cure except as to the time taken. A slight curvature of the spine, or a pronounced hump, are all the same to this modern magician. He makes them vanish with a few passes of his skilful hands, the time necessary to effect a complete cure varying from seven months in the case of a slight deformity taken in its early stage, to thirty months.

And this miracle is effected, so far as the actual operation is concerned, without any other instrument than the surgeon's hands! Indeed, like all great achievements, the method employed is extremely simple, and suggestive of the oft-recurring wonder inherent to the discoveries of others, as to how it is that no one else thought of it before? Briefly, and omitting all technicalities, Dr. Calot's treatment consists in the stretching of the spine which has grown, or is growing, crooked, until it attains a normal outline. Having wrought the crippled column into its desired shape, the patient's body is enveloped in a mould in such a way as to render it impossible for his bones to

grow other than straight. The sufferer is then well fed and his growth encouraged in every way until, after an interval short or long, according to the individuality of the sufferer and the acuteness of the deformity, it is found that he, or she, is growing, and that the spine is accommodating itself to the growth in the proper shape. More than thirty sufferers have been thus operated on during the past two and a-half years, and all are doing well.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the details of the operations. Having been accorded the fullest facilities for inspecting the Hospital Cazin-Perrochaud, I am as much astonished at the simplicity both of the operation and the subsequent treatment as am I at the result achieved. The accompanying illustrations, taken from actual photographs from life, will explain all that is necessary both as to the actual operation and the result to the patient.

The little sufferer in the case I am describing—a terribly deformed child of



THE SUSPENSION (2)

two and a-half—is taken to the operating room, which is used chiefly because of the excellent light. The operation could, as a matter of fact, be equally well performed anywhere else.



A DEFORMED CHILD

There are present: Dr. Calot, a couple of assistants, and five or six nurses. The little cripple is undressed, and, after being laid on the table, chloroformed by one of the assistants. As soon as the patient is unconscious, its extremities are grasped by the nurses, as shown in our illustration, who pull against one another. While the patient is thus being extended, Mons. Calot, who has previously carefully examined the malformation in the sufferer and has studied the exact structure of its misshapen bones by the aid of the Röntgen rays, manipulates the hump, which is not a mass of flesh growing on the child's back, but a malformation caused by the growing out of its spine. And the surgeon works hard. He presses, and he kneads, until in a very short time, five or six minutes in all, the combined result of the pulling and the pressing is to be seen in the practical disappearance of the hump. In other words, the young bones, which in the case of a child are comparatively soft and pliable, have been compressed into something like their proper position, and with their repression, the hunchback is turned into a straight one.

But the child is not cured. Indeed, if left to itself the spine will soon bulge out again, and possibly assert its individuality of becoming more humpish than before. To prevent this the patient, still under chloroform, is placed in a specially constructed jacket, bound with straps, and suspended from a tripod, as shown in the annexed photograph. It is hung so that its body swings just clear of the floor, so that it sways slightly straight from head to heel. While thus supported the child is swathed in linen saturated with plaster

of Paris, which is carefully pressed round the re-formed body so as to exactly grip it; and the plaster, drying speedily, forms a cuirass which no spine, however perverse, could press out of shape.

The patient remains bound in this swathing for a couple of months. At first he is naturally fidgety, and requires watching; but after a week or so he gets used to the restraint, and is proof against the attacks of "pins and needles" and cramp which in the early days make his life a trial. Some children are more impatient of restraint than others, but I have the authority of the Sister Superior of the ladies who act as nurses in the hospital that such a thing as even a touch of fever is unknown. The patient is under constant inspection, and at the end of about two months the bandages are cut off, and after a very careful examination at the hands of Dr. Calot re-bound. And so the patient is kept braced up in such a way that the bones can only grow in the way which the surgeon desires.

In the end, the hunchback, the deformed, the cripple, destined to go through the world an object for pity and compunction, is a thing of the past, and in its place we see a lithe and lissome boy or girl, fit and able to lead a useful life, and romp and run about with their fellows to their heart's content.

Is not this a modern miracle?



THE SAME CHILD 3½ MONTHS AFTER THE OPERATION

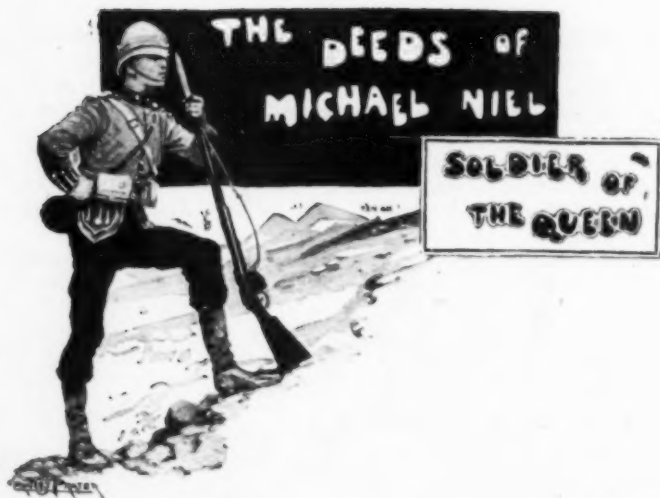
The first cases treated by Dr. Calot are just cured, and are being finally discharged from the hospital. I have seen these cases, have spoken to the little patients, have, at the suggestion of the Sister Superior, and with the consent of the children themselves, imitated certain members of the London County Council, and examined their backs; and I own that I was staggered at the evidence of the triumph of science over Nature.

The Hospital Cazin-Perrochaud is not an establishment run as a commercial speculation; neither is it a public charity: the patients are expected to pay a very small sum to defray the cost of their board. With Dr. Calot, to relieve suffering humanity by performing miracles is a labour of love, and the hospital, the only one of its kind in existence, serves

an additional purpose for the teaching of other medical men. The nursing is conducted by a sisterhood of French ladies, and the place itself, a building in the chalet style, more like a Swiss hotel than a hospital, offers a delightful residence to those who are so fortunate as to find accommodation within its walls.



MOONLIGHT AND SNOW
Drawn by H. A. Harper



WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

I.—THE 'LISTING OF SLIM MICHAEL



HE constabulary could do nothing; five times had their assault been driven back; failure stared them in the face. The mean little cottage walls mocked their exertions; the onlooking peasants laughed and hooted; the half company of foot sent to keep order

chuckled in sympathy, and even I, the serious-minded young subaltern in command, could not restrain a smile. The police inspector knew his men's tempers were getting out of hand, and looked like losing his own.

"Bring up the ram," suggested the sheriff.

Six constables advanced with the instrument in question and went ponderously at the door. There was a thud, a creak, and a throb, but the door stood still.

"George and the dragon!" ejaculated the land agent, "I never saw such a house in my life; is it built of iron?"

"'Tis built of enormous fine mud," the bailiff informed him. "Old Niel that's dead built it himself, an' he was a man and a-half, he was."

"Yes, but the door!" argued the sheriff testily. "That isn't mud."

"That's oak," said the bailiff. "Wan solid shlip ov oak, as thick as me head."

"Surely, six of my men," broke in the police officer, "six of my strongest men with a battering-ram ought to be enough for the thickest door in Ireland."

"Not wid a couple of the Niels behind it to hould it up," declared the bailiff.

"But Niels or no Niels, the wood itself must splinter," cried the sheriff, whose luncheon had been waiting him these two hours.

"I tell ye, sir, the dure's as thick as me head; ye can't splinter that with your maiden."

"Why not use the bailiff himself, then?" I suggested, having so far hearkened patiently to the discussion.

"Egad I will," exclaimed the land agent, "if he doesn't show us the way into this hole before long."

"There is no way in," declared the

bailiff. "I've said so before, an' I say so now."

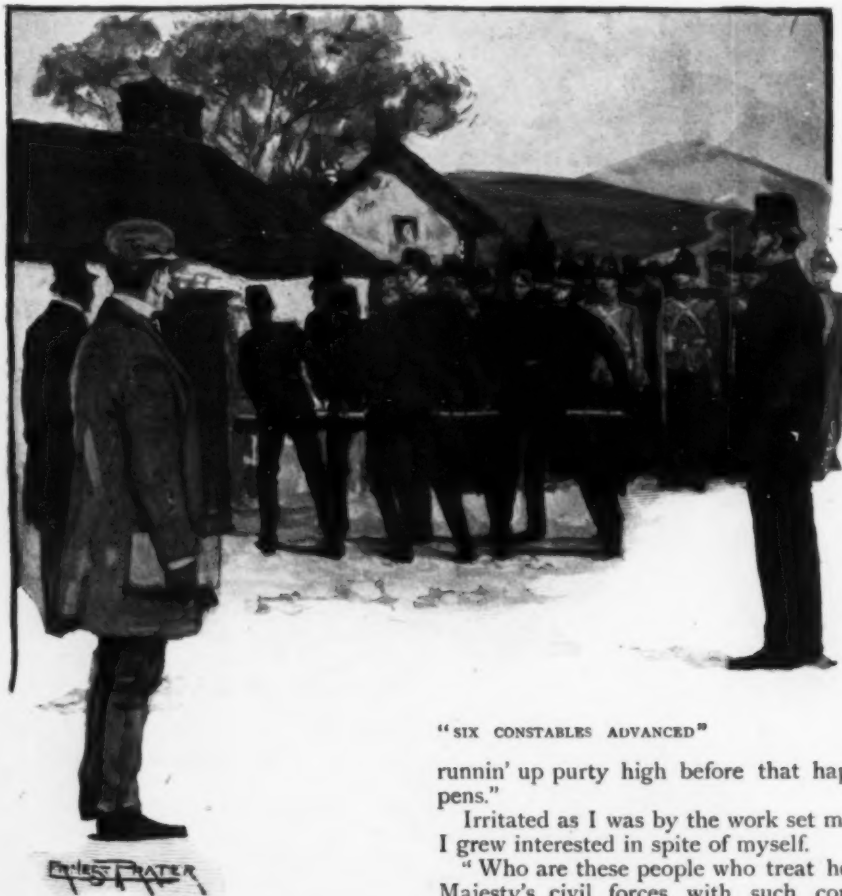
"Have another try with the maiden," ordered the sheriff.

Eight constables rammed with all their might; the door crashed open, leaped from its hinges, and danced in mid-air; but ere the police could make good their

(wid all respect to you, sir) will get them out."

"Very good, then," said the land agent. "We must starve 'em out, that's all."

"The Niels take a lot of stharving," grunted the bailiff pessimistically. "I'm thinkin' Lord Garryhestie's rint will be



"SIX CONSTABLES ADVANCED"

runnin' up purty high before that happens."

Irritated as I was by the work set me, I grew interested in spite of myself.

"Who are these people who treat her Majesty's civil forces with such contumacy?" I inquired of those around generally.

"Has yer honour niver heard of the Sthrong Men of Muskerry?" said a burly constable.

"Never upon my word," I declared. I had only lately joined my regiment at Fermoy.

The constable mopped his brow.

entrance it plunged back in its place, overturning two assailants in the shock.

"I told ye so," said the bailiff as one constable was carried off the field with a broken head. "There are Niels behind that door, and not all the king's horses, nor asses, nor Royal Irish Constabulary

"I know them," he said. "We all of us know them at Cackanode Barracks. We know Long Peter and Broad Dan and Fat Larry; them is the divils defying us now. But the greatest of them all is in America—praise be to th' Almighty."

"Indeed," I said. "And which may he be?"

"Shlim Michael," answered the policeman. "Him that tuk nine of us to arrist him in Mitchelstown Square two year ago, for whistlin' 'Harvy Duff,' an' him only sixteen year of age begob."

I reflected for some moments, then turned to the land agent.

"Wasting good material to starve men of that type," I ventured.

The agent shrugged his shoulders. "My lord must have his money. There's two years' rent due."

"How much is it?"

"Thirty-five pun ten."

"Is the land worth it?"

"Very nearly, if they made the best of it."

There was a pause.

"There certainly seems to be something wrong," said I again.

"I can't help it," snapped the agent.

"Never said you could," I retorted.

"But this is ugly work for my men."

"That's no business of mine."

"It is of mine. If these chaps could pay half, what would you do?"

"Give another quarter's grace."

I looked round me, drew a long breath, and made up my mind. I was not overburdened with ready money, but at the worst I knew my father would not be very severe.

"Good," I declared. "My cheque on Cox do?"

"How!" exclaimed the agent. "You pay?"

"May I not?"

"Certainly, if you choose," answered the agent, in a tone suggesting, "And be damned for your folly!"

Of course, on its face it was folly; but I happened to have the money, Jove inspired me, and I did it. I have had reason to be glad.

A pen with ink was procured, and I wrote my cheque, using a constabulary

man's broad back as a desk. The mob, quickly grasping what was going forward, showered blessings on my head, while evincing a note of regret at learning that the display of strength between besieged and besiegers was at an end.

Straggling knots of peasants gingerly approached the fortress, not a little fearful of sharing by mishap the fate of the police. At a safe distance they shouted vociferously:

"Come out of that, ye divils. Th' awficer's paid."

After a little time the door opened cautiously, and a face, looking to me that of a woman, filled the aperture.

There was a shout of mingled consternation and delight, and the burly lungs beneath me heaved up the exclamation:

"Holy Mary, but it's Shlim Michael!"

Recognising that there was no movement of aggression, the person in the doorway now boldly advanced, and I saw that the girlish head, with its long, golden-brown hair, was set upon the body of a man slightly over middle height, and of rarely beautiful proportions.

"Was yez all alone in the cottage, Mickey?" we heard one of the peasants query surprisedly; and the answer, spoken in a singularly soft brogue, came on the breeze:

"Arrah, of course I was. Did you think my brothers would be wasting their time helping me to do a thing I could do by myself? Shame on you! The Niels are no idlers, whatever they be."

An awed silence fell upon us all at learning that this one slip of a boy had defied our efforts.

"Well, I'm ——!" said the sheriff; and the blank expressed our sentiments.

As Michael approached us, police and soldiers alike eyed him with admiration; and the land agent, who under his surliness had something of the sportsman in his disposition, mechanically held out his hand, which the youth, quite at his ease accepted, gripped and loosed again.

"Who have I to thank?" said he. I was indicated by a nod of the agent's head, and he stepped towards me, looking

me straight in the face with his great serious eyes.

"I thank you, sir, for your generosity," he declared in gentle tones, which came strangely from the mouth of a peasant. His manner disarmed me of the phrase

earnestly; and the conversation might have continued had not my priggishness been aroused by noticing that those around were listening with unconcealed astonishment.

A little embarrassed, I looked askance at the sheriff; and Michael, with another soft word of thanks, took his departure.

As I marched my men back to their billets at Cackanode, over and over again the face of the Irish lad came up before my mind's eye, and woke the subtlest chords of my nature with the vision. Apollo in frock and trousers could not have impressed me more, seemed more wanting in reality.

Even the tasteless and ill-served repast prepared by mine host of the "Garryhestie Arms" did not entirely rob me of the pleasant emotion of the morning; and as, sitting by the open inn window, I puffed my cigarette-smoke into the evening air, I felt within me more of the joy of youth and strength than I had known since leaving school five years before.

The recollection of the stripling's display of pluck and determination, supported by such rare bodily gifts, brought back to

my reflections my own comparatively trivial prowess in the football field, and I knew my pulse beat quicker as the thought of an old charge through a hostile team flickered through me, or my right foot jerked forth an imaginary kick for goal.



"I WROTE MY CHEQUE

of facile patronage which, I confess, was on the tip of my tongue; and, to my own amazement, I heard myself say: "I am sure you would do as much for me."

"I' faith I should try," he answered

An intense sympathy for my new acquaintance rose within me, and I was half-debating a project of sending my sergeant to seek him out and bring him to me when my eye fell upon a party of four men who had turned two abreast into the street and halted at the door beneath my window. One I recognised as Slim Michael, the others I did not know. They were well set-up men, none of whom I judged more than thirty years of age. All wore light beards, but when I looked well at them the coarsened likeness to their companion was so striking that I could not doubt myself in the presence of the redoubtable Long Peter, Broad Dan and Stout Larry.

They entered below, and in an instant my landlord came bustling up.

"The Niels to see yez, Captain," he said, without ceremony, and ushered them in ere I had time to condemn his impudence. But, indeed, the visit was so much to my liking that I scarcely had it in my heart to be angry with the manner of it.

Into the room they came, the three elder men a trifle sheepishly, and ranged themselves in line before me.

"Sir," said Michael, "I have taken the liberty to bring my brothers to thank you personally for your kindness of this morning."

I half-bowed and waved my hand to stop him; but, seeing that I did not resent the intrusion, he turned to the eldest of the party—a tall, determined-looking man with very small hands and feet—saying: "Now, Peter."

The tall man's look of determination relaxed into a winning smile as he began lowly and a little nervously:

"Brothers and I very grateful to you, sir; land very unfortunate lately; hope better luck next year. Meanwhile, behalf of brothers and self, beg to hand you this."

He produced an envelope from an inner pocket of his coat and proffered it me. Not having the faintest idea what it might contain, I took it mechanically and walked to the light to open it. As I did so a deep-noted "Thank you, sir; good-night, sir," rang from each of my four visitors; and ere I could find

words to express my desire to detain them they were gone.

A little taken aback at their sudden departure—for in Ireland I had learned to believe that all visitors, whatever their class, looked for liquid entertainment—I delayed for some moments to open the envelope. Doing so at length, I found inside four scraps of blue paper, and taking each in turn I read:

"To Percy Lowe, Esq., ! O U £7 2s.—Peter Niel."

"To Percy Lowe, Esq., I O U £5 6s. 6d.—Daniel Niel."

"To Percy Lowe, Esq., I O U £3 11s.—Laurence Niel."

"To Percy Lowe, Esq., I O U £1 15s. 6d.—Michael Niel."

For a moment I could not perceive the intention of these documents until it occurred to me to add up the sums mentioned, when I, of course, found they represented the amount of £17 15s., which I had that morning paid to Lord Garryhestie's agent.

My immediate impulse was to replace the notes in their cover and dispatch them to their drawers, but, while preparing to do so, a cynical doubt rose in my mind as to whether I was not being made the object of a piece of vulgar bluff. I had heard much from my schoolfellows and even my brother officers of the Irish spirit of braggadocio which inspires the very peasants and underlings to the pretensions of a gentleman; and, with the overwisdom of callowness, I decided to keep the promises and see if the makers should make any serious effort to redeem them. At all events, they would serve as evidences of a story worth telling.

A few weeks later my regiment was moved up country to Newbridge, and I had not been there long before the two scenes at which I had in one day assisted lost their hold upon my memory, and my interest was transferred from the fate of the Niels to that of the horses I ventured to back at the Curragh meetings.

In England I had never once witnessed a horse race, and I was quite unprepared for the fever which seized my blood when I made my first bet—a



"MICHAEL NIEL ENTERED"

timid sovereign on a dark horse—and with amazed eyes saw my fancy romp home at twenty to one. Of course, following this miracle of fortune, my luck was execrable, and it did not take me many months to lose, not only what I had gained but nearly twice as much again. Thirty-seven pounds is not a great sum of money; but to a line subaltern with a far from princely income, it

marks the difference between affluence and unstability. I tried to make up the deficiency by economising my mess-bills, but found that this plan, while entailing serious discomfort, did not go far to correct my exchequer. I had already written to my father asking if he could make up the amount which I had handed

over on behalf of the Niels, a request to which he without difficulty acceded, so I had no excuse for applying to him at the present crisis. Indeed, I could see no help from my difficulty save the dire expedient of applying to some Jew of St. James's, which would, as likely as not, have led to the early termination of a career which I liked to consider a promising one.

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One or two attempts to raise the money at reasonable interest having failed, I sat in my room one evening after mess, burdened by a depression which even the smoke of my cigar could not alleviate.

Granting entrance to a tap at the door, Hopkins, my soldier servant, appeared.

"A Mr. Niel, a Hirish fellow; looks like a gent in slops. Asks if he may see you, sir."

I looked at my watch. "How the deuce did he pass the gate this hour of the night!" I exclaimed.

"Looks as if he climbed the canteen wall, sir. White behind."

"At all events, show him in."

Michael Niel entered. He was pale, his clothes ragged and sullied by a long journey; one boot trailed a broken sole. Seeing that he was much exhausted I gave him my arm-chair and offered him the liqueur cognac which I had been about to drink when disturbed.

He drained the little glass at a gulp, then heaved a deep sigh.

I had lived long enough to know that such a sigh meant hunger, and hastened to put before him some bread and the only meat I had—a cold sheep's tongue. The meat he did not touch; I imagine because the striking of my clock told him that it was already Friday morning, but he devoured a large hunk of the bread with almost painful eagerness.

Presently he produced a little canvas bag from his pocket.

"I sought you at Fermoy, sir."

"When were you there?"

"This morning, sir."

"I left with my regiment some months ago."

"So they told me, sir."

"Can I be of service?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"By accepting my service."

"I do not understand."

"Michael opened the canvas bag, and taking from it a piece of paper disclosed a five-pound Bank of Ireland note, two sovereigns and a florin.

"This from my brother Peter," he said, and took another similar paper from the bag; this contained another

five-pound note, a four-shilling piece and thirty penny stamps.

"From my brother Daniel."

Another dive in the bag, another scrap of paper, this time giving light to three one-pound notes and a postal order for eleven shillings.

"From my brother Laurence."

Grasping his meaning I turned to my desk and took from it the I O U's of seven months before.

I handed them to him, and selecting three of them he put them carefully in his pocket. The fourth he left on the table.

I looked inquiringly at him, and for answer he shook the bag, showing it to be empty.

"I am still your debtor," he said, and then I noticed that the I O U he had left on the table was his own note for £1 15s. 6d.

I felt myself in an awkward position, fearing to insult him by pooh-poohing the smallness of the matter, yet scarcely able to keep a serious countenance, and withal bursting with admiration for the character of the man before me.

There was silence for some moments, until, looking me timidly but determinedly in the face, he said:

"I cannot pay my share of this debt to you. I cannot work. That's the truth. I am a strong man, and a willing one, but I cannot work. I swear I've tried. I've tried here, in America, and here again. But nowhere could I work. I can't handle a spade; I can't guide a plough. I can't work enough to win my daily bread. I have lived upon my brothers' toil. I have come here to tell you so." He spoke with effort and in shame.

"How did you come?" I asked, as a cover to my thoughts, and almost without intention.

"I walked."

The words commanded my attention.

"Walked from Fermoy?"

"Walked from Fermoy."

"Sixty miles since this morning?"

"Forty-three."

"You reckon Irish?"

"Always, sir."

"And you have worn yourself out in

this task merely to tell me that you could not give me this trifling sum of money."

"I owed it to you to give my reason in person—and more than that —" He hesitated.

"Go on, Michael," I said, gently.



"I DON'T THINK WE NEED SEND HIM TO THE DEPÔT"

"Since I cannot pay you in money, I would do so in kind."

"How so?"

"Let me be your servant."

I was startled at the request, but infinitely pleased, though I suspected it arose from ignorance of what it conveyed.

"I have a servant," I answered, categorically. "You are not the man to endure such a position. To become my servant you must become a soldier."

"I should like to fight," he said pleasantly, and smiled for the first time since he had entered the room.

"But to be my servant—I need scarcely point out what menial offices that covers—I am a poor man. You would be alone."

"I should like to serve you," he replied, and the answer touched me. Yet I determined to try him further.

"This regiment is a North British one. I will not say all our men are Scotch, but the depôt is at Dumfries, and we certainly have no Southern Irish in the corps. You would find yourself amongst strangers in blood, probably strangers in sentiment."

"I'm not a quarrelsome man, sir," he maintained doggedly.

"I warn you even that your nationality may cause some difficulty in their 'listing you for this regiment."

"May I try, sir?" he asked, evidently unmoved by my arguments; and considering that I had thrown all reasonable opposition in his way, I gave him my permission and promised my good offices with the Adjutant in the morning. Meanwhile I made him up a bed on my floor, and retired to slumber myself in better spirits than had possessed me for some little time.

I was subaltern on duty for the next day, and awoke betimes; but I found Michael already stirring and helping Hopkins to put my accoutrements in order.

I talked with him while I drank my early tea, and recapitulated at greater length the difficulties which lay in his way, pointing out to him that even if they accepted him for my regiment, and posted him when leaving the depôt to my company, he would still have to serve at least twelve months before being eligible as a servant, and at best I was not certain of obtaining him. But his ardour was not to be damped, and he reminded me of my promise of assistance.

A few hours later I saw the Adjutant, a Captain Earle, who, although he never missed an opportunity of snubbing us subalterns, was a keen soldier and a good fellow.

"Don't see we want any Irish in the 19th," he demurred.

"You'd want this Irishman if you saw him," I answered, knowing that I was justified.

"More respectful tone, please," retorted Earle. Then, playing with his cane, he continued: "Well, am I to wait here all day?"

Taking the hint I produced Niel at once. I saw the expression on Earle's face change as he ran his eye from scalp to toe.

"Age?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"About five foot nine?"

"And a half, sir."

"Chest thirty-four?"

"Fully that, sir."

"What fingers have I up?"

"Second, fourth and thumb, sir."

"What's the colour of this book?"

"Scarlet, sir."

"And the point of this pencil?"

"Blue."

"Name?"

"Michael O'Donoghue Niel, sir."

"You know conditions of enlistment?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Sergeant, see that this man is attested provisionally this afternoon.

To-morrow he shall see the doctor. Pay and subsistence. Right about turn."

Then with a preternaturally serious face Earle looked at me. "I'm backing King of the Croats for the Hunt Cup," he said, and took no further notice of me. But I knew he meant a service, for Earle's sporting tips were priceless treasures, and I wired a tenner on the horse at once.

I was present when Michael came up for the Colonel's final approval some days later.

"I don't think we need send him to the dépôt, sir," suggested Earle.

"No," said the Chief, and his eyes twinkled: "He's man enough for us."

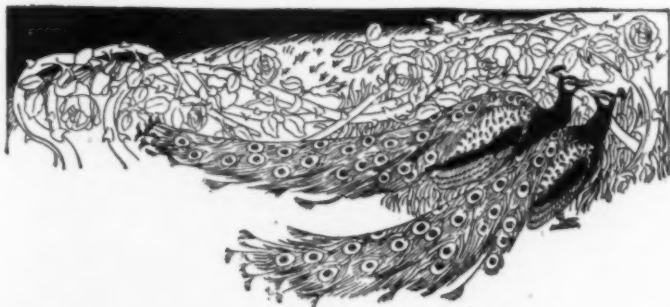
A few minutes later Earle and I were alone.

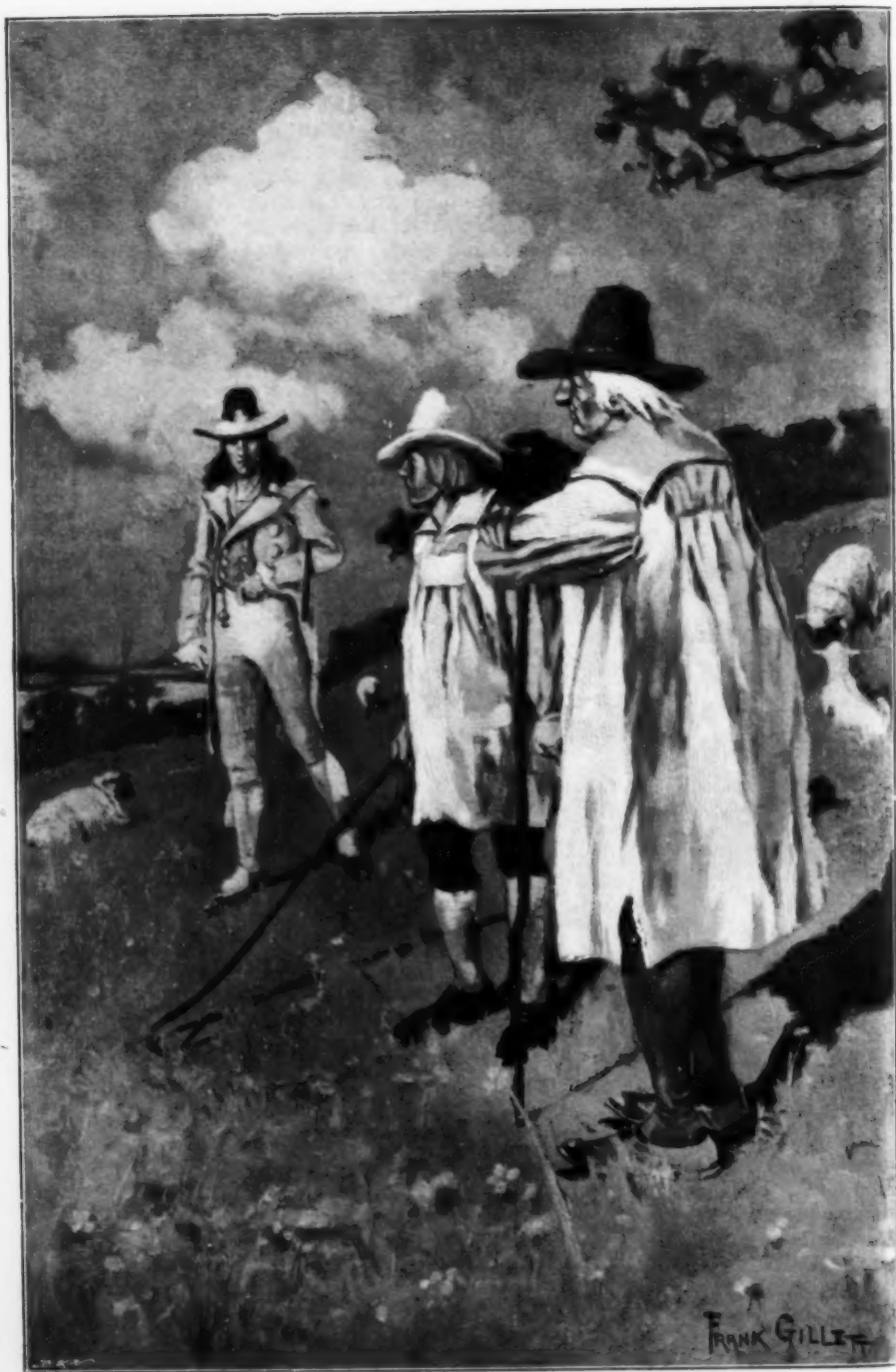
"Well, what do you think?" I said.

"I think," said the Adjutant, serious under his smile, "that Michael Niel should bring us luck."

And Michael Niel had already brought me luck—for King of the Croats started at 11 to 2 and won by half a length.

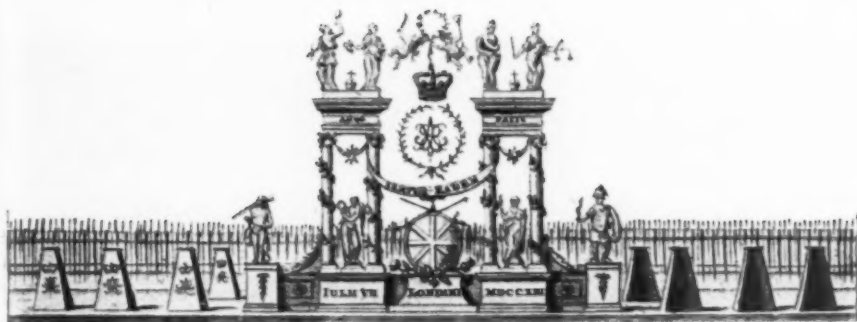
I loved all men of the name of Niel on the day when my bookie's cheque came to hand. It pulled me straight, and left a bit beside.





"YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN MY FLORA PASS THIS WAY?"

Drawn by Frank Gillett



SET PIECE ON THE THAMES FOR THE PEACE OF UTRECHT, JULY 7, 1713

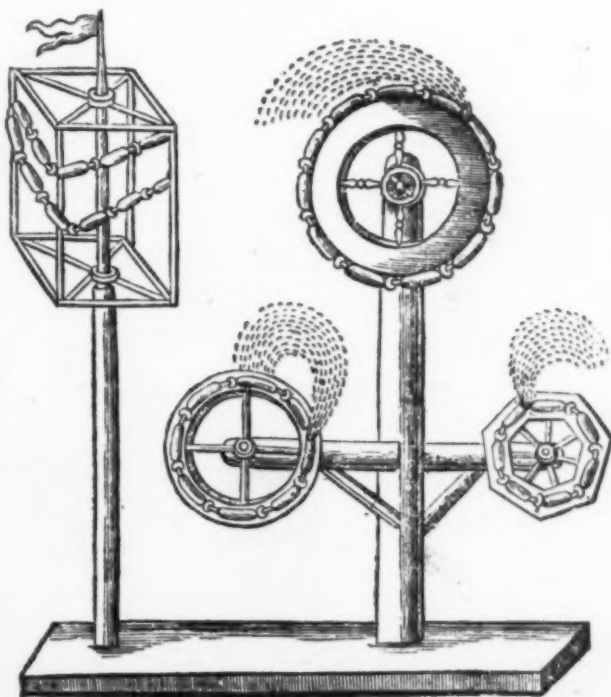
The Antiquity of Fireworks

WRITTEN BY GEORGE BELLINGHAM. ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PRINTS

AS is the case with so many everyday matters, history has no record of the invention and first use of fireworks. All that is

known is that the Chinese let off crackers upon the feast days of their gods centuries and centuries before the Christian era, and that the Hindoos used a kind of rocket not only as a signal, but upon occasions of rejoicing, and as a missile during time of war. In all the classical authors Greek fire is constantly mentioned, this compound being supposed to have been made of a mixture of saltpetre and sulphur, with either petroleum or pitch, or some material equally inflammable and as difficult to extinguish as these when once lighted. Greek fire was chiefly used in battle, and more particularly during naval encounters and at the siege

of walled towns. A pot of Greek fire thrown upon the deck of an opposing vessel would probably result in the ship being burnt, and when poured from a

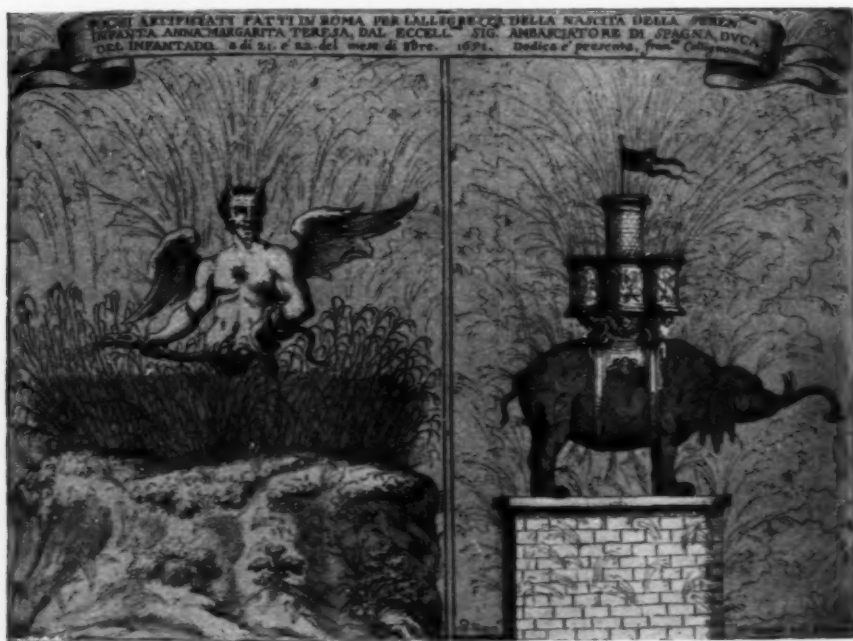


EARLY CATHARINE WHEELS

city wall amongst the soldiery beneath would eat its flaming way through the stoutest armour and literally burn holes in the flesh of the unfortunate person upon whom it fell; it was also largely used at festivals in honour of the gods, especially in those held in glorification of Mars.

The properties of the component parts of fireworks, such as sulphur, chloride of lead, sulphide of copper, and chlorate of potash, &c., must have been known in

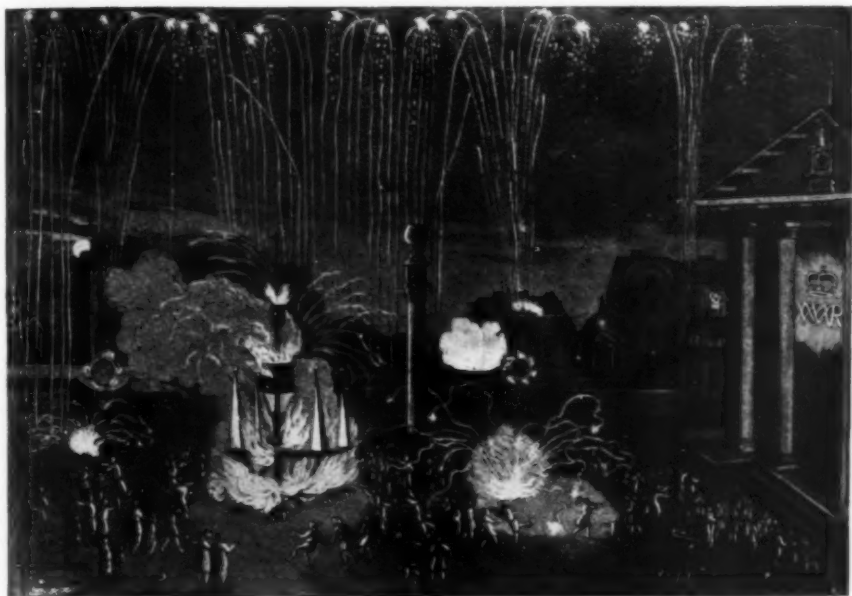
Florence was the city chosen for the first display of the discovery in Europe. Thence Germany, because of its close intimacy with Italy under the rule of the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, borrowed the idea of the new and pleasing fashion, France and England speedily following her example. Gunpowder had been in use for nearly a hundred years when fireworks were first introduced into England, but for two or three centuries the pyrotechnic



A SET PIECE IN ROME, 1651, IN HONOUR OF THE INFANTA ANNA MARGARITA OF SPAIN

the East centuries before a knowledge of their value crept to the West. Europe followed Asia in the use of fireworks only in the thirteenth century, and this was doubtless owing to the influence of the Crusades, the European warriors after their return from every campaign against Islam bringing with them some art or refinement, learnt and imitated from the enemies of Christendom. Italy led the way in the use of fireworks, as she led the way in all culture and civilisation during the Middle Ages, and

contrivances were of the simplest nature. Of these "spur-fire" was the most common and popular, consisting of nitre, sulphur, and lamp-black well sifted together and then rubbed together in a mortar with a wooden pestle. When lighted this mixture burnt with a brilliant flame, sending out spur-shaped sparks into the air, from whence it took its name—it was the forerunner of "golden-rain," which is made of six parts of meal powder, one part of nitre, and two parts of charcoal; or with eight parts of

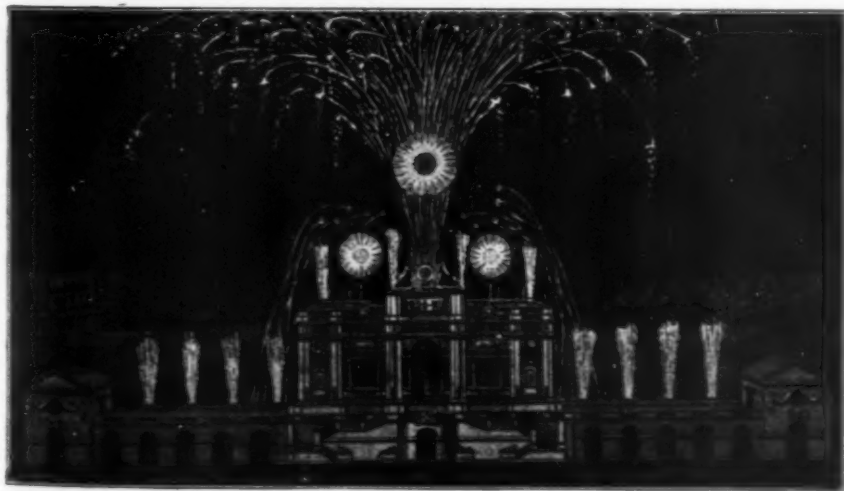


A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF THE FIREWORK IN COVENT GARDEN THAT WAS PERFORMED AT THE CHANGE OF THE GENTRY AND OTHER INHABITANTS OF THAT PARISH FOR YE JOYFULL RETURN OF HIS MAJESTIE FROM HIS CONQUEST IN IRELAND, SEPT. 10, 1690

meal powder and three parts of fine charcoal.

From crackers and "fires" the earlier pyrotechnist soon evolved many of the forms of fireworks with which we are

now familiar, although the present century has brought about all the principal improvements, and by degrees clumsy wheels, as shown in our illustration, were used at a fête given at

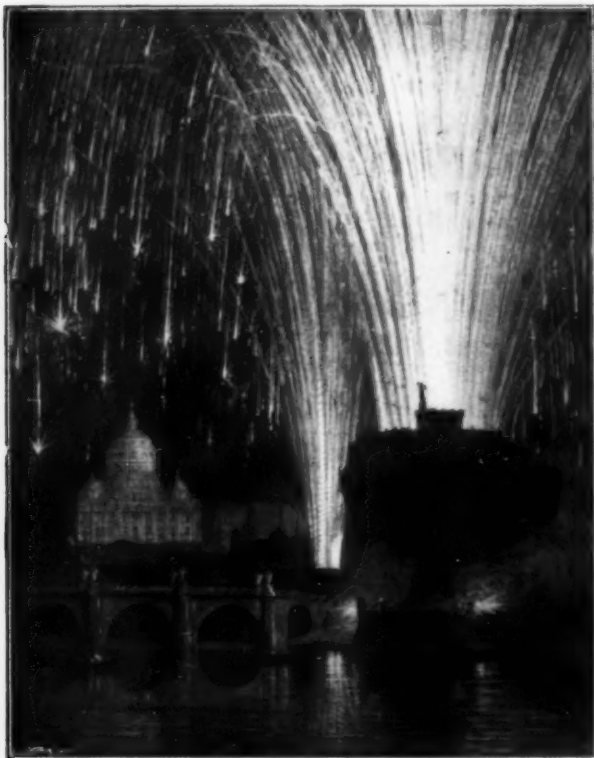


A NIGHT VIEW OF THE PUBLIC FIREWORKS ORDERED TO BE EXHIBITED ON OCCASION OF THE GENERAL PEACE

Court in the early years of the reign of the First Charles. The method by which these wheels were made to rotate was the same as with the elaborate moving devices which may be seen at any pyrotechnic display at the present time. There is a recoil, caused by the backward pressure of heated gases on the air as each circle of the wheel catches fire, and this

return of the Merrie Monarch, and fireworks were let off in London in honour of William the Third's triumph over James the Second in Ireland, but the accustomed expressions of loyalty then were enormous bonfires and the firing of innumerable guns, and it was not until the middle of the last century that elaborate "set" pieces, copied from those

which delighted the guests at Versailles and from Rome, came into favour. George III. and his successor were both extremely fond of fireworks, and this royal preference had doubtless much to do with the increase of popularity of firework exhibitions. After Marlborough's victories London was illuminated by candles stuck in the windows of the houses and great bonfires blazing at the corners of the principal streets; but when Wellington added glory to the British arms mimic firework temples were erected and burnt in his honour. By that time, however, the improvements and discoveries made by foreign pyrotechnists had found their way into England, and so gala nights at Cremorne or Vauxhall were considered incomplete without an elaborate "letting off of divers and curious fireworks."



THE CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME, WITH THE GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE CASTLE AND THE ILLUMINATIONS OF ST. PETER'S, 1837

recoil presses the ring round, momentum gradually increasing the rapidity of the revolutions. But the Civil War and the accession to power of the Puritan party put a stop to all advancement in the matter of fireworks. Gunpowder was needed for more deadly work than providing half an hour's amusement for the rich, and when Cromwell ruled England such frivolities were sternly discountenanced. Crude illuminations heralded the

Some of the public displays of fireworks given upon occasions of national rejoicing in England have cost as much as thirty thousand pounds, and several of the famous exhibitions given in Paris by the Emperor Napoleon III. must have cost as much, if not more.

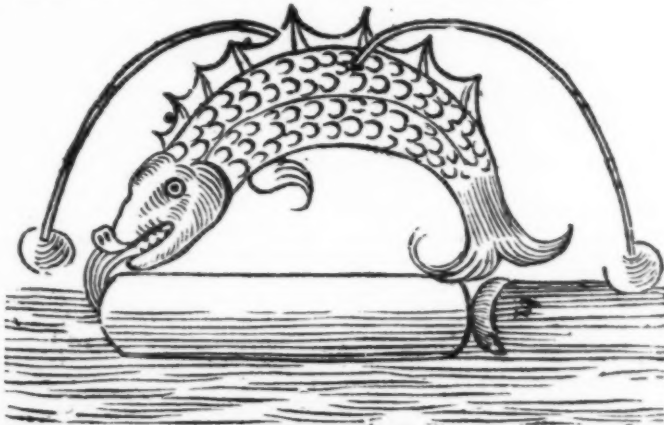
When the Popes held temporal as well as spiritual power, Rome, on certain occasions, was turned into fairyland by fireworks and illuminations; the superb

castle of St. Angelo and the massive lines of St. Peter's dominating the city, outlined with lights. In the sixteenth century, in honour of the birthday of one of the Infants of Spain, a wonderful firework fountain was erected in the Eternal City at an enormous cost, with all the elaboration of detail and design characteristic of the period. Cupids blew showers of golden rain from the apex of the fountain, while coloured fire, cleverly imitating water, rose and fell in the air from the mouths of gaping dolphins. Another famous set piece was that erected in honour of the birth of the Infanta Anna Margarita in 1651, which we reproduce from an old print. The utmost care and thought were devoted to these displays both in Rome and Paris, as they tended to keep the populace in a good humour, but in times of war the complaint at the waste of powder were many and deep.

In England fireworks are indissolubly associated with Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot, and this annual commemoration of the danger of King James and the Houses of Parliament, so narrowly averted, has been the chief factor of their popularity. The derivative names of the various kinds of fireworks are easily traced, as, for instance, Roman candles, which were first used in Rome; and although it is impossible to say whether squibs took their name from the lampoons which were at one time com-

mon, or whether this form of publication took its name from the firework, the word is expressive in both cases. Catharine wheels were so-named from being originally of the same shape as the toothed wheels upon which vain attempts were made to torture Saint Catharine of Alexandria before she was put to death by the Emperor Maximinus. Bengal lights were of Hindoo origin, and crackers is a direct derivate of the old Greek fire, the word "grec" speedily becoming "crake" upon English tongues; in proof of this the cannon which Edward III. used for the first time in 1327 in his struggle with Scotland were called "crackeys of war," and "crackers" is not a far cry from "crakeys."

Invention has influenced fireworks as it has influenced everything else, and the attention which chemists and scientists have devoted to the subject has in recent years brought about combinations and results of which our forefathers never dreamed. Although essentially a form of passing amusement, they have led, in the rocket apparatus, to the establishment of a means of life-saving at sea which is of service when all other methods fail. It is strange how very few books there are in existence dealing with the origin and growth in use of fireworks, and it would seem that they have for centuries been an ordinary matter concerning which very few people have troubled themselves.



A FIREWORK SERPENT

A "Hard-Lying" Tale

WRITTEN BY W. F. SHANNON. ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD F. GRIBBLE



ELL," said the Torpedo Coxswain, "there's no call for you to believe it—not if it's a strain on your faith-bump. But you know very well that Bluejackets always

tells the George Washington truth, except it's more artistic not to, or more useful, or they ain't thinking."

"True," I said. "Yet the papers have been quiet."

"The papers! By all the Sea Lords! you don't think *they* know all about the Navy, do ye? Why, if a ha'p'ny paper heard the merest trifle of what I've been expounding to you, there'd have to be real war to-morrow, wouldn't there?"

"There'd be a row in the *Chronicle*, at all events," I said.

The coxswain's tales were usually true, but this is what he had just been telling me. He had been away for some days on his first destroyer, and I had asked him how he liked it. And he answered that the quarters were not over-comfortable, but that the excitement of the war with France was worth any amount of hard-lying.

Now, there was no war with France, and I said so.

"You will have observed," then said he, "that occasionally a lieutenant is jumped up over a lot of others to be a commander. With your usual gloomy predestination, you would say that was Freemasonry or the German Emperor at work. But you would be wrong. It's meretricious service on torpedo-boats and destroyers.

"Stand at Point on a Monday morning. Count the destroyers sliding out,

also the torpedo-boats; and in the evening take tally again. They don't all return. Where are they? Night exercises, you say, or Portland or Brighton. Some.

"Watch the *Navy List*. Names and numbers drops out. What becomes of them boats? Old—sold out—wrecked, you say. Quite right—for some. Others—took by France."

"But what about International complications and unfriendly acts, Rattler?"

"There ain't no complications, and they're friendly acts."

"Construe, my learned friend."

"It's part of the war game our people play with the French. Why, even the papers have got hold of one point in it. They know about these naval attachees. What are they over here for? You know as well as I do that they are here to get to know things about our Navy. When we've invented anything particularly devilish, the attachee is invited down to see it act. 'What d'ye think of that, me boy?' says the adm'als. The attachee says he don't think much of it, and then goes home and writes a description to his Gov'ment, and says it's a first-class affair, and a bloomin' good job he was here to see it, and his Gov'ment immeejutly gives him more pay. That's what they calls diplomacy. I tell ye, there's no secrets in these days, except this war with France."

"And are these war pigeons, flown from Dover, all in the game?"

"Every one of 'em. But you needn't be afraid about them. We've got an anecdote for pigeons."

"And what is that antidote?"

"Golden eagles, chum; golden eagles, what makes a speciality of eating war-pigeons."

"But golden eagles are very scarce."

"Well, now you've got the reason of



"OUR CAPTAIN STAYED ON DECK ALL NIGHT"

it. The Navy's got 'em all. If the Adm'alty determined to get great auks it'd be just the same; they'd hatch out them three sole surviving eggs in the Museum."

"But now we're getting off the war game, Rattler. How's it played?"

"The Adm'alty's got all the charts in the world, especially French charts. Very good. But you can't take a ship into a difficult place by charts alone, even on a fine day. At any rate, you wouldn't. And our destroyers ain't going into French harbours on fine days. They're going in on dark nights when

the stormy winds do blow, or else in a sea fog. You savvy, then, that what we requires to do is to personally examine them French coasts for ourselves."

"Yes," said I.

"The French does the same on our coasts, of course. And then the question comes, what are we to do when we catch 'em doing it? The adm'als, French and English, settled that by making a bye-law, like the railway companies, and just as arbitrary, and said any torpedo-boat or other ship, vessel, galley, coracle, et sitra, found trespassing in or about our harbours, ports, reaches, and fifty-

three other places, after dark, will be confiscated, and to this rule there will be no exception. And if one of our lieutenants loses his vessel he's retired on half-pay, but if he finds out things, and adventures himself to do daring acts, he's promoted.

"Now our cap'n (which the papers calls a lieutenant-commander) was a reg'lar caution at exploring, and got to know all the coasts of France, from Calais round to Brest, on the darkest of nights, and wasn't never caught; so that his time for promotion was near come. But one night when we was doing guard-boat dooty off the mouth of our own harbour, a French torpedo-boat must have got by us, because her mark was left on the flag-ship in the morning.

"So the adm'al called up our cap'n and spun him a cuff about neglect of dooty and how it musn't occur again else he'd be annoyed.

"And the cap'n lammed off at us as soon as he got aboard for not keeping a good look-out. That night he stopped on deck himself through all the watches. It was a dirty night too.

"In the morning the adm'al signalises to us that the French boat has been in again.

"Now as we had stuck as near the narrow harbour mouth as we could from sunset to dawn, we didn't understand this; and the cap'n said to the sub-lieutenant that he reckoned someone was cheating, because he couldn't think a Frenchman was able to get to wind'ard of us so easy as this.

"The sub-lieutenant suggested submarine boats, and the cap'n thought there was something in that. But it didn't comfort him.

"Next time we was guard-boat, about a week after, it happened to be blowing again, so we surmised the Frenchman would have another look round. We



"TURN THE SEARCHLIGHT ON HER"

kept a full head of steam and just whizzed about the ship-channel and the Swashes, so that we should most surely see any boat that came along on *top* of the water.

"Once, as we was tearing along the Outer Swash, we bumped, like on a rock, where there certainly was no rock. And one hand said he seen a line of surf, and another said he seen flame in

the air; but we guessed that that was in consequence of the concussion acting on his optical delusions. It really seemed as if it must a' been a recent risen rock or a derelict, and the cap'n made a note of it.

"An hour after we was going along the ship-channel towards the harbour. And as we neared the Swashes I seen a long white line like the wake of a vessel. 'After her!' says the cap'n. So we pelted on, but I could not distinguish the vessel causing the wake. Getting nearer, the look-out could make out the bow-line, and trace the waves along the vessel's side to the wake, but still we couldn't see the boat herself. And as we overhauled the invisible thing its bow-wave moved faster, and flames flickered along in the air for a minute or so, at about the height of a smoke-stack.

"'Turn the searchlight on her,' says the cap'n.

"It was done. And all the effects of a boat rushing through the water was to be seen, but no boat.

"'The devil!' thinks I. 'This is the flying Dutchman, at steam tattics, or else all my education has been wasted. Can you see her yet, sir?' I says to the cap'n.

"'No,' says he.

"We crept up nearer, and he says, 'Can *you* see her?'

"'No, sir,' says I, 'I surmise she's a ghost.'

"'Damme,' says he, 'I believe you're right. Well, we'll see whether she's unbreakable, as well as invisible. Steer so as to cut her down.'

"So I done it. But the wake wriggled about like a snake, avoiding us. I began to feel a bit shaky over the business. There seemed as much sense chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, or one of them fire-balls that plays about the masthead sometimes. I was afraid she would try to draw us on to a shoal, but she stuck to the channels very well.

"'That ghost seems to know her way,' said the cap'n, and then he shouted, 'Lay down, men,' as we finally headed off the wake and nipped in behind the bow-wave at full-speed, triple-expansions, and forced draught, and all them gadgets. It seemed a funny order, as if we was going to ram something solid, but I

thought it was force of habit made him say so, when—*crash!* There was a horrible grinding and crunching, and a hissing like a thousand devils, and then screams of agony. And in a second or two we saw white ghost faces floating in the darkness, weeping and wailing. Ugh, I shuddered, and very near let go the wheel.

"The cap'n stood firm, and telegraphed 'Full speed astarn,' and as we backed off from the terrible nothing we had bashed into, some of them floating gashly faces followed us, gibbering and moaning. And our men what was forward let off a shriek like one man and bolted aft when two or three of these fearful things come over the bows. As the searchlight played on 'em there was no doubt they was faces, human faces; but there was no body nor other support. I shivered and my teeth rattled, and I reckoned the last day was come, and these was hell-hounds. I tried hard to think of a prayer, which I'd read in books was the thing to do on these occasions, but I could get no further forward than 'Ar Fair chart neven,' like we used to say in school."

"That's just like the books, Rattler," I said.

"But the cap'n, even if he thought of lifting a prayer, very soon thought better of it and swore a great oath and laughed. 'Scissors!' he says, 'is that it?' And he jabbered away to these ghosts in a foreign lingo, so we surmised they must be French ghosts.

"And then he signalled 'Ahead!' to the engine-room, and told me to take her back where we come from. There was flames spitting up into the air, and steam was hissing and forming a great white cloud, and the fearful faces was in the air round about, crying and calling. And why they did not fly to us like their friends I could not understand. But the searchlight showed another funny thing: On the water's edge, and rising from it, there appeared a gash, like in the side of a ship, but no ship—a bung-hole with no cask round it, so to speak.

"'Go slow,' says the cap'n, as we neared this creepy lot. We went so, and rasped alongside something, I mean

nothing, and then them frightened faces come on board, and I noticed there was an occasional hand, all by itself, and in one or two cases there was a whole body, from the waist up, arms and all, and they looked more gashly than the faces alone. Then we went astarn again, and in a minute or two that hole sunk deeper in the water and then disappeared in a blaze of fireworks with a loud explosion. And by that time I was rotten with sweat and dry as a lime-kiln. But the cap'n was off his head with happiness over something, and set the course for the harbour. And before he went to see the adm'al he had to tell us what really had happened, else we should all have broke out of the ship, we was that scared."

"And what was it all, Rattler?"

"*Invisible paint*, my boy! It was an invention of the French cap'n's. He'd seen that these so-called invisible greys and imperceptible pinks was nothing of the kind, so he set to work to get the real thing, and there's no doubt it was a grand success. He not only painted every bit of his boat, but his mep's clothes and gloves, and gave 'em masks to wear. It was a fine affair altogether, and if he had only had a faster boat he'd still have his secret. Of course, when we run his boat down some of his men was below, without their masks, and it was them coming on deck that looked like floating faces, and the stokers, later on, like half men. And mind you, this tale I've told you is

about what I've seen myself, but the cuffs I could spin about what I haven't seen is much more surprising and just as true."

"I believe you, Rattler," said I.

"Well, if you don't it don't matter. You can see for yourself that the cap'n's promoted"—I certainly did see that—"and if you're down by the Outer Swash to-morrow you'll notice divers at work. The Navy's going to analyse that torpedo-boat, and split up that paint into its competent parts."

I took a boat to the Outer Swashway on the next day, and divers *were* at work.



"HE JABBERED AWAY TO THESE GHOSTS"

A Handful of Chrysanthemums

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHAT lover of flowers can resist the standing invitation to visit the spacious nursery grounds of Messrs. H. Cannell and Sons at Swanley, in Kent? A pair of wide-opened eyes, separated by the sentence, "Come and see us," convey some idea of the heartiness of the invitation. And it is not one of those invitations which are only given in the hope that they will not be accepted. The visitor may be confident of a cordial welcome from Mr. Cannell and his sons, and that they will take a real delight in spreading before his eyes an ever-varying feast of floral blossom and fragrance.



"ROBERT POWELL"
(PURE JAPANESE)

That, at any rate, was the happy experience of a representative of *The Ludgate* on running down to glean a few facts about the varieties of the chrysanthemum.

Mr. Cannell has earned a right to speak with authority on the "golden flower." For many years past he has tended its cultivation with sedulous care, and it is to his credit that the existence of the National Chrysanthemum Society must be placed. With regard to the ideal of the chrysanthemum grower, how can it be more concisely expressed than in Mr. Cannell's own words: "Our ambition is



"MADAME GUSTAVE HENRY"
(INCURVED JAPANESE)



"KATHLEEN ROGERS"
(PURE JAPANESE)



"LADY FITZWIGRAM"
(SMALL JAPANESE)

to turn the chrysanthemum into a dahlia, and the dahlia into a chrysanthemum." And when the visitor holds in one hand a blossom from a choice specimen of the sharp-pointed cactus



"MRS. CULLINGFORD"
(EARLY FLOWERING HYBRID)

dahlia and in the other a flower plucked from a representative Japanese chrysanthemum, he realises to what an astonishing extent the scientific cultivator can work out his own will in the shape of flowers.

To attempt a description of a classification of the various chrysanthemums in existence would only bewilder the lover of flowers; to pin one's faith to any special classification would only arouse the ire of those specialists who are pledged to some other system. And



"YELLOW GEM"
(FIMBRIATED POMPON)

really it seems wholly out of place to foster either confusion or quarrels in connection with such lovely creatures as these. Let it suffice to say that, although the season was early, Mr. Cannell was able to produce for admiration a choice assortment of blossoms representing what are called the pure Japanese, the incurved Japanese, the early-flowering pompon, the fimbriated pompon, and many other types.

In the opinion of such an expert as Mr. Charles Gordon, the incurved chrysanthemums represent in the matter of

form the highest degree of perfection to which the flower has been brought, and he truthfully adds that the perfect bloom does not require the trained eye for the full appreciation of its beauties. This exquisite variety is represented by one of the accompanying photographs, but it must be kept in mind that the blossom had not reached its full perfection at the time it was taken. A close examination will show innumerable petals which have still to unfold their snowy tendrils.

Although photography so faithfully reproduces the forms of these lovely



"MADAME CARMEUX"

flowers, it can do little towards interpreting their almost nameless colours. It is true that certain gradations of tone are caught by the camera, but it is hopeless to ever expect an adequate rendering of such chromatic richness as is the distinguishing quality of, say, the "Yellow Gem."

Chrysanthemum growers are ever alertly anxious to add something new to their stock, and few outsiders realise how much care has to be expended before that object is achieved. Of course, all the novelties have to be secured from seed, and hence it might seem that man



"PAYNE'S PINK"
(PURE JAPANESE)

is wholly dependent on the freaks of Nature for any additions he may be able to make to the varieties of any given



"ALICE BUTCHER"
(EARLY-FLOWERING POM-PON)

flower. But that is not altogether the case. In a general way the fertilisation of flowers is carried out by insects, and these naturally exercise no discretion as to the blossoms from which they gather their pollen. It is at this stage human agency steps in, with its application of the law of selection; and the result of a careful choice of the parent flowers has been found to have

a marked effect upon the offspring. But even when seed so influenced has been secured, the harvest is not yet, for it may be that nothing of any special



"MADAME C. PERRIERE"

(EARLY-FLOWERING JAPANESE)

value to the trained eye will be obtained from a large sowing. And yet the florist plods on in patience, knowing that sooner or later he will be able to chronicle a worthy addition to the family of flowers. One of the latest-born of Mr. Cannell's countless children is illustrated in the photograph of "Kathleen Rogers." This magnificent specimen of a pure Japanese chrysanthemum was raised

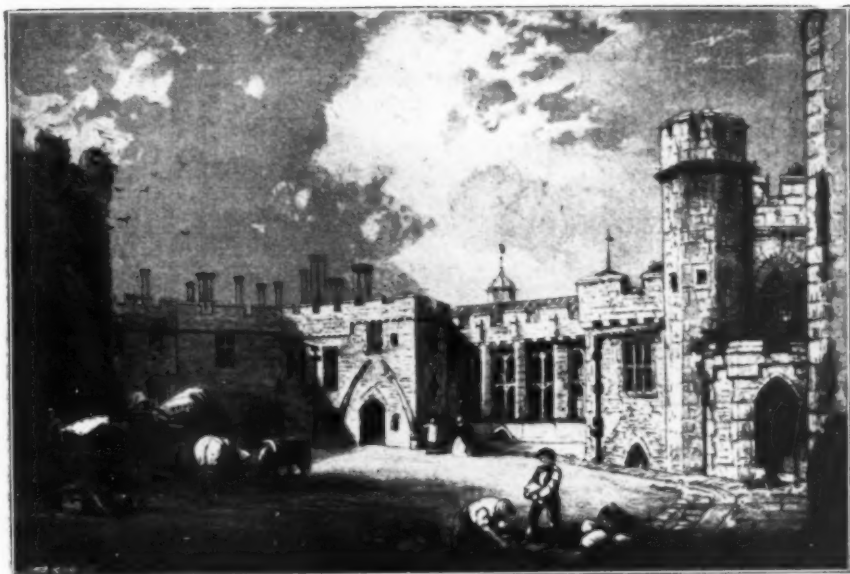
from seed sown last February, and already it bids fair to add new distinction to the fame of the Swanley "Home of Flowers."



"FREDERICK PELE"



"EDITH SYRATT"



BERKELEY CASTLE

Romantic Leaves from Family Histories

ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PRINTS

THE BERKELEY PEERAGE

ONE of the few remaining baronial castles in England is that of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire. It was originally built by King Henry I., and a considerable part of the existing structure, therefore, dates back to the early years of the twelfth century. During the civil war between the adherents of the Empress Matilda and of King Stephen, the holder of the castle and of the fair lands attached to it was Roger de Berkeley, who took Stephen's side, and was consequently dispossessed of the estate by Henry II., who bestowed it on one of his own followers, Robert Fitzhardinge. Robert's son, Maurice, perfected his title by marrying Alice de Berkeley, the daughter of the ousted lord. The sixth in succession from Robert was summoned to Parliament as the first Baron of Berkeley in 1295. In the time

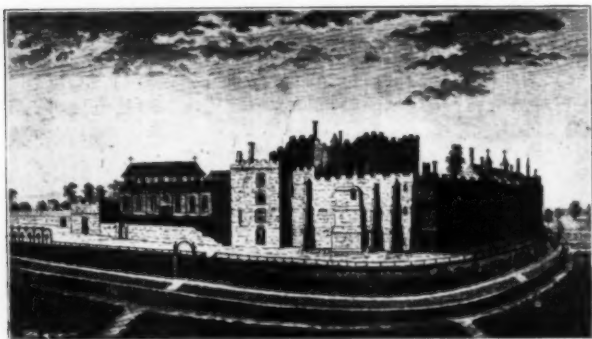
of the second baron there occurred in Berkeley Castle one of the memorable tragedies of English history—the murder of King Edward II.; but the baron was not present at the time, and was afterwards honourably acquitted of all participation in the crime.

The fifth lord of Berkeley died without issue, and a new barony was created in favour of his nephew. The second lord of the new line was a favourite of King Henry VII., and in 1489 was advanced two steps in the peerage, becoming Marquess of Berkeley. But he also died childless, and the barony passed to his younger brother, Maurice. The estates, however, were not entailed, and the Marquess, being angry with his brother for having contracted a marriage with a woman of low origin, bequeathed the castle and its lands to King

Henry VII. and his heirs male, failing whom the property was to revert to the Berkeleys. The great grandson of

contempt. The beautiful woman who had surrendered herself to him managed to inspire Lord Berkeley with a strong and enduring love, which so grew on him that in 1796, when she had borne him three sons and a daughter, he made her his wife. Three other sons were subsequently born of the marriage.

In 1810 the Earl died, and a question at once arose as to the succession to the title. About the heirship to the castle and estates there was no doubt; the Earl had bequeathed them, or the



BERKELEY CASTLE

Maurice, on the death of King Edward VI., Henry's last male heir, succeeded to the estates as seventh baron. The ninth Lord was a boon companion of King Charles II., and in 1679 was created first Earl of Berkeley. For a century or more after this the annals of the House were quite uneventful, but in the time of Frederick Augustus, the fifth Earl, incidents occurred which gave rise to one of the most memorable peerage cases of modern times.

The Earl bore his ancestral honours somewhat lightly. He was what was euphemistically termed in the days of King George III. a "man of pleasure"; and in the year 1785 he came in contact with a beautiful girl of eighteen, named Mary Cole. She was the daughter of a man in very humble circumstances, and had occupied the position of lady's-maid to a Mrs. Foote; but when Lord Berkeley first met her, she was living at Gloucester with an elder sister, a woman of not altogether reputable character, who passed in the town by the name of Miss Tudor. The Earl was in the habit of frequenting Miss Tudor's house, and as soon as he met her sister there, was completely fascinated by the young girl's charms. The end of it was that Mary Cole became his mistress, and, under the same assumed name as her sister, lived with him at Berkeley Castle. In this case, familiarity did not breed

greater part of them, to the eldest of his sons, William Fitzhardinge Berkeley, at this time a young man of four-and-twenty, who had always assumed the courtesy-title of Viscount Dursley. But it was a matter of notoriety that down to 1796 Lady Berkeley had passed as the late Earl's mistress, and if this had been her real status it was obvious that the eldest of the sons born after that date, Thomas Moreton Berkeley, a youth in his fifteenth year, was the rightful heir to the peerage. The so-called Viscount Dursley, however, petitioned the House of Lords, claiming to be entitled to succeed his late father in his honours and dignities. The matter was referred by the House to its Committee of Privileges, and as the eldest son after the marriage of 1796 was a minor, the Law Officers of the Crown were appointed to act on his behalf.

The claim of Mr. William Berkeley was supported by an allegation that although the public solemnisation of the marriage of the late Earl with Mary Cole took place in 1796, yet there had been a concealed marriage eleven years earlier, in 1785. The claimant averred that his father had found Mary Cole unapproachable except on terms of honourable wedlock; and that, being naturally unwilling to let it be known that he had married a servant girl, he had kept the ceremony strictly a secret.

In support of this statement there was produced an entry in the parish register of Berkeley, which it was said Lord Berkeley had, in order to keep the matter private, detached from the rest of the register and pasted down in another part of the book, so that it might be producible when required. The clergyman said to have officiated at this secret marriage, a Mr. Hupsman, was dead; and beside his name and those of the parties themselves, no signatures appeared to the register except those of W. Tudor, brother to the lady—who, like his sisters, had assumed that cognomen in place of his paternal name of Cole—and the mark of one Barnes, who could not be found. Besides this register, the date of which was the 30th of March, 1785, there was produced a register of the publication of banns between the parties in November and December, 1784, also signed by Mr. Hupsman.

The documentary proof of the marriage, if only it were authentic, seemed to be complete enough. It was backed by the parole evidence of Lady Berkeley, who in her forty-fourth year preserved much of the remarkable beauty that had gained her a coronet. She attended before the Committee of Privileges and swore that the name of Mary Cole attached to the register was in her handwriting. Her brother, William Cole, made a like declaration, and both swore that their signatures were attached at the time when the marriage was solemnised. Unfortunately, there was a mass of evidence on the other side which went to prove that the alleged publication of banns in 1784 and marriage in 1785 could not possibly have taken place. It was shown that Lord Berkeley had, in his own handwriting, minuted the form in which the baptism of his children should be registered. Before 1796 they were uniformly described as the "illegitimate" children of the Earl of Berkeley and Mary Cole. Further, it was established that his lordship, when he obtained the licence for the marriage of 1796, swore himself to be a bachelor, and in the affidavit Mary Cole was denominated a spinster. In the minute for the baptism

of the eldest child born *after* this marriage, Lord Berkeley in his own handwriting described him as Lord Dursley, son of the Earl and Countess of Berkeley. The life of her ladyship was traced from the death of her father through various services to one which she did not quit till the end of December, 1784, and evidence was adduced to show that she was not acquainted with his lordship till late in 1785. The name of Augustus Thomas Hupsman, signed to the register of the marriage, was declared to be unlike his handwriting; and the rest of the registry was proved to be in the hand of Lord Berkeley. Witnesses also attested that William Tudor did not go



FIFTH EARL OF BERKELEY

by that name in March, 1785, but assumed it after that period. The attestations of persons intimate with the Berkeley family that Miss Tudor or Cole, prior to the marriage in 1796, was never considered as Lady Berkeley, were numerous; and some of the wit-

nesses testified to having heard from the Earl, and even from the Countess, disavowals of their being married previous to that date. A clergyman repeated an interesting narrative, related to him by Lady Berkeley herself, of the circumstances under which she became the Earl's mistress. Another important witness was the Marquess (afterwards

ham said he was actually empowered to make this proposal to the Admiral, and that the plan only came to nothing because of the early death of the young lady.

In the teeth of this mass of evidence, all pointing in one direction, the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords were unable to accept the documentary proofs put in by the claimant or the testimony of Lady Berkeley, and unanimously reported that William Fitzhardinge Berkeley had *not* made good his claim to the titles and dignities of Earl of Berkeley. The effect of this decision, of course, was that Thomas Moreton Berkeley, the eldest son of the marriage of 1796, succeeded *de jure* to the Earldom. The youth had himself taken no part in resisting the claim of his elder illegitimate brother, and he showed a high-minded regard for the honour and reputation of his mother by declining to assume the title. He never married, and as his two younger brothers pre-deceased him without leaving issue, the Earldom devolved after his death on Mr. Randal Mowbray Berkeley, a direct descendant of the fourth Earl, the predecessor of the nobleman whose gallantries had been the origin of the whole scandal. This gentleman also, from a chivalrous regard for the fair fame of the fifth Earl and his wife, or from some other motive, never bore the title or took his seat in the House of Lords.

On his death in 1888, however, his son claimed to be recognised as the eighth Earl. And now an attempt was made to reverse the decision of the House of Lords in 1811. The unsuccessful claimant on that occasion had, as we have said, succeeded to Berkeley Castle and the greatest part of the estates. He was created, in 1831, Baron Seagrave, and in 1841, Earl Fitzhardinge. Dying unmarried, in 1857, he was succeeded in the estates by his next brother, Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley, who was a man of ability, energy and public spirit, and in 1861 he was called to the Upper House as Baron Fitzhardinge. He died in 1867, and in 1888 his eldest son and successor, being naturally desirous to reunite the possession of the ancient seat of the Berkeleys with their former title, came



THE MON. F. HENRY F. BERKELEY, M.P. FOR
BRISTOL, 1837

Duke) of Buckingham, who stated that he had been one of Lord Berkeley's most intimate friends, and that his Lordship had often spoken to him of the fact that the mother of his children was not his wife. Lord Berkeley had frequently pressed him to accept the trust of guardian of these children, and he had always declined on the ground of their illegitimacy. Lord Berkeley had also observed to him that after his death the castle and estates would probably be severed from the title, and would not go to his brother, Admiral Berkeley: and he had suggested, as a means of avoiding this separation, that his illegitimate daughter should marry the Admiral's son, in which case he would settle the castle and a portion of the estates on the issue of the marriage. Lord Bucking-

forward to claim the Earldom. It was contended on his behalf that fresh evidence had been found in support of the alleged marriage of his grandfather in 1785; but of this evidence the most material portion—a statement written by King George IV. in 1812, when Prince Regent, and embodying his recollections of allegations made to him by Lord Berkeley, who had been one of his intimates—was declared by the Committee of Privileges to be inadmissible. Nor is there any reason to suppose that if it had been admitted, it would have sufficed to overturn the previous decision,

arrived at after a prolonged investigation by a Committee, of which Lord Eldon, perhaps the most acute and experienced lawyer of his day, was the head. In July, 1891, the Committee of Privileges pronounced its finding that Randal Mowbray Thomas Berkeley had made good his claim to the title and dignity of Earl of Berkeley. So, to all appearance, the Earldom and the historic seat and family possessions have been finally separated; and though the descendant of beautiful Mary Cole is a hereditary legislator, he does not enjoy the title which she herself won and wore.

"MY MEMORY IS TIRED"

Do you remember in the August weather
 The pines' low echo of the singing tide,
 When all the hills were flushed with crimson heather
 That breathed warm sweetness to each air that sighed?
 Somewhere, O heart, still sounds that murmurous hymn
 Through long arcades of pinewoods cool and dim.

Do you remember how the shadows drifted
 Across the shining acres of the wheat?
 And how the golden ears, now bent, now lifted,
 Under the passing of the west wind's feet?
 Somewhere, O heart, the ripe fields whisper yet
 Of ways where Peace and Plenteousness are met.

Do you remember how the sunset glory
 Made of the ripples laughing at our feet,
 A path to those Fair Isles of ancient story
 That lie, cloud-veiled, where sky and ocean meet?
 Somewhere, O heart, those waves still kiss the sand
 And white-winged boats set sail for Faëryland.

Do you remember in those days departed
 Any fore-knowledge of life's storm and stress?
 Were journeys long? or pilgrims weary-hearted?
 Did not earth's joy outweigh its bitterness?
 Somewhere, O heart, comes night with healing dew
 And restful hours that shall make all things new.

M. E. MARTYN.

Parallel Diaries

WRITTEN BY A. P. ILLUSTRATED BY N. ERICHSEN

Extract from the Diary of Mrs. Graham Pearce, 103, Lipham Villas, Hornsey

I CONFESS to a disappointment for which I know I have only myself to blame. One has no business to build hopes, not to speak of incurring expenses, on the strength (?) of an uncertainty. And yet I can't help feeling that my hopes were not quite unreasonable. Every Christmas since our marriage that cheque for twenty

pounds had come from Uncle Sam with the regularity of Christmas itself. We fully appreciated his generosity, and, I hope, always fully expressed our appreciation, although, under our then existing circumstances, we regarded the cheque more as a splendid Christmas card than anything else. We didn't value the money (how funny that sounds now!),

but we did value the proof of the dear old man's remembrance and good-will. Graham always spent it on some trinket or other that might have taken my fancy.

This year, after the awful crash and the consequent removal to these soul-blighting quarters, I must say that I had looked forward to the "Christmas card" with very different feelings; indeed, I had looked upon it, in anticipation, much as the shipwrecked man might look upon an approaching sail, for we have been in terribly rough waters. And when I saw the well-known writing on the envelope this morning, I felt, again, as that man must feel when he first sets foot on the saving deck.

But when I opened the letter—well, if I hadn't caught sight of Graham's face at that moment I should certainly have broken down. I know I should. The letter contained a five-pound note.

I feel unutterably base in thinking so much as one ungrateful thought, for we have done nothing to deserve six-



"IF I HAD FORESEEN THIS POSSIBILITY"

pence at his generous hands, and it is so easy to give nothing at all—at least, I used to think so in the old days, though I find it rather difficult now, oddly enough.

But O, if only I had foreseen this possibility! And I *ought* to have foreseen it, for I have heard Uncle Sam often enough discourse on his principles and views with regard to a just proportion between all such things as gifts, donations, charities, &c., and the means of the recipients thereof; and Graham always said that those were the views held by all rich people, only—I'm so stupid—I never could work out the theory in my mind quite logically, somehow. Wish I had remembered it some weeks ago, whether I understood it or not! As it is I feel as though I had personally wronged my poor Graham, for it was I who urged him, on the

strength of the coming cheque, to spend money on things which were not, after all, strictly necessary. We might easily have left the re-papering of the nursery, for instance, and covered those places destroyed by the pipe-bursting with coloured prints or something; and I could have made the children's cloaks do for another winter. Also we needn't have had the turkey to-day.

However, I'm not going to spend Christmas in whimpering. It's no good—worse than no good. It would be hateful of me. I shall see that Graham writes the most grateful letter that was ever posted (unless he's doing it now; he has been shut up in the dining-room for the last hour), and I must think of some way of making good my recent extravagances. Perhaps I shall have an inspiration—I want one so badly!

*Extract from the Diary of Mr. John Benting, The Grey Towers, near Epsom **

Nice goin's on. Don't know when I've witnessed sech doin's, even since Mr. Frank in'erited and come 'ere, and I've seen some 'igh-jinking, too, in that short time—not a twelvemonth.

Well, my dinner was ordered and ready for eight o'clock sharp, and the master 'e never come in with 'is company till five minutes to; so there was a nice quiet little time hupstairs, you may be sure, with the ten of 'em a-fightin' into their things, and a-shoutin' tomfooleries acrost the passages to one another, and the doors all standin' open, and heverythin' on the floors, so James tells me, and the young master at the 'ead of it, as usual.

It was a long dinner for ten, and their spirits was that hup before the second ongtry that I fairly dreaded the dessert, and not without reason, as I 'ave to tell. Champagne? Well, 'e might as well 'ave ordered in a barrel and saved us hall that uncorkin'. And they hups and stands on the chairs, and toasts goodness 'e knows who, and laughs fit to die, which you could 'ave 'eard it 'alf way up to the Lodge, I'll lay a month's wages;

and Mr. Frank a-gettin' the colour of this 'ere bit o' blottin' paper, and carin' no more what he says, or looks, or drinks than a hunborn lamb.

But it was at dessert, as I says, that the climax of the crisis is reached to. Mr. Frank 'e 'ad found 'is letters awaitin' for 'im on the 'all table when 'e come in, and 'e hopened 'em as 'e dressed 'isself—accordin' to James—and put 'em all any'ows in 'is dress-pocket as 'e come down the stairs. Well, the dessert 'adn't been on the table not above a minute and a-'alf when they lights hup—cigars and cigarettes as I shouldn't just beg to 'ave the bill for 'em.

"'Ere," says the master, "that's you hall over, Charlie"—addressin' the Honourable Charles Standing 'e was—"collar all the matches and 'old on to 'em," 'e says.

"Don't make a fuss, dear boy; 'ere you are," says the Honourable, and tips the two lots o' wax matches into Mr. Bethune's port, what was next to him, and 'ands it hup.

"Thanks," says Mr. Frank again, a-shakin' with laughter 'e was at the time like all the rest of 'em, and takes a 'andful o' letters out of 'is pocket and

* We have ventured to print this extract in Mr. Benting's own dialect.—ED.

pulls a candle to'rds 'isself. "See this?" he goes on, a-pickin' out a bit o' paper from the rest, "this is a token from the hinestimable. Who's that? Who but

out, "Old on! If you don't 'appen to want that piece o' coke, old chap, I'll take it hover and——"

"Ullo!" cries the master in 'is turn,



"'ERE GOES FOR A SOLID SPILL"

my hown beloved Uncle Samuel! In my porer days 'e sent me a fiver every blessed Christmas as ever was. And now—now 'e remembers me still in my haffluence"—and 'ere Mr. Frank 'e makes believe to be some actor chap, and strikes his shirt front and makes a sobbin' noise as good as real—"Now," he says, "when I'm living in a Noocastle coal-mine 'e sends me—eaven bless 'im—a piece o' coke. But we'll light our cigars, boys—" and 'ere 'e 'olds up the bank-note so as hall may see it—"we'll light our cigars with the dearest match that was hever struck! Don't you mind about fishin' out them vestas, Charlie my darlin'; 'ere goes for a solid spill!"

But the Capting on 'is right, 'e calls

"d——d if it ain't a fifty-pound note! Good old Uncle Sam! Well, five or fifty—what's the hodds? Nought!" And with that 'e takes and twists hup that there fifty-pound note of England as sure as my name is John Benting! and before the groan was off my chest, there it was a blazin' away like so much noos-paper, and the nine of 'em all crowdin' round to light up at it, and shoutin' with laughter enough to wake the dead.

I watched it burn down in 'is fingers—couldn't take my eyes off it—and when it was gone, says I to misself, "And you go too, John my friend, this day month. The Grey Towers ain't no place for you nowadays." And to that I sticks.

Big Bells and their Making

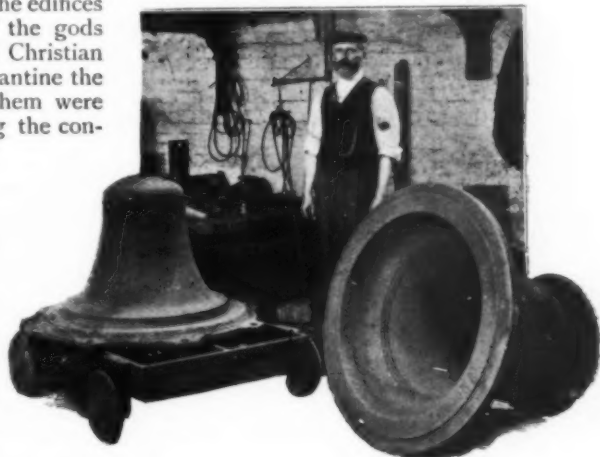
ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Ring out the false, ring in the true;
Ring out the grief that saps the mind.

FROM the very earliest periods of history humanity has had recourse to bells for a variety of purposes. In more remote antiquity hand-bells were used by the Egyptians in their religious festivals in honour of Isis. Aaron and his successors in the high-priesthood of Israel had little golden bells attached to their robes, whilst the Greeks were directed in camp and garrison by the ringing of bells, and a bell announced to the Romans their hours of bathing. But all these were hand-bells or crotals—those little round bells with two pieces of loose metal inside which are now chiefly used upon horses' harness—and the date at which big bells were hung in churches is a matter of great uncertainty. It is known that Augustus Cæsar placed bells—*tintinnabula*—round the top of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and it is generally supposed that when the edifices once used for the worship of the gods passed into the hands of the Christian Church in the reign of Constantine the Great, the bells hanging in them were used for the purpose of calling the congregations together and announcing the hours of service. Italy was undoubtedly the first country in which big bells were used, and Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth, is said to have brought one from thence for the use of his English church in A.D. 680. They had been in use in France a hundred years before.

Superstition gave church bells the imaginary powers which it gave to so many

inanimate objects during the early and Middle Ages, and so closely were they associated with the ancient ritual of the Church that they acquired a sacred character in the eyes of laymen and priests alike. Their consecration was a solemn baptismal service in which they were given names, were sprinkled with water, anointed, and covered with a white garment, in the presence of their sponsors, like infants. This custom dated from the time of Charlemagne, and is still practised in Roman Catholic countries, and can be easily understood, as the bells were believed to possess the power of dispersing storms and pestilence, of driving away enemies, and of extinguishing fires. At old St. Paul's, "ringing the hallowed belle in great tempestes or lightnings" was an invariable practice.



THE CORE

MOULDS FOR A BELL.

THE CORE

As time went on the making of bells naturally improved, but the component parts of copper and tin have invariably been used, although the ratio of one metal to the other has altered, the usual amount for ages being two parts of copper to one of tin. There are many stories told, especially in country places, of silver bowls and dishes being thrown by the devout and enthusiastic into the

seventeenth century, save that steam and invention have entirely altered the old laboriousness of the various processes and brought about many important modifications in details.

First the shape of the bell is made. This consists of two parts—one known as the core and the other as the cope. The former is made of brickwork covered with soft loam clay, over which a curved

compass called a crook is passed. This compass is cut with all the indentations of the bell, and as it passes over the surface of the clay it leaves the requisite shape behind it, thus moulding the outside of the core to the intended form of the inner surface of the cope, and the inside of the cope to the

form of the outer surface of the bell. When this operation—which requires some care, although the compass is firmly centred and fastened upon a pillar—is completed, the two moulds are baked in a steam oven, the cope or outer mould being in a metal case pierced with holes to permit the gases generated by the casting of the metal to escape. In the meantime, a mass of copper has been melting in a furnace which is securely



METAL BEING POURED INTO MOULDS FROM LADLE

melting-pot when the bells for village churches were being cast, and of certain steeples that contain peals almost wholly made of silver. But these stories must be received for the very little they are worth, since silver is always injurious to the tone of any bell, and bell-makers in the old days, as now, were too conscientious craftsmen to allow misplaced generosity to effect their handiwork. A modern bell factory follows much the same methods as those followed in the pre-Reformation days in the foundries at Bury St. Edmunds, York and Leicester, and by Miles Gray of Colchester, in the

bricked up, and when the two moulds are properly baked and have grown cold, they are placed one inside the other and are brought near the furnace and almost buried in the loam that forms the floor of the casting-shop, looking like great clumsy and ill-finished bells forgotten amongst ruins. Upon the top of each mould is a box filled with loam, but with a hole in the bottom directly over a hole in the top of the mould. When the brickwork in front of the furnace is pulled down, behind it lies a fretting rippling sea of glowing molten metal. Into this ingots of tin and pieces of old broken bells are

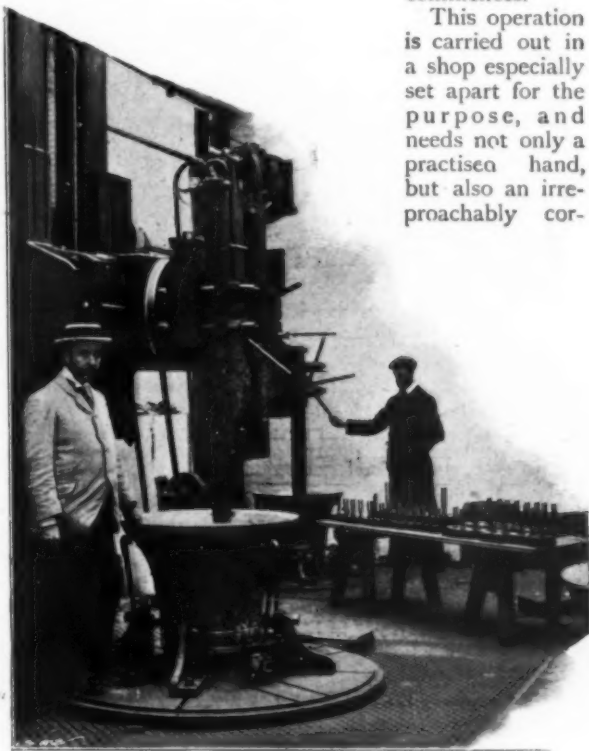
thrown, the liquid copper splashing like water as the fresh metal falls into it. As tin melts at a lower temperature than copper, and as there are thirteen parts of the former to four of the latter in modern bells, the copper is always placed first in the furnace, powdered charcoal being thrown on its surface when the

bricks at the opening are taken down—as they are at intervals to see the condition of the metal—to prevent oxidation. After many trials the liquid metal is pronounced to be ready; a row of moulds stand upon either side of the furnace, each with its little box on the top, and by means of a travelling crane an immense ladle hung upon chains, and lined with sand to prevent the metal burning its sides, is swung in front of the wall behind which the melted copper and tin is bubbling and almost boiling. The bricks and plastering clay are broken down with crowbars, and the red-gold liquid rushes down a long spout into the waiting ladle, sending waves of heat across the shop and showers of sparks into the air. In a few minutes the furnace is empty, and the crane moving slowly along its supports, the ladle is

swung before one of the moulds and is tipped up by means of two long handles that project from either side, the distance from its lip to the hole in the mould being most accurately gauged. The molten stream of copper and tin runs down between the two moulds, which, as pointed out above, are placed one within the other, and as it fills up the space between the core and the cope, little jets of steam rise from a pipe in the ground that communicates with the centre of the mould, and not

only brings about the quicker cooling of the bell, but also aids the escape of various gases generated by the fusion of these two metals. The time for cooling naturally depends upon the size and thickness of the bell, but a day is usually found sufficient for the purpose, and then the difficult and delicate work of tuning commences.

This operation is carried out in a shop especially set apart for the purpose, and needs not only a practised hand, but also an irreproachably cor-



TUNING SHOP

rect musical ear. The note of the tenor bell sets the key of the whole peal, it being the lowest of them all, and each bell is tuned from the tenor, being a note higher than the one before it; and whilst each bell is perfectly in tune with the others, it is also in tune with itself, that is to say with its place in the peal. Tuning-forks and a lathe, as shown in our photograph, are the tools used for tuning bells. The tuning-forks stand upon hollow wooden boxes, each fork representing the vibrations per second of bells of



OLD BELLS AND NEW

certain sizes and weight; and if the vibrations of a bell when cast and tested do not correspond exactly with those of its particular fork, the bell is not in tune. It is then stood upon its end beneath a specially constructed lathe which removes thin filings from the interior until the vibrations of bell and fork are in strict accordance. Needless to say, this operation is a most tedious one, as the least fault in one bell ruins a whole peal. Little afterwards remains to be done save sand-blasting, this process thoroughly cleansing the bell inside and out, and when a peal is completed

it is filed upon an iron stand ready for placing in the belfry for which it is destined. Old bells were made with a sort of crown upon their tops, to which the wooden bar that swung them was clamped, but now five holes are bored, and through four of these the bar is actually riveted to the bell, the clapper being fixed in the fifth. A large wheel is firmly fixed to the bar, and over this the rope pulled by the ringer is passed, the bell swaying upwards as the rope is pulled down, the farther side catching the clapper as it rises.

This process of bell-making was seen at Messrs. John Taylor and Co.'s factory at Loughborough, the makers of "Great Paul," which now hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral, and is the largest bell in the United Kingdom, being seventeen and a-half tons in weight, as well as the peal at the Imperial Institute, amongst countless others. Not only was the making of this great bell a matter of much care and fore-

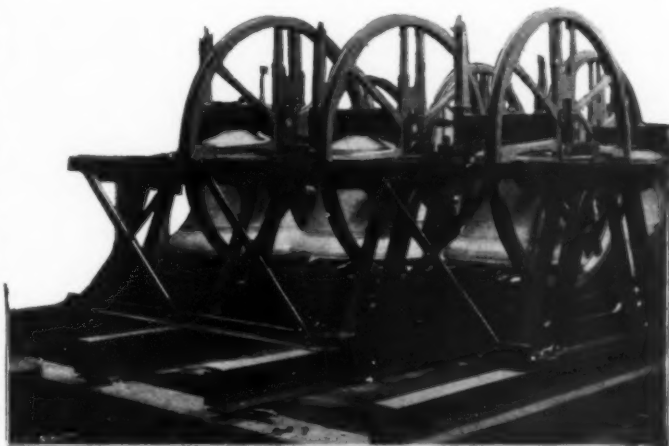


RINGS FROM OLD BELLS

thought, but its raising into its present position was also fraught with many difficulties. After much consideration on the part of the authorities and of Messrs. Taylor, the officials at Woolwich Arsenal were approached, and with the help of the ropes and winches used for lifting big guns, "Great Paul" was at length securely placed.

It frequently happens that when a parish orders a new set of bells it is found possible to amalgamate the metal of the old peal with that of the new. The majority of the old bells have carved rings bearing all manner of inscriptions, chiefly those of their donors, or those of the saints to whom they were dedicated, as "Sancta Anna ora pro nobis," which was found on an old bell at Cheveley, near Newmarket, and of such rings Messrs. Taylor have an interesting collection. As our photograph shows, the inscriptions witness with what reverence bells were formerly regarded and the elaborate skill that was lavished upon their workmanship. Whether bells are rung by hand or by machinery, the framework in which they are placed in bell-towers or belfries is practically the same, wheels always moving the stout bars upon which they

are riveted. Even in these later times so great a sentiment attaches to bells and bell-ringing that the art of their making is as keenly and as carefully followed as in the old days when the bell-maker called in the blessing of the priest for every process; but the perfection to which tuning has been brought by means of the vibratory forks gives



A PEAL OF BELLS READY FOR THE BELFRY

the modern manufacturer a control over the tone of one bell in comparison with those of as many others as may comprise the peal, such as was never possessed by his predecessors. We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. J. W. Taylor and Co. for the information contained in this article, as well as for the facilities they gave for the taking of the accompanying photographs by Mr. H. H. Ettrick, of 6, Kensington Studios, Kensington, W.

RED leaves upon the garden bed
Where lately August flowers were red;
A paler light has thinned the sky
Since last my love came singing by.

Dead song of hers; dead leaves; dead flowers—
I scarcely know what life was ours;
What path we trod; what words we said;
My world is grown so dead—so dead.—W. MUDFORD.

The Fashions of the Month

NEW FUR WRAPS AND JACKETS

IT is predicted that for the winter the furs most in vogue will be chin-chilla, sable, marten sable in the dark shades, sealskin, astrakhan, and that peculiar variety of astrakhan called *breitschwanz* (still-born lamb), an ex-

quisitely soft skin like moiré velvet, which is specially adapted for the blouses and jackets, which will be really the novelties of the season. The long cloaks incline rather to the redingote shape, although they are straight in front.

In fur-lined garments the upper part of the bodice alone is lined with fur; again, the cloak is merely trimmed

with fur, and again the fur lines it entirely. Green, heliotrope, or dark red cloth or velvet, developed in long cloaks and lined or trimmed with fur, specially obtain for women who are tall and slender. Beautiful collars, yokes and neck pieces of various shapes are developed in fur, to be worn over a cloth coat or dress, and accompanied by a muff of, and a toque decorated with, the same fur.

The newest designs in the small fur pieces all show how well lace and velvet, the tails and heads of the animals themselves, or even artificial flowers, may be made to add to their beauty. The economical woman displays wisdom in buying her collar or yoke, and then adding to it the bit of real lace which she has saved for some such purpose. Fine astrakhan is used

for a high, flaring collar, as shown in illustration No. 1, which has a full inside collar and long plaited jabot of creamy-white lace. The muff harmonises with it, and the bonnet might be of white velvet piped with astrakhan, and having high black plumes at one side.

A yoke of brown marten that extends almost to the waist-line, as shown in illustration No. 2, is surmounted with a frilled collar edged with chin-chilla. Where the yoke hooks on the corsage is the marten's head and a bunch of tails.

The very stylish collar of brown marten which is shown in illustration No. 3 is a simple band of fur fastening under a bunch of marten's tails, joined in front with the head of the animal. A rather chic air is gained by a high frilled collar of the fur with an inside collar of coffee-coloured lace, that flares out at the back where the fur is split.

In chinchilla a very large yoke is shown in illustration No. 4, having a high Medici collar alternating with brown marten fur, in what is known as the "split fashion." When such a yoke is to be worn, especially with a handsome velvet costume, sections of velvet will be used in place of the fur. A fringe of sable tails is the edge finish.

Jackets of astrakhan and seal—indeed, of any of the fashionable furs—



NO. 1



NO. 3



NO. 2



NO. 4

WE ARE MORE CAREFUL

about the outside of the body than the inside, and yet what is the use of good clothing when the owner is too ill to wear it?



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JUST AS GOOD

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continue in vogue, but they have by no means superseded the easily-assumed cape. The frilled collar, the wide cape sleeves, everything that can be thought



NO. 5

of to give a new air to the jacket, is greeted with delight. The blouse jaquette, with its short basque skirt, is especially liked. The particularly rich coat of this style, in illustration No. 5, is made of the beautiful fur called by the almost unpronounceable name *breitschwantz*. It shows the blouse



NO. 6

effect with the short, round basque skirt, sleeves full on the shoulders, shaping in to fit the arms easily, and a high flaring collar. Down the front of the blouse a decoration is achieved by a box-plait of the fur. Another coat, in illustration No. 6, is simpler, being fitted in the back and having a sacque-like front. It is of astrakhan, and shows the extremely wide cape sleeves, which, it is predicted, will be popular. The collar is a simple flaring one.

Muffs are large and small. They are almost invariably fancy, often trimmed to harmonise with bonnet, yoke or cape, while bunches of natural tails and natural heads are noted upon them. A novelty in muffs is shown in illustration No. 7. It is of black astrakhan, and is a bag as well as a muff, the upper part being in the shape of a crescent and mounted on a fine steel frame which closes the bag. Ribbon rosettes decorate it.

MUFF—NO. 7
CAPE—NO. 10

Another muff, in illustration No. 8,

is made of rich brown marten, the piece of fur being so fine that it could easily be mistaken for Russian sable; it is decorated on the top with both the head and tail of the animal.

MUFF—NO. 8
"STOLE"—NO. 14

The fashionable cape often shows one fur trimmed with another, although capes are also made of velvet or satin and elaborately trimmed with fur, but an effect of fulness, even in the arrangement of the fur, always predominates in the cape trimming. The short cape in illustration No. 9 is made of sealskin, having its lower edge cut out in curves, and bordered with chinchilla in such a way that a frilled

effect is given it. The collar shows deep curves in harmony, and the cape is lined throughout with the chinchilla fur.

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"ALFRED HAVILAND, M.R.C.S., &c."

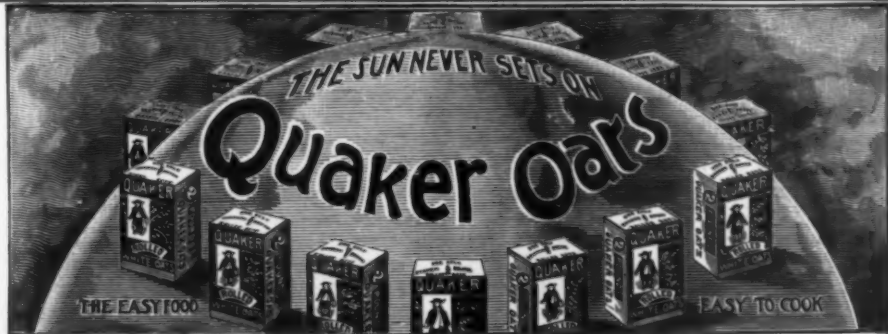
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—*Lancet*, August 24th, 1895, p. 501.

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	Ladies' Waterproofs, 13/6		
	White Coachman's, 21/-		
	Will stand any Climate. TAILOR MADE. FIT GUARANTEED. Patterns sent.		
	CARRIAGE PAID. PARKER'S Rubber Works, Lancaster		

The simpler cape in illustration No. 10, and one that is intended as a complement to a cloth costume, is of plain



NO. 9



NO. 11

astrakhan, and gains its chic air by its peculiarity of cut.

Sealskin makes a short, straight-edged cape, as shown in illustration No. 11, that looks particularly rich and stylish because of its extremely large revers and the short collar of brown marten.

The sable cape in illustration No. 12 is quite deep, has



NO. 12



NO. 13

a high collar, and is intended for wear in bitter cold weather. The edge is finished with the paws and tails of the

sable. In the garment itself the skins are so arranged that exquisite contrasts in dark and light fur result.

A cape intended for evening wear, and shown in illustration No. 13, is made of white cloth embroidered with pearl beads, and lined and trimmed with white thibet.

The fur garment called a "stole" will obtain this season, especially in mink sable and brown marten. The one shown in illustration No. 14 is of brown marten, and like all the others, has the yoke part and the ends of the fronts trimmed with natural tails. Worn over a rich velvet coat this fur stole is particularly artistic.



NO. 15



NO. 16

The fur cape in illustration No. 15 has the approval of the best Parisian modistes, is made of heavy blue velvet, embroidered in a very simple design in black silk braid. It is round in front and completed by a broad border of chinchilla, which is cut according to the popular rounded pattern, so that it hangs easy. The collar, which is gored to give the curve effect, is trimmed with chinchilla.

The cape in illustration No. 16 is of black velvet, and has a high collar, lined and trimmed with mink, which extends down each side of the front.

[For Competitions and Special Notice to Readers, see page iv.]



WAITING FOR MAMMA

Photo by E. C. Porter, Ealing, W.



A LITTLE MODEL

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles

(See article, "Child Models" on page 130)

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The Green Turban

[COPYRIGHT IN UNITED STATES, DEC., 1897]

WRITTEN BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. SHEDDON

I.



HOUGH Syrian and nomad Arab know it not, there lies a point, not far from Jaffa, on the lonely shore of the sea, where tradition plants as fair a myth as shall be found in ancient story. Here, at the silver margins of the Mediterranean, where blue waves tumble on wide sands and cast their saltness upon the wind, even to the orange-tawny cliffs and the tamarisks beyond, was the naked beauty of Andromeda chained aforetime ere

she joined the stars. From these waters the primal snake raised his loathsome jaws to devour her; from this pure Eastern sky, shining like a cloud at sunset, winged-footed Perseus came to save. Even yet that petrified leviathan may be seen in the ugly black ridges of rock near the shore. Its mane of weed floats upon the sea; its fossil teeth are yet bared when the savage west wind blows; and many sea-going folk, less fortunate than Cassiopeia's daughter, have perished in its jaws without any Perseus to succour them.

Here, on a day now long past, red fires of dawn leapt to the zenith from the dark ridges of the Judean hills, and all the silent scene still slept save where, at meeting-place of earth and water, a little ripple that had not wrecked a shell lisp'd along the sand and fringed the shore with rubies caught from the morning. The world woke rosily as a little child. Then, out of the sea-mists, swelled

a black spot that slowly travelled along from the direction of Jaffa. This grew into a small boat, and the solitary rower, presently approaching a point where ancient and broken columns of granite lay scattered at the edge of the sea, turned his skiff to the land. It was a spot well known to fishermen.

Fazl al-Sammák pulled his oars until the beak of his boat ploughed the shingle. Then he came ashore and made her fast. Presently he drew forth a carpet from the little ship and spread it upon the sand, and prayed the Dawn Prayer, begging for his guardian angels peace from Allah. But the man's handsome face remained dark and sad; for prayers were as dust in his mouth, because he smarted under great new-born affliction, and his sorrows were then too tremendous and too recent to find comfort either in heaven or on earth. Truly Fazl al-Sammák's fate was the hardest that can well fall to the lot of a youth. He had loved and been loved, and he had lost in a manner so sudden and over-filled with mystery that now madness tinged his mind, and he felt tempted to risk salvation in return for some word definite and certain rather than his present agony of ignorance and doubt. His little Syrian love had been Tuffá-hah—which is to say "the apple"—who, indeed, until her spiriting away, was the very apple of his eye and his heart. A plump, round-faced maiden of fifteen years was Tuffá-hah, and her lover stood high in estimation as a man of his hands, as one well-skilled in management of boats on that dangerous shore, and as an angler expert in the taking of fish with hook or net. For this girl and boy the round world had long held nothing but themselves, and Fate

so far smiled that, until now, the tide of their loves ran smoothly without cross-current or rock. The girl's father showed contentment with Fazl's gifts; a day was at hand that would unite them; the maiden's friends were already busy with baked meats and those sweet pastries of honey and almond that Tuffá-hah loved. Then darkened a night when she vanished utterly, as a dream vanishes at waking, or the cloud that yesterday hid the sun; and, for Fazl, life became a plant whose sole fair flower had been plucked by unknown hands, leaving all that remained barren and unlovely. A road of dust and flints stretched before him now—a road to be trodden alone and with naked feet. There was no warm heart to beat against his bosom any more; and his own froze at the thought of it; while the world, of women, without their queen, Tuffá-hah, was henceforth in his mind as a world of ghosts. Now, under the dawn, he breathed in spirit the sweet savour of the musk that was Tuffá-hah's own perfume, and his soul sank in his awful sorrow, and the silver and gold of the morning was black to him, and the sweet air, foul as a fog rising over graves.

Little Tuffá-hah had gone at dusk to buy oil of sesame and lettuces in the market-place; and she had not returned. Few remembered to have seen her, save Ali Khallikan, the water-carrier, who brought the last fragment of news. He had met her and offered to bear her basket, but she had refused, and so passed out of his sight on her homeward way.

That Ali Khallikan had thus seen the girl, last of all who knew her, was remarkable, for he shared something of Fazl al-Sammák's love, and, though middle-aged, and poverty-stricken, and friendless, yet he ever lifted his eyes to Tuffá-hah as a faithful dog to its mistress. Now while the younger man wept and prayed for his pearl, Ali did neither, but went Jinn-mad, and passed through the bazaars with dust upon his head and a torn raiment on his lean body. From his wrinkled forehead the green turban of the Mecca pilgrim disappeared, and no head-covering concealed his tangled

locks. The children laughed and pointed at him, and cried "Majnún, Majnún!" as he wandered with aimless footsteps through Jaffa; the folk whispered and held him insane for grief.

Thus it came about that the fisherman and the water-carrier were at one in a common misfortune; and now, as Fazl made an end of his dry prayers, it chanced that Ali Khallikan also appeared upon this deserted shore.

II.

NEITHER saw the other immediately, and Ali Khallikan, who came down to the sea through the tamarisk bushes, looked only upon the sand. He was haggard, and his fingers ever played in his beard. Presently he reached the edge of the sea, and then he lifted his eyes, and stood where the ruins of the granite pillars were scattered. These had fallen in centuries long past and gone; but one broken column by some chance stood upright as though marking a grave. When high, the tide nearly covered it; when low, a man might reach it by wading to his thigh. Here the fragment had appeared since a time beyond living man's recollection, and the passion of five hundred winter seas had not thrown it among its companions. The shattered granite stood like a woman turned to stone in an under-robe of black weed and green, that marked the limits of the sea about it; and beneath the water at its foot, clear eyes might note hermit-crabs creeping in their borrowed shells, and anemones like flowers, and a shimmer of light where tiny, new-born fishes swam in shoals. Many another pillar hewn for ancient pomp and splendour lay recumbent under the water here; while inland also one might sometimes find them set to the use of rollers that men passed over the land after planting of grain.

Having gazed at this time-worn fragment awhile, Ali's heart heaved, and he smote upon his breast and turned away. Then his black eyes met those of the fisherman, and suddenly grew as small as a crab's.

But Fazl al-Sammák, only knowing



"HE CAME ASHORE"

the other as a man who had worshipped his love dog-like at a distance, was not touched at any time to jealousy, and now, remembering that men said Ali had taken leave of his senses for sorrow, he approached him and gave him a kindly greeting.

"Sleep forgets us," he said, "and our morning is night and our night the grave. Salutations, Ali Khallikan, for you, too, loved her, though not as I loved, and the trouble that brings me

here brings you also." The elder man approached, but his voice was hard and high, and his grief seemed a mad spirit that possessed him, and stared fiery and tearless out of his furrowed face.

"You speak truth and falseness in a breath," he answered. "True, I sleep not, and roam the lonely shore for sorrow; but love is as great a thing in the homeless dog as in the lion. Say not my love was less than thine, but greater, even as my age and my know-

ledge of both sides of life and of women must be greater than a boy's. Wait till grey Time has blown upon you, and the journey's end is near. Then talk of love! You knew no more of the worth of Tuffá-hah than of the pearl you draw forth from the sea. A pearl she was to you, a fair woman with a voice like the cushat's, with eyes that were the windows of Paradise, with warm blood in her veins, whose breath was sweeter than musk, whose little hand made your nerves tingle and your heart shake at its touch. I know—I know all that you would say; but there is more than that; and I can see it, being not new to women. They broke my heart before you were born, and she mended it; they shattered my trust and faith with their cruelty, and she revived them. Prayers and fastings were nothing, tears and sorrow were nothing, Mecca was nothing to her influence. One kind word from Tuffá-hah has often served me for food and drink. Thought of her has straightened my back and smoothed my forehead and cooled my eyes, and made me believe in Allah and look men in the face. I tell you she was the very handmaid of the Eternal—an angel of goodness and pity—a creature too pure for the touch of man's hands—a thing sacred and adored—a ray of pure light from the Highest Heaven."

His body heaved and his agony brought beads upon his brow, but no tear to his eye.

Fazl was silent for a moment before a spectacle of hidden suffering that dwarfed his own in its fierce intensity.

"You say truly, Ali Khallikan, and your words add one drop of bitterness to a cup I had thought was full. The jewel of her fair soul I, too, knew and worshipped even as you; but the casket of her silver body was precious also, for I am young, and man is a thing of senses by the will of God. Pray Allah she be not blotted from life; but this I know: she loved me, and mine was her last thought and heart-beat if she be, indeed, gone from me."

The other started and his lips moved; but his eyes were fixed on the far

distant rim of the sea, and he made no answer.

Fazl sighed, and turned as though to dismiss a subject too sad for more discourse.

"Art thou not a Hadji of the green turbans, Water-Carrier? How comes it then that the Hue of the Pure, the emblem of the pilgrimage, covers not your forehead at this sad hour?"

"Any rag will keep off the sun. Speak on where our hearts are. That Tuffá-hah is in truth dead, my angel has told me by night; and the voice that spoke it was clear as a bell."

"Allah send you err. Yet certain it is that after fall of his appointed hour, no man can stay him whom Azrael beckons."

"She is dead, I tell you, and Paradise the richer. This was no place for Tuffá-hah. She came to earth by error of some careless spirit sent to carry her elsewhere, and now she has returned and smiles in a sweeter world among her sisters. For you there is the wide earth left, and Time, who heals young hearts and young flesh quickly, will help Fazl al-Sammák to forget. I am too old to forget. Farewell."

Ali slowly moved away towards the rift in the low yellow cliffs by which he had come to the sea. But the fisherman felt a great pity bubbling in his heart at sight of the stricken wretch; and a flash of wisdom from Allah's own treasury entered his heart, and told him that to lighten the lot of this sad soul would be to lighten his own.

"Go not from me!" he cried. "Your speech is gall and honey; but I glean from the harvest of your wise words, and know that 'tis better to think of an angel in Paradise than weep for a dead woman."

"Nevertheless, if any ray of comfort can soften your suffering you loved her not," answered Ali, again moving away.

But Fazl would not suffer him to depart thus. He knew his worldly position was pitiful, and that he had sold his water-skins to buy a mourning garment.

"Stay!" he said. "Where do you go?"

"What matter? I stand before you as you see me: a man who has no longer



"ALI WENT JINN - MAD"

where to lay his head or food for his mouth. I yearn for death, Fazl al-Sammák, as a little child, weary with much weeping, yearns for sleep."

"Your misery is greater than mine, brother, and a morning meal at least you shall have of me. The first cast of my net is yours to-day, if you will it so; but you must help me draw it. Speak not of death, then, for to live is nobler. Let us live and do good works. So, maybe, both you and I shall win a footstool in Heaven, where Tuffá-hah sits upon a throne."

III.

THE young man's offer, to throw his net for his friend in sorrow, was not strange, because a right Moslem often devotes a single application of his art or craft to another's weal. Thus your diver will dive once for an unfortunate companion, and should rare sponge or pearl reward him, his comrade is the richer; while fisher or fowler will likewise apply a venture to another in need, thereby strengthening themselves with Allah.

Ali Khallikan bowed his head and accepted the charity offered.

"It is well," he said, "and the silver of the sea shall be mine that I may do what lies before me to do with the courage begot of a full belly. Cast forth, and Heaven send you reward."

So Fazl entered his boat, and taking the net rowed out a hundred yards from shore and flung it into the sea as he went. One end he left buoyed to a great cork; with the other he returned to the shore and placed the rope in Ali Khallikan's hand. Then, rowing to the sea again, he brought back the other end; and the net was as the shape of a half moon on the water. With the short chords that Syrian fishermen fasten round their waists and hitch in turn to the incoming net, the men now set about their task; and soon they began getting the net apace till the circle of it narrowed into a splashing, shimmering cone. The purse came slowly agleam with live silver; the sea twinkled as under a cat's paw of wind, and the

brown weeds and red danced in the dark net while it came to hand.

But a great weight, as of something that was dead or slept, kept the purse low, and when they drew it forth the toilers forgot the fishes that leapt in the agony of thin morning air and dotted the yellow sand with silver and gleamed under the sunshine.

For the net brought a dead woman back to the land, and the woman was Tuffá-hah. Both recognised her, for Allah's hand had held back the sea things that hold no human flesh sacred. She smiled in death, and her eyes were shut and her beauty had not wholly vanished. Fazl tore his garments and plucked at his beard and fell upon the sand, but the other man showed no surprise, but a savage joy rather.

"Kismet!" he said; "this net is mine, yet not mine. I never envied you the casket, fisherman. But that belongs now to Death, and the jewel it held gleams on Allah's bosom."

"How came she here? God of pity! You speak as one having knowledge!"

"Put marble above her; set a marble dome over this poor little body, so that the unborn may kneel there. Yet beware of vain images: this is not Tuffá-hah. I set her free—yes I, Ali Khallikan. I delivered her from the flesh."

"You slew her!"

"Note the dark green round her, and that wrought rock there above the sea. 'Tis no water-weed, but a turban meaning the pilgrimage. Fate wills that you know all, Fazl al-Sammák, and you shall do so."

The one stood with his arms folded, motionless and calm as a stone; the other knelt by the dead, and his young face had grown old.

"As I have done for that sweet sleeper there, so would I do again. Knowing that the hour was fixed when you would have her, I did what Allah bid, and lured her to my dark chamber with tale of another's grief. Of her boundless charity and sorrow for suffering she came, and I rendered her unconscious with a drug. Then borrowing a grey ass to fetch weed from the shore, I set her upon it in a great basket and bore her here

under the night. And she revived, and the flesh was weak in her when I told her, and your name was on her lips. But I hardened my heart and obeyed Allah, and bound her even with my green turban to that ruined stone there in the name of the Most High God and the Prophet. I left her to the rising Mother of the Waters, who came quickly under a wild wind, and Allah accepted her pure as the pearl un-

silence fell, and a shadow passed over him from on high, and presently, lifting himself up, he found the madman had departed. But even where he had stood, as though Allah juggled with him, there hopped a black vulture, with naked neck and hungry, golden eyes.

And Fazl, turning to the dead, found the green turban, that was twined like a snake about her, had vanished.

So Tuffá-hah slept with her fathers ;



"A BLACK VULTURE, WITH HUNGRY, GOLDEN EYES"

threaded. That was my act, Fazl al-Sammák; and gazing down upon us twain from the window of Paradise, she knows now who loved her best."

"God blacken your face, red-eyed murderer!" shrieked the other; "and God have mercy upon me, lest I cry 'there is no God!' Sucked to slow death—strangled by this cursed sea with my name on her lips! For whose sin, for whose sin has this cruel Fate been sent to the sinless?"

He fell upon his face in the sand and so remained as one dead. Then great

and when they sought the Water-Carrier, he too was found asleep. In air he hung, under the darkness of a tree among the graves in the burying-ground; and his green turban, that had bound the dead girl's body to the granite until a stormy wave swept her away, now held him aloft by the neck until a stormy wave of men found his carcass and swept it forth from holy ground and gave it a dog's burial. This they did that the dust of a murderer and a madman might not rise at the trumpet with the bodies of sane men and just.

Public-House Museums

WRITTEN BY CHARLES E. LAWRENCE. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOS

IN "days of old" the public-house museum was a far more common institution than it is in this degenerate and utilitarian age. The village inn, resorted to by all classes,

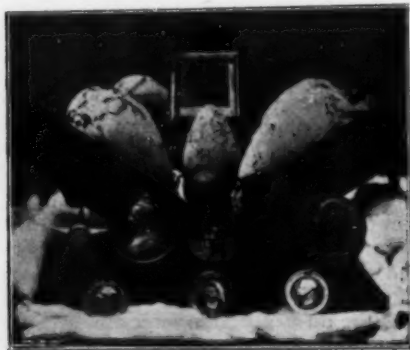
bones and plants—all these, and many others, did mine host of the "Blue Boar" and the "Dun Cow" deposit ceremoniously behind his well-lined bar.

But with the advent of the expensively-stocked and carefully classified public museum the tavern variety dwindled and died, until to-day their modern prototypes exist but here and there in half-forgotten villages or hidden among the



MR. T. G. MIDDLEBROOK

became the natural receptacle for all the old-world, out-of-the-way "curios," collected, at much expenditure of time and patience, by whole generations of smock-trooked antiquarians and amateur seekers after treasure-trove. Roman coins, ancient British flint implements, fossil



A CASE OF GREAT AUK'S EGGS



FAGIN'S KITCHEN

rush and turmoil incidental to great centres of population.

London can boast of several, however, of which the best known is undoubtedly the famous "Edinburgh Castle," near Regent's Park. Here in the course of years the enterprising proprietor, Mr. T. G. Middlebrook, has succeeded in getting together a really valuable and highly interesting collection, including, among



STRIPED SEA SNAKE

a host of other things, no fewer than three Great Auk's eggs. These latter were bought at different times at auctions, and their aggregate cost amounted to 620 guineas, a trifle under 207 guineas apiece. This, it must be admitted, is a big price for eggs—even new-laid ones. And these particular specimens were laid so long ago that, even if there were anything inside them, which there isn't, their contents would be worse than useless, save, perhaps, for electioneering purposes.

All sorts and conditions of men and

women come to gaze upon these costly bird's eggs, and some of the comments passed by the visitors are highly amusing. Last Bank Holiday, for instance, an enterprising cabby drove all the way from Charing Cross. "Where is it?" he demanded, bustling into the bar and gazing wonderingly around. "Where is

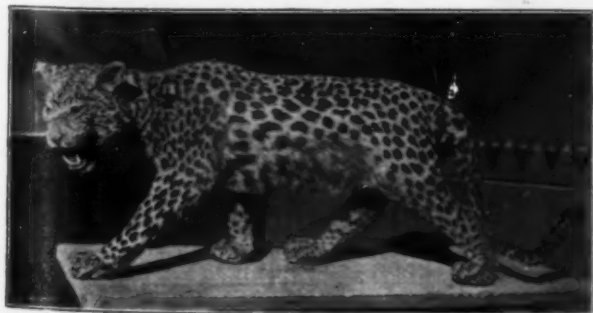


A ROMAN VASE

what?" asked Mr. Middlebrook politely. "Why that 200-guinea egg, to be sure." "Here," replied mine host, producing the little velvet and morocco case wherein reposed the treasure. "What!"

Cabby fairly exploded. "Call that a Great Hawk's egg! Why, from wot I'd heerd about the thing I thought it was about the size o' my bloomin' keb." And the disappointed and disgusted Jehu stalked out of the bar.

Second only to the Great Auk's eggs in public popularity is Fagin's kitchen. This



CHEETAH



"BOBBIE LOWE"

was bought bodily by Mr. Middlebrook, when the house on Saffron Hill was being demolished some two years back. There is the frying-pan wherein the Jew cooked Oliver's sausages; the door of the little lad's bedroom; Fagin's arm-chair; and a whole host of other



THE CARRIER

similar relics. What's that? "There never was a Fagin, and Oliver Twist existed but in the novelist's imagination." Quite true! But both the Jew and the boy are, to the bulk of the English-speaking race, more real, living, moving entities, than thousands of flesh-and-blood men and women whose names are not altogether unknown to fame. Therefore, O scoffer, gaze with becoming reverence upon these grimy relics, and hold thy peace. One curiosity there is in this strange collection that is worthy of special note. It is an old-fashioned



DOUBLE PIG

burglar's jemmy, of exquisite workmanship, which was unearthed by Mr. Middlebrook himself from a specially constructed recess under the kitchen floor. The find proves, at all events, that Dickens was not far out in his knowledge of London thieves' haunts.

Another interesting exhibit, to which a melancholy interest attaches, is the "Striped Sea Snake." This specimen, which was formerly in the Royal United Service Institution, occasioned the death of a promising young midshipman, Mr. Hyman, of H.M.S. *Wolf*, in Madras roads.

The lad expired about four hours after being bitten.

But even a bare allusion, however brief, to the multitudinous lists of exhibits preserved in this unique museum would fill a good-sized volume, and each has its own peculiar history. The cheetah, which we illustrate, for example, was shot in the Punjaub many years ago by a private soldier, after it had badly mauled the native corporal of the guard. The Roman vase was discovered, in the course of some excavations undertaken some time back, in a recess in London Wall. The terra cotta statuette of



A RELIC OF THE CRIMEA

"Bobbie Lowe," is one of three specially executed to his order from the *Vanity Fair* cartoon. It will be observed that the statesman is standing on a box of matches. Those who remember the agitation over the proposed tax upon these articles many years ago, and the stand taken by Mr. Lowe in the matter, will be at no loss to understand the allusion. A curious specimen of the taxidermist's art is afforded by the "Old Cobbler." This exhibit is also interesting as being the "father" of the entire collection. It used to stand behind the bar, and the interest it inspired in the



CHINESE MEMORIAL STONE

customers suggested the idea of a grand "Free Museum."

Among other curious things to be seen here, many of which have been reproduced by our photographer, are a



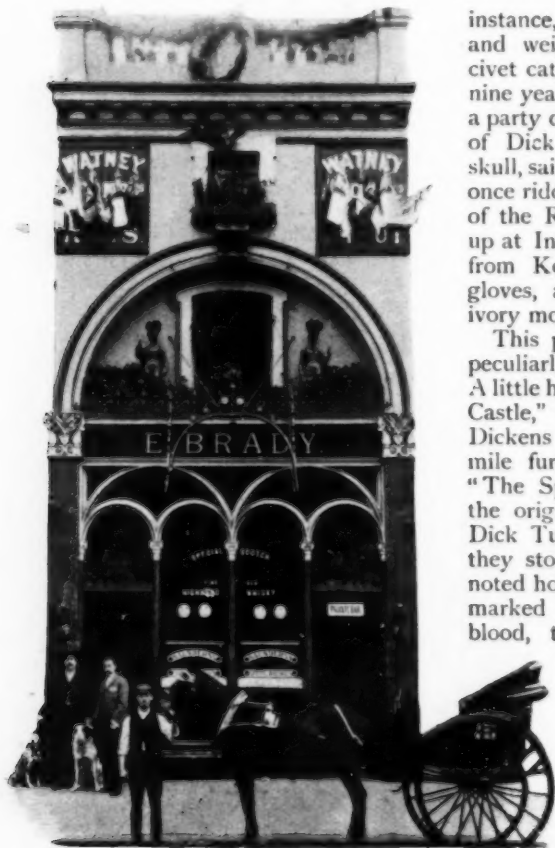
BRONZE HEAD FROM BENIN

set of "double pigs," Burmese idols, a cross taken from a Russian church during the Crimean campaign, a very ancient Chinese memorial stone, a bronze head from Benin, a couple of silver meat dishes presented to Lord Nelson by the Corporation of Manchester, Oliver Cromwell's hat, slave manacles brought by Stanley from the Congo, and, last but not least, a wedding wreath of fish scales, from the South Sea Islands.

Another famous public-house museum is that at the "Vale of Health," on Hampstead Heath. The day being foggy, our photographer was only able to secure one picture from here, the "double calf" shown on this page. But there are hundreds of other exhibits. For



DOUBLE CALF



THE "HOLE IN THE WALL"

instance, a porpoise, seven feet in length, and weighing two hundredweight; a civet cat, which lived in the house for nine years, and was poisoned at last by a party of Bank-holiday "trippers"; one of Dick Turpin's pistols; a donkey's skull, said to have belonged to an animal once ridden by Nell Gwynne; a helmet of the Russian Imperial Guard, picked up at Inkerman; an immense crocodile from Korti; a pair of Dr. Nansen's gloves, and a magnificently executed ivory model of a Chinese pagoda.

This particular district, by the bye, is peculiarly rich in these strange museums. A little higher up the hill is "Jack Straw's Castle," where is preserved the famous Dickens arm-chair; while about half a mile further down the road again is "The Spaniards," where may be seen the original knives and forks used by Dick Turpin and Jonathan Wild when they stopped, as they often did, at this noted hostelry. One of these knives is marked with a dull stain, said to be blood, the tradition being that the weapon was used by Turpin to stab to death a companion in a fit of drunken rage. Here also is kept the huge key which is said to have unlocked the secret passage connecting the cellars of the inn with the neighbouring mansion of Caen Wood.

Few dwellers in the East

End of London but are acquainted with the "Bell and Mackerel" in the Mile End Road. The really fine museum attached to this ancient tavern was originally founded by the East London Entomological Society, and has grown and grown until it now comprises more than 20,000 specimens of birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, insects, &c., arranged in about 500 separate cases. A little further west, in the same road, is a house known far and near by the curious appellation of the "Hundred and One."



A BEAR'S HEAD

It derives its name from an oil painting of unknown antiquity which hangs behind the bar. It is a portrait of three men—local celebrities evidently—and underneath is recorded how "these three men drank in this house one hundred and one pots of porter in one day for a wager." Twenty minutes' sharp walking from the "Hundred and One" will bring the visitor to the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, where, in a small beer-house, is an immense brass frying-pan, twelve feet in circumference, and known as King Lud's stew-pot. Some distance in the other direction, at the "Bridge House," Canning Town, is an enormous crocodile which



BORNEO MONKEY

the local wisecracks persist in affirming was captured in Bow Creek hard by. The most famous museum on the Surrey side of the Thames is that attached to the "Hole in the Wall" in the Borough High Street. We reproduce photographs of four from among the many strange and curious things to be seen here. The monkey came originally from Borneo, and used, when alive, to be a great favourite with the customers. On the



DOUBLE LAMB

occasion of the Jubilee he was dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, provided with an umbrella, and stationed on which the proprietor, Mr. Brady, possesses a unique collection, were found among the ruins of the old Marshal-



SKULLS FROM OLD MARSHALSEA PRISON

guard outside the house. It is asserted that the little travesty caught her Majesty's eye, and caused her to laugh heartily. The skulls, of sea Prison, which formerly stood hard by. The double lamb, an almost perfect specimen, was born in Wiltshire.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

To hail the new-born King of Kings
The planets sing together!
From star to star the rapture rings
Across the shining weather;
To hail the new-born King of Kings
The planets sing together.

Arise, O children of the Lord,
While world with world rejoices:
With hearts uplifted fling abroad
The rapture of your voices.
Arise, O children of the Lord,
While world with world rejoices.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

The Emergency Ration

WRITTEN BY W. F. SHANNON. ILLUSTRATED BY G. GRENVILLE MANTON

"This ration is not to be opened except by order of an Officer, or in extremity." It "is calculated to maintain strength for 36 hours if eaten in small quantities at a time." The ration consists of 4 oz. of Pemmican and 4 oz. of Cocoa Paste.—*From the Label on the Tin.*

"I VOLUNTEERED for a picnic once," said the L.T.O., "and I was luffed in for once, and for the future I shall refuse all invitations; that is, unless my superior officer invites me. He isn't like your personal friends that you can dare to be a Daniel to, and say 'No,' like they impressed on us in Sunday-school as one of the sole duties of man.

"When I heard the Cap'n say to Loo-tenant Senton, the Navigator, 'I want you to take charge of a little up-river picnic,' I felt a precussion of what was comin'.

"You will take twenty men and see if the River Jujube is navigable up to Bamango. The Admiral will be here in ten or twelve days, so I'll give you a week or so. Choose your own men."

"I knew the Navigator had a partic'lar likin' for me, so I schemed out of his way as long as I could. We was just gettin' ready for a little fight with M'Gooli, a chief who lived about two weeks' march from the coast, through thick woods, and his town of Bamango was situated on the river, so the Swahilis at Mombasa said.

"The Navigator sent for me very soon. 'Anson,' he says, 'Get into your landin'-rig at once, we're off on a picnic.'

"I'm a reg'lar failure at them, sir,' I says.

"Nonsense,' says he, 'you were a brilliant success before. You will bring thirty charges of guncotton.'

"So there I was, in for it. A little steam-launch was goin', and a big canoe, with niggers for paddlin', the river not bein' wide enough for ordinary pullin' boats. I was in with the niggers, a

course, as the sweetest place. Niggers, as you may know, smells. If you're below the smell descends; if alongside, it spreads; and if you're round the corner, it circumnavigates. And this you can prove for yourself in any town in East Africa, and also you can calculate the strikin' distance and the area of disturbance, and get out of the way to a gratifyin' extent. But in a canoe you can't evaporate like that, and to be squashed up with ten paddlers, not to speak of a hoary steersman, is to be permangated with the odour, to speak hygienic. For two days we was miserable, and then we got used to the effluvia, just like you get used to the Navy. But then we became covered with corns through so much layin' about and rubbin' on the sides and ribs of the canoe; so we was never entirely joyful.

"And we got along so slow, too. You will comprehend that the river banks was overhung with trees, and that the river wound itself into tangles, so that the Loo-tenant conned the launch from her bow, the steersman bein' unable to see beyond. And about every mile there was a tree layin' right across the course which wanted blowin' up. That took time, and we wasn't near Bamango on the fourth day when the Navigator says, 'We've only three days' provisions left, so we must go on two-thirds rations.' I wasn't surprised. I knew it was like this on picnics.

"The stream continued to describe the least straight course it could, and we come across rapids, too. The canoe was generally drove into the bank on the way up, and there we always picked up a cargo of red ants from the branches

of the trees. These red ants is the sort that is mostly claws, like lobsters, and they prefer to be killed rather than let go an unoffensive bluejacket or any white man. And when you *have* killed em their claws still remain, ranklin' like stingin' nettles and prickly pears conglomerated. These kind of ants showed exceptional intellectual powers to lay for us in this way. It wasn't as if the Jujube had a lot of traffic and they lay out on them branches by chance. No.

On the opposite, we was the fust that ever bust into it, I should think, and them ants was there specially for *us*. So I conclude, fustly, that word was passed up we was comin', and, secondly, that the ants was quite aware of the way the current set, and judged exactly where we should touch the bank. Else, why were they always at the right spot? Besides, there's plenty of ants have done as clever things as that. But this ain't a science lecture.

"On the fift' day we come across a village. The forest had been very dark and silent, so that it had seemed not right to speak above a whisper. And yet all the while there was a sort of sound like the trees growin' or the insects talkin' soft to one another. At the village it was just the same. The gates was open, and the people was appariently run away, although the town was not in M'Gooli's country, and they needn't have been afraid of us.

"Give it a hail,' said the Lootenant to Brum Ward, a signalman.

"How do you hail a town, sir?' says Brum.

"O, anyhow, so long as you make a noise,' says the Navigator.

"Wot O, within-without!' sings out Brum.

"No one answered.

"Nicky-night, show yer light!' he calls again. And again no one spoke.

"They don't understand English, I'm afraid, sir,' he said. 'The c'rect thing is to wind the bloomin' bugle horn what hangs upon the portcullis or the star-board drawbridge, and challenge all comers to



"A CHAP DRESSED LIKE AN ARAB"

feet and arms together with excursions and alarms.'

"The Navigator kep' his eye on the village. The canoe party all had their rifles loaded, with the muzzles over the gunnel ready for events. We landed and had a look round, wary, but saw no living thing till we got well inside the palisades. Then a chap dressed like an Arab comes out of a stone-built house and says, 'Hush up, she've just dropped off.'

"'Who's she?' says our Lootenant. 'And who are you?'

"'Ain't you come for her?'

"'I don't know in least who "her" is,' says the Navigator.

"'Why, that lady explorer what's been rowt-marchin' across Africa. I sent down a message about her, and I thought you was the answer.'

"'What's the matter with her?'

"'Fever.'

"'Stooard, go and see what you can do for her,' says the Navigator to the sick-bay stooard. 'And now, what's this all about? Are you English?'

"'No fear,' whispers Brum to me, 'he's the chief of Ulva's isle, and she's Lord Ullin's daughter.'

"My name is McCluskey,' begins the Arab.

"'There you are,' says Brum, 'upon the Grampian Hills his father feeds his bloomin' flock. It's a cert.'

"'And I am the headman of this village. The lady came here, explorin' and butterfly catchin', as I said. That's a week ago. And she's had fever ever since. But my wives is lookin' after her.'

"'But how came you here?'

"'From the Navy. I've served my ten. This town wanted a king, and I wanted a dry number, so I took the job. Nine wives and nothing to do, Lootenant! That's better'n cleanin' bright-work for Her Majesty, eh?'

"'Depends on the wives,' says the Navigator, dry. 'Well, what's to be done with this woman? Can you send her to the coast?'

"'No, I can't. All my men has bunked it, afraid of M'Gooli, or else joined up with him.'

"Lootenant Senton turned aside to

say a silent thing or two about lady explorers, and then observed that he confounded well supposed he'd have to make a bally call on his bloomin' way back. It certainly was aggravatin'.

"We re-embarked, the stooard sayin' the wives wouldn't let him inside the room.

"On the next day we was put on half rations. It was very irritatin' to see them niggers in the canoe, what had brought their own provisions, eatin' all the time and us starvin'. They had a fire on an iron plate, and cooked one thing whilst they ate another. Their legs and arms was spidery, but their paunch was tremenjus, which is also spidery, p'raps.

"That enthusiastic joint of a Navigator would have gone on without food at all, I think, if only the guncotton hadn't run out on one happy day. We turned, and I was properly glad, although we hadn't found Bamango. With no obstacles, and with the current, I reckoned we'd be back in two days. The fust day's run was satisfactory, and that evenin' we polished off our last provisions.

"Next mornin' the Lootenant says. 'We'll have a treat for our last day. Stooard, we'll make a meal off them medical comforts of yours. Turn 'em into soup.'

"'Everything, sir?' says the stooard, meanin' all his stock of medicines.

"The Lootenant, thinkin' he meant all the comforts, says 'Yes.'

"The medical comforts is brandy and port wine, and jellies and Liebig, and things like that. But this constipated, lower-deck doctor dropped in not only them articles, but lint—which he said would give body to the soup—and pills, and quinine, and zinc ointment, and the whole bloomin' chemist's shop in his medicine chest.

"'Orders!' he says, when we remonstrated with him.

"We borrowed some rice from the niggers to thicken the mixture, and I must say it turned out a most influential and nourishin' soup, the best I ever lapped excep' for the thoughts of pills.

"Then we settled down easy for our

last day's boatin'. Roundin' a bend just above the village where the lady was, we was brought up by a tree layin' athwart the river. Just as we observed it, and also that it hadn't fell of it's own accord but had been cut, a hot fire opened on us from each bank, and every nigger what could jumped overboard from our canoe and swam ashore with his paddle. So we surmised they was friends with the enemy. We took away the paddles of them who was left and let them dive overboard too. They got ashore all

There's very few men have seen the outside of an emergency ration, let alone the inside. Conceive a tin three inches by four and a half, weighin' eleven ounces in the mornin' and eleven pounds in the evenin'; dark blue; white label. There is the outside. We was familiar enough with that. We'd been havin' landin' turnouts all the year, and carried them blighted tins every time. They had seemed just heavy, useless lumps of lead, nearly as awkward to carry as Wallace spades. But now there was a chance of



"IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VILLAGE WAS MCCLUSKEY, DEAD"

right, I think, but we hadn't got enough paddles left to force the canoe up-stream, so the steamer cast us a rope and we hauled up the river, firin' at the flashes. Two or three of us was hit, but not bad. We anchored in the stream that night as usual, and I can assure you the sentries was wide awake. Not that a bluejacket can sleep easy when he's standin' up in a boat at any time. Marines can, because they get a lot of practice aboard.

"In the dawnin' we scooped up what we could of the niggers' rice, but it made a terrible short meal, so that we commenced to look at our emergency ration.

seein' the inside we started to read the directions again.

"It's very thoughtful of Eevan to put up chocolate cream with the concentrated beef, ain't it?" said Brum, fondlin' his tin. "Which will you start on, Chats?"

"I shall try the pemmican, Brum," I said, 'because I've read such a lot about it. The cocoa can wait. But thirty-six hours is a long time for this tinfal to last.'

"In small quantities, Chats, remember. None of your big helpin's. I wonder what it looks like inside. Has any mortal eye observed since they was packed?"

"Once," says I, 'a tin was opened by Adm'ralty orders, and a Fleet-Surgeon reported that one half the contents (which was the pemmican end) smoked pretty fair; but the other half, he said, he couldn't light up at all, and he couldn't, conscientious, recommend it for pipe smokin'."

"H'm," says Brum. 'Any more cuffs about it? Didn't another physician take it for smokeless powder?'

"Excuse me, Mr. Ward; but do you doubt my voracity?'

"No!" he says, emphatic.

"Very well, then," I says, 'don't be skarcastic.'

"We was nearin' the tree again by now, and the Lootenant said we must drive off the enemy, and then chop the tree to bits, or else drag the boats round. But we was saved the portage, because the niggers had a Maxim, which certainly was against the rules of the game, and sunk the canoe. So we had to swim ashore in the shelter of the launch. The Lootenant was wounded in landin', and one or two more; but we beat back the natives and then sat down to think. Here we was, three or four days' march from the coast in a forest full of enemies. And we had no food. Besides, there was the lady."

"The Navigator called me up. 'You must take charge of a landin' party and fight your way to the village,' he says, 'after we've got the launch round this tree. I'll take the wounded on her and meet you there.'

"So we done what he said, and met all right after meanderin' for a while. But the village was burnt, and in the middle of where it used to be was McCluskey—dead. So we surmised that p'raps cleanin' brightwork was safer than bein' a king."

"But the lady was disappeared."

"One more ugly one gone," says Brum.

"How do you know what she looks like?" says the stoard.

"P'raps you think she's a beauty?" said Brum.

"The stoard was done. It was impossible to conceive that."

"There you are!" says Brum, trium-

phant.^d But as he stood grinnin', his face gradually straightened and his eyes bulged. For strollin' into the village there came a lady, a young lady, all glorious to behold, with a butterfly net and other gadgets slung round, and a pistol in her hand.

"Good-afternoon," says she.

"Them who could speak answered, and everyone saluted as if she was an Admiral's daughter."

"And Lootenant Senton, with his arm in a sling, blushed extempore when he thought of the remarks he'd passed about lady explorers."

"But he touched his cap and observed that it was a fine day. And she said, 'Yes, and yesterday was pritty fair.' Then he said he hoped to-morrow would be all right, but she cut in and said:

"Let's leave this civilised talk, and get on to sense, Lootenant"—she said 'Lootenant' just like we do, and not 'Leftenant,' like landsmen in England talk, so I guessed she was American—"I've been out two days on the hills, but I saw the smoke of the burnin' and judged I best come and see after my baggage."

"But—er—but—the fever?" stuttered the Navigator, still moony and wonder-struck.

"O, that's gone, like the baggage. Intermittent. Here to-morrow, p'raps. Where's King McCluskey?"

"The Navigator opened his mouth, and couldn't speak. She looked round at us. 'Poor McCluskey,' she said. 'Have you buried him?'

"We done it, and she whittled a board for a headstone; and by that time she had learnt all there was to learn from Lootenant Senton, for she was proper business-like."

"And what ye doin' now?" she says.

"We must put the wounded aboard the launch," says he, 'and the rest of us must fight through by land.' And he offered her a place on the launch. She wouldn't have it at all. So he embarked the wounded, except himself, and he reckoned he'd be happier marchin', with her. But she says 'No' to that. She would be guide, because she knew the country, and he must bring up the rare



"TOUCHED HIS CAP AND OBSERVED THAT IT WAS A FINE DAY"

He pulled a long face, but he done it. I followed her, and we stepped out in single file. All that evenin' she kep' on, and far into the night, till we got on to some open hills.

"What are them flashes across the sky," says she, callin' a halt.

"Electric light!" I says. And we all watched for a minute or two.

"They're signalisin' to us from the ship," says Brum. And so they was, to recall us. Again and again the same signal flashed, and we couldn't answer. We lay down, dead-beat, and watched them aggravating flashes for a time. But some looked at their emergency tins, and the lady saw them and gathered what they was for.

"Lootenant," says she, 'ain't it time we had supper?"

"The Navigator looked doubtful. 'I shall have to explain it all on paper,' he says.

"Besides, we ain't got no tin-openers," whispers Brum so's she could hear.

"And it will look different then," went on the Lootenant. 'Diggin' into emergency rations means trouble with the Adm'ralty. No one's ever done it.'

"There's a chance for an original man," says she. And she hummed, 'Port Admiral, you be-damned,' in dulcimer tones.

"It's only about twenty-four hours more to the coast," says the Navigator, not stickin' to the truth.

"Yes, that's all," whispered Brum. 'It'd be a pity to break open these tins after carryin' 'em so fur and showin' 'em at so many inspections. We really ought to wait for a serious emergency, miss.'

"Look here," says my lady. 'Some of you hands'—'hands' she said, quite familiar—'some of you hands build a fire and all of you bring your tins here.' So we done that, and by that time she had persuaded the Lootenant to allow half the tins to be opened.

"And all the while the signals went on, ditto, repeato, as before, till, at last, they changed and said, 'Is that your fire? If so, light two more, one on either side.'

"We done it.

"Then they said, 'Are you in difficulties? If so, put one out.' We did.

"And after that we conversed with 'em, slow, and they got our bearin's and said they'd send search-parties.

"In the black night we started again, and dived down into the woods, and the lady was the leadin' figure, as previous. There was innumerable creepers to trip over, and stumps, and every now and then we bashed into trees. When the lady got an extra bash she swore in the most intoxicatin' sweet way, and then apologised to *me*. I never felt any knocks myself after that. To *me*! Thunder and earthquakes!

"It was better in the daytime, and we crawled on till midday, when she halted us and ordered the last of the emergency ration to be cooked. Ordered, mind! The Navigator was too far gone to argue.

"In the afternoon we shuffled on again, she steppin' out lively as ever. And that evenin' we met a search-party, and all our troubles was ended. But the picnic wasn't—quite.

"The Navigator was not nearly finished. The lady came aboard with us, so as to be carried to a civilised port. And she looked after that Lootenant proper, besides the other wounded, till Zanzibar. And there, as soon as she landed, she sent off to the picnic party a couple of bottles of Bass each. And I tell ye, it went down high.

"She came off frequent to see to the Navigator's arm and to play the piano at church service after that. And one fine day the Navigator went ashore, and the Cap'n and me, and the Cap'n's cox'n, and we met her at the Consul's office. The Navigator was the best man in her estimation, and best off in ours; and she wanted me in it to be witness, because, she said, it was romantic. Her name was Petronella Alexandrina something—and she was all that, there's no doubt. Lord! she was a beauty! And me and the cox'n struck down some more beer which she had thoughtfully provided; and the Cap'n said he hoped Mrs. Lootenant would give over her wild ways and settle down steady for the future. And she has, too. She caught a burglar with her own hands on'y the other day, through bein' so domesticated."



WRITTEN BY EDWIN SHARPE GREW. ILLUSTRATED BY L. RAVEN-HILL

IT is a long "beat"—that of the Thames Police along the silent highway of the Thames. It stretches from Hammersmith to Blackwall, and it takes within its scope the most varied panorama of life and toil that can be found on any waterway in the world. From Hammersmith it passes by Putney, with the Putney boathouses and the ivied church, and the group of placid Georgian houses nestling under the shelter of the bridge; past Hurlingham, with its white colonnade gleaming through the trees, and Broomhouse Lane running down to the river's edge with as rural an air as if it were the lane at Shepperton or Bray; past Chelsea, with its Royal Hospital, and Lambeth with its Palace—between the pile of the Houses of Parliament and the cheerful red front of St. Thomas's Hospital "with healing in its wings"; along the fine curve of the Embankment, beneath the railway arches and almost under the morning shadow of St. Paul's,

down to London Bridge and the river below the Pool. The river below London Pool is the busiest part of the river policeman's "beat": it is, perhaps, the busiest place in the world: the most



A BOAT'S CREW

changeable, the most varied. If Walt Whitman had been a Londoner he would have sung the Song of the Pool. One can imagine his pæan of enthusiasm at the sight of its business, its toil, its grimy wealth, its ships and its labourers,

went swirling down the river with the brown tide, and that the murky cowl of smoke hanging over the Pool sheltered all sorts of high tragedies, criminals and mysteries. But in sober truth the duties of the river police are strikingly prosaic;



TYPES OF THE THAMES POLICE

its steamers and the brown-sailed barges:—

The grey-sailed brigs, slender, serpentine, pennanted, the black tugs rimmed with foam,

The sooty chimneys, the whitening spires of the occasional churches on the banks, the infrequent green trees—I, Walt Whitman, float them a carol!

The curious houses, tight wedged between the wharves, the forgotten inns, the green slimed watermen's stairs—these I remember.

The plantations of spars in the docks, the smell of the tar, the curtseying buoys, yea, even the penny steamboat, and the, not of itself, strictly speaking, attractive dredger—even these I chant glorious!

O! dear and beautiful; O! dirty and not always sweet to the nostril, but ever sweet to the heart—to thee, O River below the Pool, I sing!

One would like to think that the duties of the river police were as picturesque as their environment, that the clues to all sorts of crimes

the mysteries they encounter are scarcely more exciting than those which the City Police find in Cheapside, and the criminals towards whom they thrust the hard hand of the law are chiefly of the character of "sneak thieves," of the pickers-up of coal from the dumb barges, of pilferers of trifles from unguarded craft at anchor, of the stealers of a stray dinghy. The river is so well policed that there are not very

many even of these petty crimes to vary with the excitement of a chase the monotony of the river policeman's duty. Their hours of duty are severe, six hours on the water and twelve hours off, and the six hours on are spent, whatever the weather, wet or fine, frost or fog, in steadily pulling up or down the tide. They are a fine body of men, well fitted to such service. Many are old Colonials, others middle-aged men from the Navy or from the mer-



RIVER HANDCUFFS

chant service—all of them stiff-built sailors capable of rowing six or eight hours at a stretch without resting on the oar. All are men whom in their youth "heard the sea calling," and nearly all are veterans in the police service. A police boat always carries one veteran, and long familiarity with the waterway and its people has taught the older men to know and recognise the voices of all the watermen on the river. I remember, when a little time ago I was travelling along the "beat" on the Thames Police launch, the *Alert*, hearing one of the river police inspectors tell an odd little story of an arrest which was made through this ability to identify watermen by their voices. When in doubt, the police boat always hails the boat it has in view, and listens for the reply.



FOR COAL STEALING
Charge Room on board the "Royalist"

"We were a-rowing along to home," said the Inspector, "and when we come underneath Blackfriars Bridge we see a man in a boat. And I says to my men rowing: 'Who's that? I don't know him. Give him a hail,' I says. So they shouted 'Yo-hoi!'

"He says 'Hello!' and I adds 'Who are you?' It was dark and a bit foggy.

"'Charlaay!' he shouts back.

"'Cur'us!' says I to the men. 'I don't seem to know this Charley. Pull

over and let's have a look at him.'

"So we pulls over; and I said to him:

'Well, *who* d'ye say you are?'

"'Charlaay,' he says.

"'Charlaay what?' says I.

"'Charlaay Dunk,' says he.

"'Well, who's boat have you got?' says I.



BRINGING IN A CAPTURE

"Tom Matthews" says he.
 "Tom Matthews!" says I. 'Well, how did he come to lend you his boat?'



RIVERSIDE TYPES

"You want to know a bloomin' lot," says he. 'I'm a-goin' down to my barge.'

"O, you are, are you!" says I. 'And what might the name of your barge be?'

"It's the *Mayflower*," says he, 'bust yer!'

"You regulate your tongue a bit better, young man," says I; 'and where d'you keep your barge?'

"'Look 'ere,' he says, 'my barge is at the Oil Mills, Bankside; and I don't want no more truck with you,' says he.

"Ah," says I, 'unfortunate there don't happen to be any Oil Mills at Bankside. I think we might as well take you along with us to the station. Come along, Mr. Dunk!'

"So we took him along, and we found that we'd been wanting him for robberies for years. He'd borrow somebody's boat—anybody's—and go on board a ship at anchor and get into conversation with the watchman. He'd say as his barge was lying handy and he was waitin' for the tide. Then presently, after getting friendly with the watchman, he'd be down the fore-hatch and through the cabins, and next mornin' the captain and mates would miss their things that were lying on the bunks when they went ashore. Three convictions were proved against him. Ten years he's got. He's done about six of 'em now."

The headquarters of the river police is at Wapping. You turn to it out of Ratcliffe Highway through a narrow

alley, and it is not far from Wapping Old Stairs. When "Wapping Old Stairs" inspired Percy's song the Wapping policemen might have dwelt in an atmosphere of romance and excitement, though according to tradition policemen were conspicuously wary of showing themselves in the neighbourhood; but nowadays Wapping Police Station is quite commonplace, with bills advertising drowned bodies outside its land entrance, and a neatly castellated exterior in yellow brick, facing the river front. Inside it is the ordinary clean-washed, chilly police station. There are bedrooms and a dining-room for the policemen, and a couple of cells for the accommodation of an elastic number of offenders. They are cheery cells; one of them is specially retained for women; both are painted yellow, and are provided with a wash-basin, towel, and a drinking cup. A pillow and a rug are furnished for the women, and the apartments are fitted with electric bells—a convenience of which the cell's unwilling guest sometimes endeavours to show his appreciation by pressing the button for half an hour on end. This affection for the electric bell is usually to be attributed to a desire to disturb the police officer on watch. As, however, the policeman

on watch is able to disconnect the electric bell, this amiable effort is by no means uniformly successful.

Of the two other stations of the police, the less familiar and the more imposing is that at East Greenwich. The quarters here are between the decks of the old *Royalist*, a brig which saw service years ago in China. She is a commodious, handy old ship, with snug, attractive quarters, and great oak



A WATER POLICEMAN

beams. If the beams of this old Greenwich pensioner could speak, they might, perhaps, be garrulous of strange experiences in the China seas; but romance about the brig has to be built on the slenderest foundation of fact, and the only really safe thing to say about it is that as a police station it finds a useful close to an honourable career.

The third station, and the best known one, is that which is tucked away by Waterloo Bridge. It is the smallest of the police stations; but in the mind of people who catch sight of it over the bridge or the Embankment it assumes an importance greater than either of the other two, because of the tragic import of the incidents which interrupt its daily business.

It is the Station of Suicides: and Waterloo Bridge where it is situated was years ago called the Bridge of Sighs, because of the number of people who tried to end their lives there. A body a week on the average is brought to the station; and the common episodes of its duties are "Bodies Found." The happier events in its routine are "Attempted Suicides." In a year there are some fifteen men and some five women who are brought to the station, having tried to drown themselves, having failed—again—and having been rescued.



THE "ROYALIST" POLICE STATION

The chief room at Waterloo is one fitted with a hot-water bath and hot-water tins, and provided with a medicine chest. A card of "Sylvester's Instructions for Restoring the Apparently Drowned" hangs upon the wall. In this room many a poor soul has been given the chance of reconsidering her

decision to cast off the weariness of living; and many, so it is said, have been grateful for the chance.

A few queer instances of suicides are preserved in the records of the station, or in the memory of the station's officers. One poor fellow who was far beyond the reach of "Sylvester's Methods" when he was brought in, had parted with the world with a joke—not a very good one; but the man who could make it might perhaps have been expected to jest a little longer living, even if



THE WORK OF RESCUE AT WATERLOO
"Now, then, look sharp, lads!"



A CAPTURE

he could not see with the author of *Hudibras* that

Life's a Jest and all things show it.

When his body was brought in a pair of dumb-bells were found in the coat pockets, and a piece of paper scrawled with :

"Dear Bob,—I am going to drown myself. You will find me somewhere near Somerset House. I can't part with my old friends, Bob, so I'm going to take them with me. Good-bye!"

The "old friends" were the weighty dumb-bells which drowned him; and there is a very obvious allegory in the name he bestows upon them. Many of the suicides show some amount of deliberation—pockets filled with stones, with lead, with iron—but never one, like poor Gerard Eliassoen in "The Cloister and the Hearth," with pockets filled with coppers. The suicides are too poor for that. One

woman was found with a summons in her pocket, which was put down as the cause of her resolve. Another was found with the hands tied together with a silk handkerchief—a love token afterwards identified. Perhaps the strangest case was that of Alice Blanche Oswald. Before committing suicide she had written letters to herself purporting to come from wealthy people in America, and setting forth a most heartrending history. Her death made a public sensation, and the story in her letters aroused a vast amount of sympathy. A monument to her memory was proposed, but before it could be erected it was discovered that the story in her letters was altogether untrue, and the life of the poor adventuress by no means of the kind which anyone would care to set down in an autobiography. But there is a good deal that is pitiful in this instance of human vanity strong in death.



"THE ALERT"

The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

VII.—THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT

CHAPTER I.

"**M**ONSIEUR, the proofs, the proofs are before you to witness if I lie. Ah, would that I could make use of them myself!"

"Which means that you dare not do so?" Felix Gryde asked.

The volatile little Frenchman opposite grinned uneasily. Jules Falbe was by no means a bad-looking man; he had a good address, a cultivated accent, and there, to a trained eye like Gryde's, the suggestion of *forçat* was unmistakable.

For the present Gryde occupied a handsome set of chambers in one of the most fashionable quarters of Lutetia, which, as everybody knows, is the capital of Gallic Federated States Republic. Business of a delicate nature had brought him there; something new and audacious was to be carried out, and Gryde was now engaged in placing the keystone on the tip of the edifice. A chance word, an obscure newspaper paragraph, had given him the germ of an idea for a magnificent fraud.

With his own marvellous intellect, his superhuman skill and patience, he had unravelled the threads. Months of time and thousands in money had been expended. Every card was in Gryde's hands at length.

In the Bois beneath the stream of gaiety and fashion flowed on. Not for a quarter of a century had Lutetia presented so brilliant a spectacle. For it was the year of the colossal Exhibition, the finest the world had ever seen, which was to be opened in a week or two by the President of the Republic. At a moderate estimate, over a million wealthy strangers were in Lutetia.

Gryde crossed from the window with a smile. From head to foot he was attired in faultless black; a riband of some order was in his button-hole. His sallow face and thick, dark moustache were in keeping with the rest. He might have been a soldier of fortune or of finance, a military attaché—anything of that kind. A good many people wondered who the Chevalier Lorraine was, and what he was doing here in Lutetia.

"Why don't you try President Granville yourself?" he asked.

"Because I dare not," Falbe snarled; "I have a past, Chevalier, which is not —"

"Not altogether unconnected with Toulon. Go on."

"And who has told the Chevalier that?"

"Never mind, you are a returned convict. It is many years ago, and since then you have never been in trouble. Who is any the wiser?"

Falbe dashed his fist passionately on the table.

"The police are," he hissed. "You forget the *dossier*. Ah! that accursed system; with its photographs and its measurements, and its infernal biography, there is no escape. And Granville is no better than myself."

"Most of us are guilty of indiscretions at some time or another," Gryde said soothingly. "The President, it seems from your proofs, is a kind of Gallic Prince Hal up-to-date. You say he ought to have suffered with you!"

"*Ma foi*, yes. That is five-and-twenty years ago. I was the catspaw and he

escaped. Then he got himself conveniently drowned under his proper name, and reappeared three years later under a new description. When I came to Lutetia a year ago and saw him, I was astounded. I recognised him at once. Then I contrived to let him know that I was aware, and he was not fearful. He could crush me. Guess why?"

"Because you did not serve out your sentence at Toulon, but escaped."

"You have guessed it. You are a marvellous man. I am liable, therefore, to serve the rest of my sentence if I am discovered. And I had not then the proofs which I have placed in your hands. And why you come to me and proclaim the fact that you have probed my history, I know not."

Gryde's face expressed the most engaging frankness.

"I will tell you," he said. "Accident gave me the clue. The rest is merely a game of financial chess. You have the board and the position, but you do not possess the requisite strength to play a cunning game—I *do*. You are a poor man in needy circumstances, you have an idea which might be put to practical results in America if you only had the money. Therefore I am going to give you fifty thousand francs for your papers, and you leave for America without delay."

Falbe shrugged his shoulders.

"I am entirely in your hands," he said.

"Of course you are," Gryde replied coolly. "I have taken uncommonly good care of that. And I offer you your own price. Here is your passage money, and you are to depart at once. You will cross over to England and proceed to Liverpool, taking passage from there by the *Lucania* to New York next Thursday. Before sailing you will send me a telegram. Once arrived in New York, you can go to the National Bank and present this letter of credit, and procure cash in exchange."

Jules Falbe departed, well satisfied with his transaction. For the next day or two Gryde had nothing to do but to sit down and await developments. Faithfully as promised, Falbe sent the tele-

gram. With a sigh of satisfaction, Gryde put on his hat and went out.

Gay and bustling with excitement as Lutetia was, evidently there was something more than usual in the air. During the last day or two the city had stirred to a new sensation. Something fresh and startling was coming; they knew not what.

A few hours before, and there had been no sign of this mysterious advent. Now every blank wall and hoarding teemed with the first breath of the mystery. Thousands of huge posters stared Lutetia in the face; posters so huge and so daringly original that they were the passing sensation of the hour.

These mammoth bills were circular in shape, a dead black on a white border. In the centre of the murky desert was a white, shapely hand pointing to the single word *Eros*. There was absolutely nothing more.

Try as they could, curious Lutetians could learn nothing further. Was it a new pill, a patent soap, something fresh in the way of a sauce? Not a soul had seen the bills posted, none knew from whence they had come.

Gryde smiled to himself as he passed poster after poster, each surrounded by a gaping crowd. He was on his way to the Place de l'Europe, which, as most people are aware, is close to the Bourse, and a quarter where the brokers and underwriters most do congregate. Here Gryde presently entered an office, and was shown in to the head of the firm.

"I am Chevalier Lorraine," Gryde said simply.

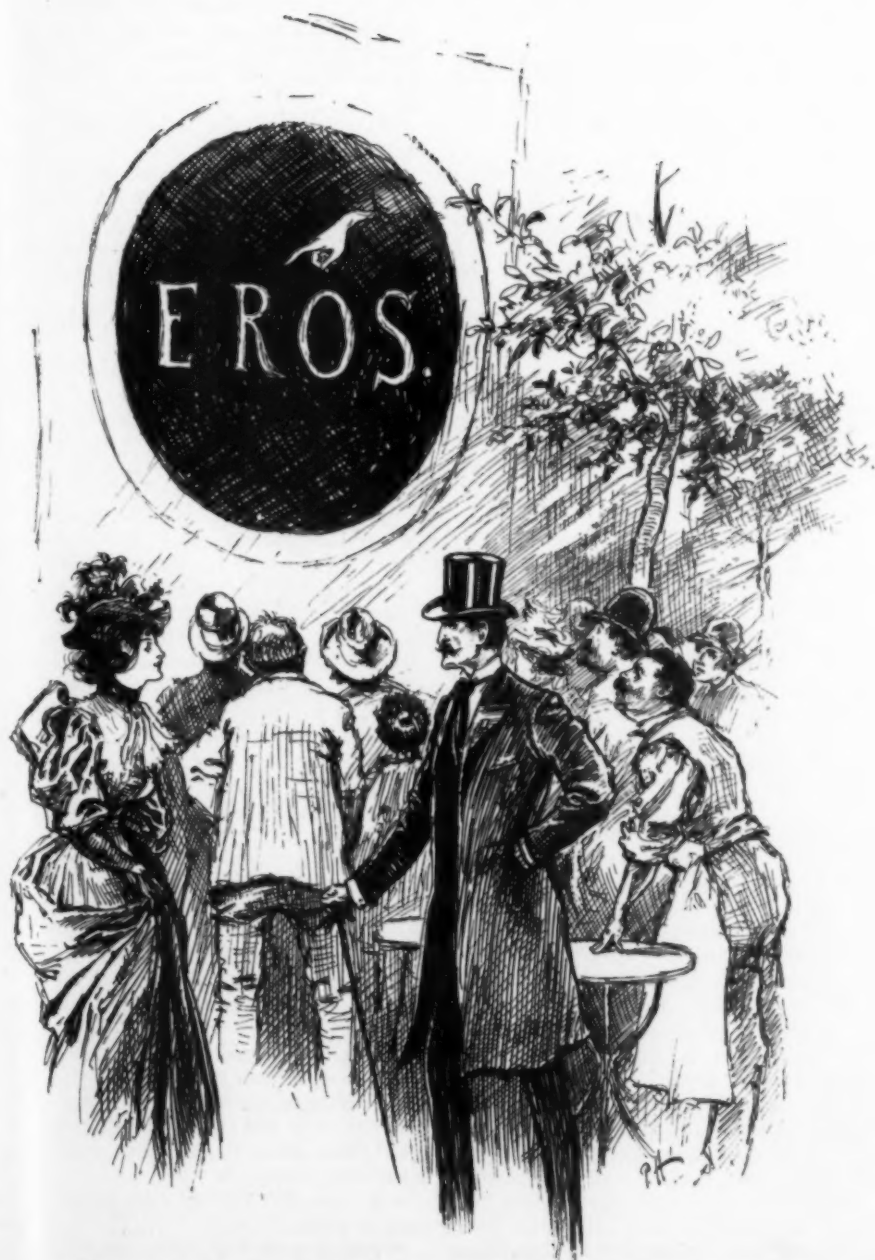
Monsieur Morence greeted his visitor cordially.

"O yes," he said, "I got your letter. As an underwriter, I am prepared to take up anything. You wish to insure something, I understand."

"I do," Gryde responded. "I am desirous of insuring the life of President Granville."

"Surely a most singular request."

"Not at all, M'sieur Morence. The head of the State has been frequently insured in England. Take the Diamond Jubilee, for instance. I have a great scheme on at present, what, if anything



"POSTER AFTER POSTER, EACH SURROUNDED BY A CROWD"

happened to the President, could ruin me. If you do not care to undertake the business, I can get it done in England."

"O, I will undertake it, of course. After all, it is legitimate trade. The premium in such cases is six per cent. In what amount would you——"

"Three million francs."

"The Chevalier must assuredly be joking!"

"The Chevalier is doing nothing of the kind," Gryde responded drily. "I understand in big risks like this you gentlemen insure one another."

"You are going to run an exhibition of your own," Morence suggested, smilingly.

"You have guessed it exactly," said Gryde. "Like most people, you have seen and shared in the excitement created by those *Eros* posters. Let me tell you that I am responsible for them, and that *Eros* will be the most extraordinary and unique entertainment ever seen. I should not wonder if it dwarfed the Exhibition entirely. Millions of people will witness that amazing spectacle. To prepare it has cost me a fortune. To-day I have taken the Imperial Theatre for three months. A fortune is in my grasp, but if anything happens to the President I am a ruined man. Lutetia would be a city of mourning for months, you understand."

Morence nodded thoughtfully. Gryde's position was perfectly logical.

"I will undertake the business," he said, "and if you will call later in the day the contract will be ready. It is, of course, a cash transaction."

"Naturally," Gryde said curtly, "and if misfortune comes my money must be paid on the nail. By the time I have given you a cheque for the premium I shall have barely enough to last till *Eros* bursts upon a startled world."

The man of money hastened to reassure Gryde on this point. Later in the day the big cheque was paid over and the policy taken up.

* * *

It was nearly midnight; the President had had a long trying day but he had

not yet retired, he being the only person up in the house. A cigarette half smoked had burnt out between his fingers; he pulled the long grey moustache as he restlessly paced the room. The usually placid features were given over to anxiety and care.

"Why doesn't the fellow come?" he muttered.

A few minutes later and an electric bell thrilled softly. Granville crossed the wide marble hall and flung open the door. The light streamed upon the scathe features and black muzzle of Chevalier Lorraine.

"I am late, your Excellency," said the latter.

"Devilish late," muttered the President. "Come in! come in!"

Gryde followed his distinguished host into the magnificent dining-room, taking care to close the door behind him. Without waiting for an invitation he flung himself down in a chair and faced the anxious statesman.

"You know why I am here?" he asked.

"It would be absurd to deny it," Granville said, huskily. "Reading between the lines of your letter it is easy to see that you are possessed of the one shameful secret of my life. With such proofs as you possess, a single card, and my social and political career is ended. There is one other man, but—pshaw!—he dare not speak. Your proofs, sir."

Gryde laid a packet of papers on the table.

"These are copies," he said. "For obvious reasons I have left the originals in a place of safety. Will you see that they are all as represented?"

For half an hour the President read on in silence. His lips quivered, a grey-ness like the hue of death lay upon his features.

"I yield," he said; "you have me in the hollow of your hand. Your price?"

"You quite mistake me," Gryde said, gravely. "I don't want any money at all. Does your Excellency mind my speaking plainly?"

"Not at all. You may be as explicit as you please."

"Thank you. In the first place I know a great deal more about you than

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you imagine. Beyond the secret of those papers I have proved others. Beyond your official salary your means are limited; and yet, never since the Empire, has the presidential state been kept up with such regal magnificence.

protest, because my proofs are absolute and conclusive."

"You are the devil," the President groaned.

"A poor devil," Gryde said, with sardonic pleasantry. "But let me hasten



"SUDDEN DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT!"

Trembling from day to day upon the verge of ruin, you have had resource to speculation. In your position, with the exclusive information at your command, you could hardly lose. You are on a great venture now, which, when it is ripe a few weeks hence, will mean millions of money to you. Do not

to assure you that I shall do you no harm whatever. My silence will have to be purchased, but not with money. I have great issues at stake, and it is for you to say whether or not they shall be carried out successfully. You can help me."

"At the loss of all I hold dear, I suppose?"

"At the loss of nothing whatever. There is absolutely no risk of any description. Into the bargain you will get eight days' holiday. That you are a man of wonderful courage and resolution the past has proved. Are you agreed?"

"Yes, yes. Only tell me all and end this awful suspense."

Gryde crossed over, and for ten minutes whispered rapidly in the President's ear. Amazement and incredulity struggled for mastery on the latter's face, and yet at the same time he seemed to be more than half convinced.

"Did anyone ever hear of anything so mad-brained outside the realm of farce," he cried, "and yet it seems to me that safety lies that way."

"The thing is absolutely safe," said Gryde. "You will guess that I shall profit by the comedy; indeed, I have worked it all out to a nicety. Afterwards I pledge my word to trouble you no more. As to the drug, I had the same direct from one of those wonderful old Indian fakirs. I did not take his word for it, but tried it on myself with perfect results."

"And for eight days——"

"The stuff did all that was claimed for it. Within four-and-twenty hours you will have ample time to carry out the line of action I have foreshadowed, you can leave behind you all the directions you desire, and when the psychological moment arrives, somebody will be there to give the alarm and call for assistance."

"Somebody you can rely upon, I sincerely trust?"

"Assuredly," Gryde responded drily, "seeing that I can trust myself."

The President rose to his feet. The old light of the battle sparkled in his eyes. He reached out for Gryde's hand and grasped it warmly.

"It shall be done," he said, "and the sooner the better. I will see that those papers are drawn up to-morrow, and at the same hour you shall come here with the——"

Gryde nodded. He perfectly understood. Then he rose to go. As he passed along the now deserted moonlit streets in the direction of his chambers he passed several of the now famous *Eros* posters. There was a peculiar smile on his face.

"Artistic," he muttered, "and represent a hundred thousand per cent. each. No picture-dealer ever made such a profit before."

Late the next night, when the door had once more closed upon Felix Gryde, the President of the Gallic Federated States retired slowly to his room. Once undressed, he took from a pocket a tiny phial, the cork of which he drew. Then he proceeded to make a hollow on the huge fire glowing in the grate. His knees knocked together, but his face was stern and resolute. Throwing back his head he poured the contents of the phial into his mouth, dropped the bottle into the heart of the ruddy core and beat the coals down. With a spring he leapt into bed, at the same time swallowing down the tasteless fluid. Immediately a cold shiver ran through every limb.

"Great God!" Granville cried, "I'm—I'm dying. That rascal has——"

His teeth snapped together like a pistol shot. A flash of lightning seemed to strike him between the eyes, and the rest was silence.

CHAPTER II.

LUTETIA woke the next morning to the glad consciousness of a perfect day. A great review was to be held in one of the parks; the President would be present, and Lutetia had made up her mind to make the day one of pleasure.

By eleven o'clock the cafés and restaurants along the principal boulevards

were crowded. Care and trouble had been beaten off for the present; gaiety sparkled from thousands of bright eyes.

Then, apparently as if by magic, everything changed.

An uneasy rumour ran through the crowd. Something fateful had happened. In some vague way the name of the

President had found vent from trembling lips. An army of newsboys came charging along, rending the air with raucous cries.

"Death of the President! Sudden death of the President! Full details."

A charge was made for the papers. In the struggle in front of the Café Globe Gryde got one. With less curiosity than the rest he perused it.

SUDDEN DEMISE OF PRESIDENT GRAN- VILLE.

THE PRESIDENT IS FOUND DEAD
IN HIS BED THIS MORNING.
HEART DISEASE THE CAUSE.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret and the most profound sorrow that we have to announce the appallingly sudden death of his Excellency the President. All we can glean up to the present is that when Maurice, his Excellency's valet, went to call his illustrious master this morning at seven, he was overwhelmed to find that the head of the Republic had passed away peacefully in his sleep.

Later details to hand point to the fact that signs of the end were not wanting. We hear that his Excellency has had one or two alarming fainting fits lately, followed by a coma very like death itself. Further particulars will be given in the next edition.

In the twinkling of an eye Lutetia had been plunged into mourning. By nightfall the better informed papers had obtained all information. They even made known extracts from the late ruler's will which had been found, signed only the previous day, in his bed-chamber. The President, it appeared, had a morbid horror of being buried alive. His instructions gave orders for a pierced coffin closed but not screwed down, and also that he should be buried in the vault purchased by him some time

before. It was a little singular, said the papers, that death should so speedily have followed upon the penning of the gruesome orders.

Gryde followed every line of these details carefully. On every side signs of



"A TYPICAL LUTETIAN RAG-PICKER"

grief and woe were to be seen. As a spectacle the funeral of President Granville was likely to become a record amongst pageants of the kind.

As might naturally have been expected, the tragic event practically ended, for the

time being at least, the Exhibition festivities. From a commercial point of view it meant ruin to many of the leading shopkeepers. Many establishments closed altogether, the theatres were deserted, and the Exhibition grounds presented the most dreary spectacle. As for the *Eros* excitement, it seemed to have passed from the public mind like a dream.

And yet Gryde did not appear to be in the least cast down. It suited him exactly that the thing should be forgotten. As a spectator he attended the funeral of the late President—perhaps the only one in the vast crowd who viewed the pomp and ceremony with feelings of equanimity.

On the morrow shops were opened again, and business of a kind resumed. But there were plenty of signs to denote the fact that the great Exhibition year was doomed to be a ghastly failure.

Gryde lost no time in waiting upon Morence. He found the latter gloomily drawing skeletons on his blotting-pad. Nothing was doing; the exchanges were deserted. The disaster amounted to a financial Sedan.

"I have been expecting you," Morence said, with a sigh.

"Naturally," Gryde responded drily. "I presume that on Saturday morning my little matter will be settled."

"O, yes; the terms of the policy will be faithfully carried out. I shall have to see one or two of my partners. As you are aware, nobody would take such a risk alone. You have hit a dozen or so of us heavily."

"The fortune of war," Gryde responded.

"O, I am not complaining. I suppose Lutetia is not likely to see anything of your wonderful show when you have this money."

Gryde puffed at his cigarette thoughtfully.

"Well, I am not so sure of that," he responded. "You people are exceedingly volatile, and you may shake this off in a few days. Anyway, I can afford to wait here a few weeks and see *now*. My entertainment is not going to be produced anywhere in anything but a gala season."

"I suppose you won't mind giving self and partners an order?"

Gryde duly responded to the sardonic humour, and departed. Punctual to the moment, he turned up on the Saturday and took his heavy cheque with the air of a man who habitually handles millions.

No sooner was the same received than it was paid into an account opened elsewhere in the name of Chevalier Lorraine, and thence depleted by cheques payable in various capitals of Europe. By the time the cheques were all manipulated, it would have been impossible to trace a tithe of the money. This being so, it might be assumed that Gryde had finished, and that this apparent stroke of luck would have sufficed for the present adventure.

But there were several things to be accomplished yet. Sunday dawned bright and fine, with some little sign of life in Lutetia and a semblance of subdued gaiety on the boulevards. Gryde saw nothing of this, for during the whole of the afternoon and far into the evening he was busy writing.

By this time night had fallen. The house was strangely quiet, as indeed it might have been, since Gryde had got rid of all the servants under one pretext or another. He threw his pen away with a feeling of satisfaction.

"And now," he said gaily, "now to put money into the purse of the world of journalism. Upon my word, the gentlemen of the press ought to be profoundly grateful to me. But out of all the sensations I have given them, I doubt if any one of them can come near to the drama about to be performed to-night."

Gryde proceeded to lock the door. Then he took from a safe the materials for a picturesque, if somewhat forbidding disguise. A little later there slipped out into the street a typical Lutetian rag-picker. Thus attired, Gryde took his way rapidly in the direction of the Maratan cemetery. Once there, he proceeded to make his stand by the vault covering the remains of President Granville. The grass was trampled down around, a pile of fading flowers graced

the granite. The iron grating had not yet been bricked up.

Nobody was in sight. Gryde bent down and listened intently. Then the rigid anxiety of his lips changed. A moment later and there rang out across the marbled silence a scream of horror and agony.

drop a flower, and I heard knocking. Listen!"

One braver than the rest was first to recover himself. Crowbars and picks were procured, and the vault forced open. After a little natural hesitation the lid of the coffin also was forced from its fastenings. As it fell away there was a



"A SINEWY, NERVOUS HAND TORE BANDAGES AWAY LIKE PAPER"

Footsteps came towards Gryde; out of the gloom loomed a keeper or two, and the stiff rigidity of a couple of *gens d'arme*. They gripped the mendicant rudely.

"Are you mad, fellow?" one of them demanded.

"No, no!" said Gryde, hoarsely, "there is someone in the vault. I came here to

whirl of something white and diaphanous, a sinewy, nervous hand tore bandages away like paper, and then, with a yell of horror, a ghostly figure darted up the steps.

"Frightened to death," Gryde muttered, "fearful lest I should forget him. And a few hours of that would try even me. But he'll be all right presently."

Alone Gryde left the corner of the dead. To discard his disguise that fitted him like a skin over the rest of his garments was easy. From a distant street came a roar and a yell that baffled description. In the midst of a dense throng, a figure in uniform, a General of Division and member of the Cabinet, had grappled with a lunatic who seemed to have escaped from the tomb. The meeting was purely a chance one. Then, as they panted for breath, their eyes met.

General Perry gave a scream: agony, fear, rung in the notes.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "am I mad, or dreaming? It is the President."

The words were taken up on every side. Granville fell into the arms of his colleague.

"Get me away from here and into the light," he said; "let me have light for the love of God, and save my reason. I have been buried alive. I would not go through the last few hours for Paradise itself."

* * * *

Whatever was the meaning of the mystery, President Granville told nobody. Of that strange sleeping potion

producing the coma of death he said nothing. For a whole week the drama rang from one side of the spheres to the other. And yet, strange to say, the *doux ex machina*, the ragpicker, was not to be found. Neither was Chevalier Lorraine, and to this day Lutetia knows not *Eros*.

Morence alone was puzzled. That astute financier had never been so bewildered in his life. It was Lorraine's bounden duty to refund that money, and no legal steps were spared to bring him to justice. But the police have not found him yet, nor are they likely to do so. That he had been made the victim of some marvellous swindle Morence felt certain. And yet to explain it.

"Three million francs," he moaned when the truth dawned upon him. "That rascal must have known something. And yet, to carry it out so successfully the President would have had to have been party to the conspiracy—which, when one comes to think of it, is ridiculous."

And, meanwhile, Felix Gryde was still in Lutetia, and on two occasions heard the puzzled financier relate his grievous transaction across the walnuts and the wine.



Cold

Winds

WRITTEN BY
EDWARD F. STRANGE



O, I said to my lass—Dear, my heart
is full of smiles for you,
And the best thing in the world to
see is when your grey eyes dance—
If you'll only bid me stay,
Why, I'll never go away,
Not for all the golden guineas that's
in England and in France.

Chorus:

But 'tis cold winds, cold winds a-
blowing,
Cold winds a-blowing from the shore
to the sea—
And, O, I'm sad and weary
All a-waiting for my deary—
A-waiting till my lass loves me!

Then I said to my lass—Dear, I've
brought a bonny silken gown
All the way from China home, across
the Indian seas.
And I wish 'twas for a bride,
And that I was by your side,
With the wedding bells a-ringing out
upon the summer breeze.

Chorus:

Yet 'tis cold winds, cold winds a-
blowing,
Cold winds a-blowing from the shore
to the sea—
And, O, I'm sad and weary
All a-waiting for my deary—
A-waiting till my lass loves me!

So said I to my lass—Dear, I'm no-
thing but a sailor-man
That's knocked about the sea in ships
for years before the mast—
And it may be that it's true,
I'm not good enough for you—
Still, here's a hand to help you all
your life until the last.

Chorus:

Still it's cold winds, cold winds a-
blowing,
Cold winds a-blowing from the shore
to the sea—
And, O, I'm sad and weary
All a-waiting for my deary—
A-waiting till my love loves me!

CHILD

MÔDELS.



WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE LUDGATE" BY LALLIE GARET CHARLES

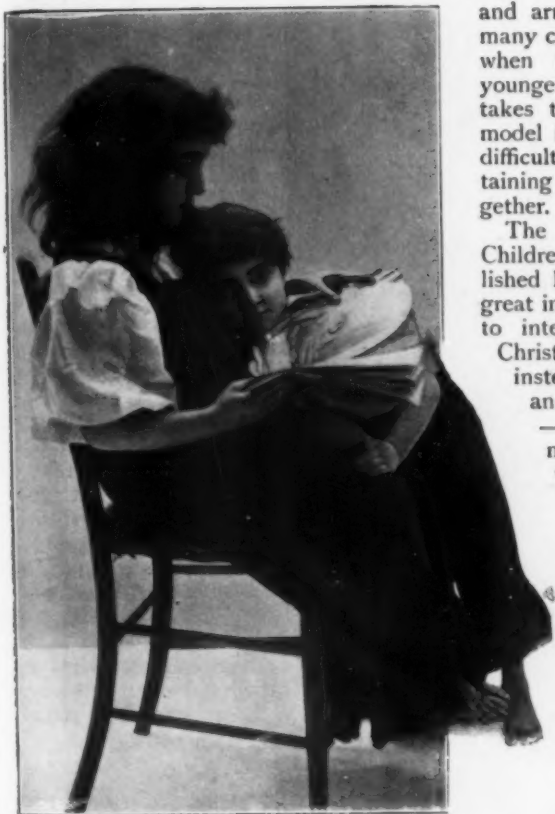
THE artists' colony of the Quartier Latin, with its inconsequent life of the studios, has come to be regarded as an Eldorado of story-writers in search of a subject. Its

ality of English people are consequently much better acquainted with the artist-life of Paris than they are with that of their own capital. The palatial studios of the more famous of our painters are familiar to all readers of periodical literature, but of the dwellers in the innumerable studios with which St.



students, its models, its loves, its tragedies and its comedies have fascinated more than one able pen, and the gener-

John's Wood, Kensington and Chelsea are honeycombed, they are for the most part ignorant.



But if the life of the London artist lacks that peculiar charm which attaches to the period of Parisian training, it is no less interesting to his lay brethren, since his environment lacks the conventionality which is the keynote of ordinary existence, and a Du Maurier could find ample material in the suburbs most affected by painters for another "Trilby."

Models are essential to the work of all artists, and in London there is a large class of men and women who earn their living solely by posing in studios. They are of all descriptions, old, young and middle-aged—some whose faces are their only recommendation, some whose figures are better than their faces, and some, again, to whom a single physical perfection—such as a fine bust or torso, or good neck

and arms—brings a livelihood. In many cases these models begin to sit when they are children, and the younger the age at which a child takes to this occupation the better model it becomes, since it learns the difficult art of keeping still and maintaining any pose for long periods together.

The articles in the "Cry of the Children" series which we have published lately have been received with great interest; but it has seemed well to interrupt that series now that Christmas is upon us, and to give, instead of the article held over, an account of some children who—as our illustrations surely demonstrate—are happy in the work that makes a living.



These child-models are chiefly girls, and many are either the daughters or sisters of old models, whose knowledge of the studios is instrumental in obtain-



when out of work, should make a periodical round of visits to the studios. An elder girl will take a small sister, or a mother will take a child who is too young to be trusted in the streets alone, and sometimes the children will go

about in batches of two or three visiting a large number of studios, perhaps without any success for their whole day's tramping, and always with the same question: "Do you want a model to-day?" If the artist does not paint children they are summarily dismissed, but should a child be pretty or in any way answer the require-

ments of a work on hand or in prospective, she may be given a sitting on the spot, or her name and address is taken and an appointment made at the painter's convenience. Very often the appearance of a child will suggest a subject to an artist, and sometimes a particular hat or article of dress will

lead him to engage her. A pretty child is practically certain of con-

ing sittings for them. They are of all ages, varying from the child of two to the girl of fifteen and, as a rule, are happy little souls, who prattle gaily to their employers when their first shyness has worn off. Some take an intelligent pride in the progress of the picture for which they are sitting, speedily learning to appreciate any good fortune that falls in their way in the shape of being engaged by a prominent artist. Such an engagement at once bespeaks their superiority over other child-models, and the price for their services is naturally raised by their mothers or sisters. Nearly every artist has a list of models, but it is a recognised custom that these professional sitters,



tinuous work, and some of the most popular child-models have been noticed by artists in the streets and allowed to sit by parents to whom such an occupation had never suggested itself. But as a rule this professional sitting runs in families, and when one child has had a success, one by one the others are taken to the studios, and occasionally as many as five and six small folk are adding to the incomes of their parents by more or less continuous sitting.

When once the trick of posing is learnt the work is of the lightest, and children quickly grow to like it for its own sake. The length of these sittings varies from an hour to a day,

but as a rule no child-model sits for more than half an hour at a stretch, and even for shorter periods

if the position is at all strained, without a few minutes' rest. Models have

their fixed charges per hour, but with children it is generally a matter of arrangement, although a shilling an hour may be taken as the average amount they earn, with a reduction for the day or a long series of sittings. When a mother or elder sister brings the child and remains in the studio during the posing this is the sum paid, and nine artists out of ten give the full amount when they require a child-model to pose for



the nude. Some mothers object to their children sitting "mid nodings on," but when the child is intended to become a professional model they wisely see that the earlier she begins to lose her self-consciousness, the better model she is likely to become.

A beginner does not, of course, receive the same rate of payment as a more experienced child, since the artist has

reward. Some children are unmanageable, and fall into little tricks of movement and restlessness which they never lose, and consequently unless they are more than ordinarily pretty there is no demand for their services. Others, however, and these form the larger majority, in time are able to sit almost immovable without fatigue. To expect little ones of two or three years old to sit still



practically to instruct her, and the first sittings are neither happy for the painter nor for the child, whose limbs, unaccustomed to restraint, speedily become stiff and cramped. The younger the child the more difficult it is to persuade it to keep any semblance of stillness, but a little model of average intelligence quickly learns what is required of her, and an exercise of patience on the part of the artist generally has its ultimate

would be to expect the impossible, and artists, as a rule, let them amuse themselves how they will, the absolute naturalness of the positions into which they fall as they crawl about the floor or toddle from one chair to another being generally the reason for which they are engaged.

Winter and early spring are the most profitable seasons for child-models, many artists leaving town soon after the

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been working all the summer through in the country frequently return to town in the autumn with a series of sketches in which child figures are needed for their completion. Country children do not make satisfactory models, being described by one well-known painter of child-life as "stupid, inattentive, and incapable of going into poses," and as a consequence the little London models reap the benefit when the artist returns to his studio.

An easier or a more pleasant way for a child to earn money could not be desired, and quite apart from the monetary view of the question—which is generally most important so far as the parents are concerned—this posing has a good effect upon the children, as it teaches them to be clean and tidy. A dirty or unkempt child has little

exhibitions open to paint in the country during the summer. During August and September they have practically nothing to do, but so soon as the artists begin to return then the little sitters are busy, the better ones generally being certain of at least two whole days' work a week, given here and there in hours or by the day. Nothing is more irregular than the artist's profession, and models suffer as much as the painters from the prevailing uncertainty; therefore it is quite impossible to say what are the average hours a week during which the children sit, as they depend so entirely upon circumstances. Men who have



chance of obtaining employment, and as soon as the little models understand that their work and earnings depend entirely upon their appearance, they begin to take a pride in being as well dressed and neat as they possibly can.

Some painters have child-models whom they employ exclusively, and, as in the case of the late Sir John Millais, if the pictures for which these little ones sit become popular, the face of a little

to the picture to the end of her model days. Occasionally an older girl will airily announce that she has sat to a noted Academician who has never painted a child in his life; but as they consider that their value to a picture is enhanced if they rattle off a string of better-known artists as having employed them, these statements are generally accepted with necessary reservations. Lists of child-models are kept at the



humble girl is spread broadcast over the country in reproductive prints of every kind. These small models take a proprietary pride in the success of the pictures for which they sit, and when seeking new work will say: "I am so-and-so," or, "I sat for the head in such-and-such a picture," with a view to highly recommending themselves. One little girl of ten who sat for a picture which was bought by a large soap-making firm, advertised the fact so widely and with such emphasis that she will be called by the name given

Royal Academy schools and by several of the larger colour-shops, so that artists are not entirely dependent upon the continuous stream of callers at their studio doors, some of whom are *anathema maranatha* through their borrowing propensities or because they cannot be relied upon to keep appointments, and these lists practically carry with them a strong recommendation. An artist in search of a model will perhaps see more than a hundred children before he finds exactly what he wants, and often has to make use of several, taking the head from one,

a feature from another, arms here, figure there, to produce the effect he desires. It is a happy life that the child-model leads, and it would be difficult to find a healthier or cleaner-looking set of small people than those who every year figure upon canvases in every picture exhibition from the Academy downwards. After considering the woes of the child-worker in the East, it is pleasant to turn for awhile to these other children who make their bread by labour which is a distinct pleasure to them. Our illustrations, in which artists will recognise some of the best of the child-models of London, should serve to prove that they find their work a delight. Next month, unhappily, it will be necessary to return to those others whose work is a shameful

enslavement, which renders the present a time of misery and robs the future of all hope. It would be pleasant were one able to think that the facts already disclosed in previous numbers, and widely commented on in the press, had borne some fruit of action. You have read a tale of happy children, and looked on the pictures of happy faces. The child-slaves of the East End can never charm you with their beauty, but they are just as capable as others of a temporary happiness. To confer that should be a privilege eagerly coveted, and it is one that the individual may compass, though, of course, the state of affairs that makes their joys so brief-lived and so precarious can only be altered by the resolute action of society as a body.



"ABANDONED"

From the picture by Deschamps in the Luxembourg



STUFF — AND NONSENSE

BY
CLARENCE
ROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIME

ARE you armigerous? Or are you, while thinking yourself armigerous and acting as such, only bourgeois? If you are in the latter case you should be feeling a little uneasy. For a rude man, who signs himself "X" in the *Saturday Review*, has been poking his pen into your claims and pricking mercilessly the bubble of your pretension. Moreover, in the preliminary announcement of a new edition of *Armorial Families*, I read that discrimination is to be practised between good arms and bad. A good many people, it appears, have either annexed escutcheons to which they have no more right than I have to Windsor Castle, or else they have invented escutcheons for themselves. In the latter case, being unskilled in armorial lore, mere children in arms, so to speak, they have perpetrated heraldic absurdity. Though it must be very difficult to be really absurd in heraldry. The skilled herald cuts the ground from under your feet. However, the "bad arms" are to be severely discriminated by *Armorial Families*, and skewered upon the pungent pen of "X."

I am sorry—genuinely sorry—that "X" has thought it necessary to thrust his pen into the weak points of the parvenu's armour before time has rendered it impervious to his attacks. The

assumption of a coat of arms marks a turning-point in the life of the dishonest and successful business man. The City man who is rearing his fortune on the spoliation of widows' houses and fattening on the blood of the working man—which is a way they have in the City—does not bother about an escutcheon. It would be inconvenient. But there comes a time when the hollowness of fraud is borne in upon him. He longs for a nobler, purer life. So he determines to have no more to do with working men's blood or widows' houses, sells all that he has, invests the proceeds in some respect-



able security, and retires to commune with Nature in a desirable family mansion, with forty acres of park, in the country. It is then that he sits down

and devises his escutcheon; with no great heraldic knowledge, perhaps, but with the object of making a pretty picture. Yet it is in no spirit of levity



that he devises it. He is rather expressing the desire to have a good solid body of tradition behind him to support him in his new life, and tradition is a very sure foothold for conduct. When the dishonest financier, the swindling grocer, or the successful jerry-builder takes a coat of arms, he is, as it were, taking the pledge. Henceforth he means to be a gentleman. *Noblesse oblige* is his motto. And, for my own part, I am very glad.

But he is a snob? Well, of course he is, and that is so much to his credit. Thackeray has a great deal to answer for in that he made people ashamed of being snobs. The snob is really only the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* in the making. He is not a gentleman, so much is of his essence; but he is next door to one. He loves the highest when he sees it, and he shows his love by that sincerest form of flattery, imitation, and assumes the escutcheons of the highest. If we are not great writers ourselves, our second best course is to admire and strive to imitate the writers who are great, and the process itself may bring us within sight of our ideal. Similarly, the man who is obviously not a gentleman should not be discouraged when he shows signs of wanting to become one. He might want to be many worse things. You should be glad when you see a fat swindler

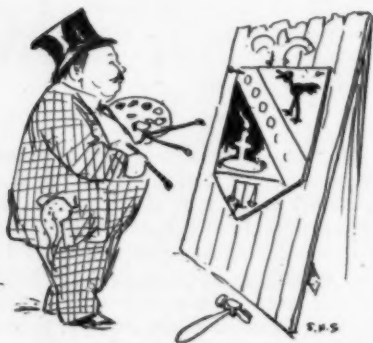
groping his way darkly towards nobility, for when the wicked begin to flourish like the green bay-tree, they can afford to be honest. And the man who, after a half-century of meanness and fraud, will pay an appreciable sum to the revenue in proof of his desire to be a real gentleman, should not be frowned down. He shall pay his money and take his choice of arms.

In fact, the writers on this question of the bearing of arms entirely miss the point. I have proved, I trust to your satisfaction, that the bearing of false arms is by no means to be deprecated. I am also willing to maintain that the bearing of real arms is a public nuisance, and should be punished accordingly. Scarcely a week passes but we hear of some ruffian who walks into a gunsmith's shop and buys a revolver, wherewith he presently blows out such brains as his fellow-



ruffian possesses. Moreover, being unskilled in revolver practice, he not unfrequently hits the wrong man, and you or I may at any time assume the position

—the recumbent position—of the wrong man. Now I would suggest—and you will find more stuff than nonsense in the suggestion—that the respectable alder-



man or the peaceable knight should be allowed to bear his false arms without payment, while the potential burglar or footpad should not be permitted to bear real arms without contributing a certain sum—it might be even a prohibitive sum—to the revenue. I put it to "X."

A friend of mine who prowls among bookshops has just told me that in a shop in the Strand he counted twelve new books, published this autumn, which purport to teach you various methods of character-reading and fortune-telling. You may read character in the palms, in the faces, in the cranial bumps, and in the handwriting of your friends. And if you want particulars of the future you are taught to tell your fortune by the stars, by the cards, by your moles, and even by your dreams. It is not quite clear why people should be allowed to make guineas by putting into print what a gipsy woman is punished for practising at a shilling. The reason, I suspect, is that people who can afford to buy dream books and manuals of astrology are supposed not to be deceived. Science has driven out superstition, and no one seriously sets himself to regulate his life by the advice of the fortune-teller. This may be so. In that case, why do character-readers

and fortune-tellers flourish so exceedingly?

The reason lies, I fancy, a little deeper below the surface. It lies in a certain dramatic instinct which we all have in greater or less degree, a desire to contemplate ourselves as playing a striking rôle in life. We are most of us quite ordinary, "terrible ornery," as they say in Kent. Nature is very economical of moulds, and turns out the majority of mankind machine-made to pattern. Most of us have no particular character, and no prospect of a distinguished career; and the reflection is an annoying one. We know that we must stay in the back row of the chorus when we would much rather be standing in the middle of the stage by the footlights. And this is where the phrenologist, the palmist, and the fortune-teller come in. If we have no character to speak of, they make one for us; if our career seems bounded by a city counting-house on the one side and lodgings at Brixton on the other,



that is nothing to them. They supply careers while you wait.

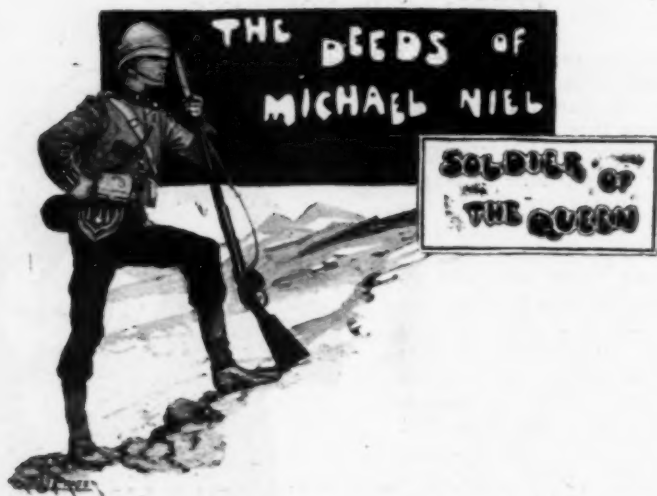
It is not necessary to assume that you really believe what they say. There are

many halting-places between belief and unbelief. When the phrenologist, waving his hands above your head, tells you that you show great organising capacity, and, in fact, bear a close resemblance to Napoleon I., you do not go off at once to the War Office and demand an army corps to play with. You go back to your office and add up figures. But you are a little happier than you were, for after all you may not be so ordinary as you seem. When a pretty girl strokes your hand, says she reads imagination in your palm, and hints that the world lost a poet when you took up the wholesale meat trade, you do not forthwith buy foolscap, take out a poetical licence and determine to live by your verses. But you are comforted; even if you do not believe in yourself, or in her, it is delightful to think that there is one person in the world who pretends to believe in you. Your self-respect is increased. And this is the true function, the real usefulness of the fortune-teller, the palmist and the phrenologist. You do not believe the cheiromance of the palmist, but you believe that she believes in you. Nearly every sensible man, by the time he reaches forty, is in danger of concluding—quite rightly—that he is merely a very "ornery cuss." And with the loss of belief in himself a man loses



the final working belief of an incredulous century. Here then is the antidote. Study astrology, encourage the palmist, listen to the reader of bumps and the enumerator of moles; or you are preparing for yourself a sad old age. That is, if you *are* a very ordinary man.





WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

II.—THE HYTHE TRAGEDY

MICHAEL had been with us over a year, and having completed his drills, had succeeded Hopkins as my servant, when the Adjutant suggested to me that I should go for the Hythe certificate.

"C company hardly know their rifles from their bayonets," said Earle, "and Trafford's too lazy to do any good. You'll never make a shot, but you've a clear head, and you'll soon pick up the theory of the thing. Besides, you're patient with the men, and they can follow your explanations better than the other fellows. Apply to be attached next spring. Sit down and write now."

At that time I still believed that alacrity and attention to one's duties were things pleasing to Pall Mall, and tending to improve one's chances in the long run for promotion; so I took the Adjutant's advice, and applied.

After a correspondence, lasting until the course was already some days gone, the requisite permission was given, and, taking Michael with me, I quitted Chatham—whither we had come from Ireland—to arrive at Hythe in the early morning of a squally February day. A

'bus, under guidance of a driver attired like the master of a Dundee whaler, jolted us down the hill to the School of Musketry square where subaltern's quarters had been allotted me. Hurriedly unpacking my kit, I donned it, and succeeding in reporting myself before the fated hour of ten, was set to work at once.

The weather was too bad for work out of doors, so we had only verbal instruction that day: most that was said I had already learned from our regimental instruction. The lecture began and ended in dulness, and I returned to my quarters no wiser than I had left them.

At night when I strolled into the ante-room before mess I nodded to a man who had borrowed a pencil from me during morning class; he stared back at me without recognition. I am always easily disconcerted, and I reddened at the slight put upon me, as I buried my head in some weekly paper. Many men who had rubbed shoulders with me in the forenoon, some pleasant looking fellows enough, passed near my corner, but I was too nervous to look at



"MASHAM CAUGHT UP A
CHESS-BOARD"

them. A cheery little subaltern of militia sat next me at mess, and it came as a revelation of all that is beautiful in social existence when he said to me:

"Didn't see you bicyclin' to-day. Do you never bicycle?"

I told him I never did, but that I should do so if he would teach me; an effusion with which I astonished myself, although he accepted it quite as a matter of course.

"All right," he said, "let's say half-past three to-morrow, back of the East Parade; I'll bring my machine, and if that doesn't suit you we'll look for one in the town."

We talked on, and he told me the names of the seventy-five men up for the course, now and then showing me the owners.

"Field officer for the day, chap with

bald head, is Murphy, of the 18th; the subaltern is Vesey, of the R.A., doing duty for Campion, of the Grenadiers."

"That's a Guard kit there, isn't it?" said I, indicating by a side glance the uniform of the gentleman who had so upset my equanimity.

"Yes, Bandon Masham, of the Oranges. You know—son of Garryhestie, the Irish peer who makes arctic voyages because people refuse to play cards with him. Awful person; he's in my firing squad, which will probably be yours, as I think we're the smallest. D'ye see another man at the cross table down below—a tall, sunburnt man—quite alone, much older looking than the others? Queer card, 's name's Behnke: comes from New South Wales. They say he was with the contingent in the Soudan, and did something very fine—but I don't

know what. Here he doesn't count for much, the fellows are always trying to get at him, particularly Masham's lot. I called him Australian Banks once in fun, and he was very angry until I told him I was on 'Change myself when at home, when he gave me a drink and said it didn't matter. I think his fault is he has no sense of humour, don't you know, and he's never bicycled once since he came, nearly a week ago. He's in our squad, too, and Masham and he are always squabbling. Raynham, the Captain-Instructor, caught them at it yesterday, and threatened to report to old Yoho if it happened again."

"Old Yoho" I had already learned to be the sobriquet bestowed on Major Yeovil, the Chief-Instructor, by the first generation of young ideas which he had taught how to shoot.

My new acquaintance explained to me the lack of fellowship among the men.

"Tisn't like a regimental mess, you see, where—unless a chap is a madman, a Methodist, or an out-and-outer—it's a point of honour to be civil to him. Here it's all 'I'm his Highness's dog, and who the blazes are you?'—so to speak. The Households look down on the cavalry, the cavalry on the line, the line on the gunners, the gunners on the sappers, the sappers on us fellows of the militia. But, bless you, we laugh up our sleeves at them all as snobs. As I reminded myself the other night, when Masham there puffed his cigar smoke into my claret, my grandfather, who was with William Havelock at Ramnugger, used to say: 'When purchase went out bad manners came in.' And you see the proof of it here, where every man thinks he may do as he likes."

The port and madeira had gone round three times, and the mess was emptying, ere Wilkinson, as my acquaintance was named, suggested a move to the ante-room.

As we passed into the corridor I noticed a little group of officers loitering near the lavatory door; among them I recognised Masham and Behnke standing almost face to face.

"We make men in New South Wales," said the Australian.

"Send us one sometime," answered Masham glibly.

"You might be sorry if I did."

"I'faith! How so?"

"He'd have less patience with your impertinence than I."

Masham's mouth twitched furiously as the Australian turned away, but no retort came. Behnke followed Wilkinson and myself into the ante-room. He gave Wilkinson a hand, and the latter introduced us. Wilkinson proposed whist, Behnke acquiesced, and dummy fell to my lot on the cut in. While I dealt Wilkinson ordered whiskies for himself and me. Behnke would not drink, saying brandy excited him, and he cared for nothing else.

He played whist badly, paying little attention to the game; and Wilkinson was no better, talking all the time. At the second round I scored a double. As I turned up the markers I noticed for the first time that Masham had entered the room and was standing close to our table, watching the game while he smoked. By imperceptible degrees he edged up to my elbow, and suddenly Behnke, who was on my right, dropped the cards he was dealing and struck him across the face with his open hand. I then saw that the Guardsman had brushed his cigar ash into my whisky.

Masham caught up a chess-board from a neighbouring table and flung it at Behnke; but it flew over his head and broke the glass of a photograph on the wall. Wilkinson and I threw ourselves between the two men, and Vesey, who was a broad-shouldered young fellow, caught Masham from behind and hustled him out at the door before the other occupants of the room had grasped what had happened.

"Don't give him away," said Vesey to Behnke, hurrying back in a few minutes. "He's tight to-night; apologise in the morning. Chichester's promised to look after him."

"Birds of a feather, he and Chichester," growled the Australian. "But you needn't fear I'll worry about him long as he don't come in my way."

This incident eliminated what litt'e

interest I had felt in the rubber and I was glad when, after another hand, it came to an end. Shortly after we left the mess-house, Wilkinson and Behnke living out of barracks and having some distance to go.

Entering my quarters I found Michael polishing the Martini served out to me in the morning. He tried to keep his face in the shadow, but I saw that he had an ugly bruise on his lower lip.

"What's that?" I asked, sternly, for I thought it a bad beginning.

"Nothing, sir; only a weeshy lick of a belt."

"You've been fighting?"

"No, sir; it was the chap with the belt fought, sir."

"Did a man make an unprovoked assault on you?"

"No, sir; but a Guard private found he was weaker than me and didn't like to give in to a linesman."

"A Guard private! What regiment?"

"I don't rightly know, sir. He had a thing like a grenade on his collar, but the facings were yellow."

"The Oranges," I said to myself; "and Masham's servant sure as fate. What were you doing when the assault took place?" I asked.

"Nothing, sir," said Michael, innocently. "I was takin' a stroll by the canal."

"What was he doing, then?"

"Talking unmannerly to a young girl."

"And you interfered?"

"No, sir, I did not. I only said I'd break his head if I heard another word out of him."

"Humph! and did he then hit you with his belt?"

"No, sir, he rapped me over the cap with his cane."

"And you?"



"I TOOK HIM BY THE COLLAR AND DROPPED HIM DOWN THE CANAL."

"I knocked him down with a smack in the face."

"And then the belt?"

"Then the belt, sir."

"And what did you do when he hit you with the belt?"

"I took him by the collar and dropped him down the canal bank till his feet just

touched the water, and then I told him how we taught men manners in Muskerry."

"The girl made off while you were doing that, I suppose?"

"No, sir, she came and pulled my hair. But she was a feeble, poor creature, and I hardly felt it, I was that angry with the villain."

"What happened eventually?"

"When I thought I had made my point clear to the man I let him go."

"For which he thanked you, I suppose?"

"Maybe he did in his heart, sir," said Michael, with a broad smile, and made ready to take his departure.

A thought struck me. "Wasn't your landlord's name Garryhestie?"

The smile went out of Michael's eyes. "It was, sir," he said heavily.

"Did you know anything of his sons?"

"There was only one, sir, Mr. Bandon Masham. I know bad of him."

I was on the point of questioning him further when the reflection that I was behaving in a manner prejudicial to military discipline made me change the words to a sharp good-night.

"Is it 'Like master like man?'" I asked myself drowsily as I tugged off my dress boots. I was soon to know that it was.

Masham did not turn up next morning. "Knew he'd have a head," said Vesey charitably, but Wilkinson had already published his history of the fracas, and rage was put down as a more acceptable hypothesis.

In the afternoon I fulfilled my promise to Wilkinson and allowed myself to be taught bicycling. The fear of behaving ridiculously in public made me over-nervous, but Wilkinson reported progress at the end of the lesson. He predicted that in a week's time I should know all about it, which statement I demurred at but believed.

Masham paraded the following morning when we assembled on the ranges for target practice. He was the best shot in our squad, and it lessened my dislike of the fellow when I saw him handle his rifle. But the malicious pleasure on his face when Behnke, who had praised his shooting freely, by some blunder with his sights whizzed his first bullet far over the target, recalled the feeling of antipathy.

As we trudged off the range I said jokingly to the Australian: "You'd have a poor chance near the butts when Masham's potting at them."

"I should have none," answered Behnke grimly, and seeing that he believed what he said filled me with a vague premonition of evil.

I found Michael in my room. He was visibly agitated, and said while my door was yet open: "He's here, sir; he's here!"

"Who's here?" I asked.

"Bandon Masham. Mr. Masham, sir. Cromwell Masham, as Father Lynch called him."

Already uneasy, I was taken aback by the lad's vehemence. "Well, well; if Mr. Masham is here, what of that? What's that to you?"

"He blinded my sister."

"What did he do?" I asked, unable to grasp what I heard.

"He blinded her, sir, with the charge of his fowling-piece."

"O, come," I said. "An accident, a terrible deplorable accident, but—" Words would not help me: I felt dread entering my heart.

Michael shook his head. "I wouldn't lie to you, sir. Mr. Bandon Masham shot away my only sister's sight. He said it was an accident; she said so too. But now she's dead and her honour safe with God, I say it was no accident. I say that Masham lied; that—"

"No more!" I said, "no more!" and Michael, knowing why I stopped him, recovered his self-possession and was still.

I was still dazed from the shock of what I had heard when I joined Wilkinson for another bicycle lesson. The thing was ever rising to my lips, but I dared not mention it for fear of saying too much. I only remarked that Behnke should be on his guard against Masham, and Wilkinson expressed himself of the same opinion.

A big soldier passed us on the road accompanied by a pretty but slatternly young girl.

"Talk of the devil," said Wilkinson; "that's Masham's servant. Isn't he a bruiser? His master has taught him to scowl at everybody when he salutes."

The next two days passed without incident, but as we returned from bicycling on the third we met Vesey on the front. "Have you heard the news?" he said, and told us breathlessly that Masham had ridden his pony at Behnke on the canal bridge, and that the Australian had plucked him from the saddle and thrashed him with his own horse-whip.

"That finishes Master Masham," ventured Wilkinson; but to everyone's



"LYING STONE DEAD ON HIS FACE"

astonishment the Guardsman turned up smiling at the next parade.

"Never seen Masham so jaunty before," said Vesey. "Wonder what it means."

The first instruction that morning was in the firing exercise, and having been served out with dummy cartridges we fell into our accustomed groups on the parade ground. There were nine men in my squad: No. 1 was a sapper, then came Wilkinson, next him a man called Dundas, of the Highland Light Infantry, with Chichester on his left; then

Masham, Behnke, a Captain Bridgeman of the Rifle Brigade, the adjutant of a Volunteer corps, and myself. Each number in turn was told off to put the section through the exercise. The sapper was over-conscientious and tedious, but Wilkinson, Dundas and Chichester bundled through the movements anyhow, the latter buffooning all the while and quizzing the sergeant-instructor. Masham, on the other hand, was as decorous as could be imagined; to Behnke particularly he was the pink of politeness. At the end of his turn I

laid down my rifle while I laced my boot, and he took it up and held it for me, saying that the wet grass would rust it. No one saw him take the rifle, as the rank was broken for a moment's interval and the men were chatting together.

When we re-formed it was Behnke's turn to take command. Still marvelling at the change which had come over Masham's behaviour, I missed the first words of command, and did not notice what was going on until I heard Behnke tell the Guardsman to snap at his eye. Remembering what he had said the other day, my heart gave a little throb, but Behnke did not wince, and Masham's hammer clicked harmlessly to.

Major Yeovil's voice fell raspingly upon my ear. "What's No. 9 here supposed to be doing—is he asleep?"

"No, sir," the Australian said, trying to screen me. "A little unsteady last time, perhaps," and he added briskly: "Snap at my eye, No. 9."

As I pressed the trigger there was a light in my eyes and a noise in my ears, a puff of smoke leapt from my muzzle, and clearing showed me Behnke, not a yard away, lying stone dead on his face, his blood dabbling the grass.

The precise relation between the events following this awful moment had no meaning for me at the time, and I have never attempted to verify it since.

When the first burst of consternation had passed away I found myself under formal arrest, and in due course was handed over to the civil power.

My mental prostration was such that I imagined I should be tried for murder, but the coroner's jury, unable to find any criminal motive, brought in a verdict of manslaughter through culpable negligence, and on that charge I was committed for trial. Admitted to bail, my father wanted to bring me home with him, but I had not the courage to go.

Most of the fellows in my squad came to offer me their sympathy, and with them came Masham. He waited till the others had gone, then murmured softly: "You see what it is to quarrel with your betters."

I was too crushed to answer him, and

with a jest he flung open the door to leave me. Michael confronted him on the threshold. I feared my man would strike him, but without a sign of emotion he saluted. For all that, I marked Masham's face pale to lividness as he strode away.

Michael came in and closed the door.

"Don't fret, sir, don't fret. That man's neck is near broken at last," he said.

I hardly noticed the words: they conveyed no idea to my mind. And as he talked on and on a feeling of sickness came over me, the walls of the room were pierced with light and danced, and I lost all sense.

Down with brain fever, I knew nothing for many weeks: then I heard what Michael had tried to tell me when I collapsed.

He had captured the slatternly girl who had pulled his hair by the canal. She told him that her man had been flush of cash lately, and that when drunk he had made allusions to Behnke's death she was unable to understand. Asked where she generally met her lover, she mentioned a field behind Saltbrook Castle, with a gate leading out on the Dover main line.

That very afternoon Wilkinson and Michael went to this field and found the lovers in company near the railway. Gently, very gently, Michael crept up behind and encircled man and woman in the grip of his long arms.

The Guardsman, although taken utterly by surprise, at once recognised his assailant, and turning on him with a desperation that justified every suspicion, demanded what he wanted.

"I want," said Michael, "the truth about that cartridge."

"What cartridge?" blustered the fellow.

"Let me go, or I'll make you."

"Make me?" said Michael.

There was a short, quick scuffle, ending as it began in Michael's favour. His grip did not slacken.

"What d'ye want?" panted the fellow again.

"I want you to tell me straight that you know your master to be a murderer."

"I don't know anything," retorted the man, sullenly.

"Then I'll help you," declared Michael, and lifting the woman he dragged the man through the gate on to the railway line. "We'll stop here and talk it over."

"You're mad!" said the fellow. "The Dover mail can't be far off. . . What is it to you who killed the Australian?"

"It's my master who is accused of it," said Michael.

"And you want to shift the blame to mine," said the Guardsman, losing caution under stress of danger.

"I want to know where the round came from that got into my master's rifle?"

The Guardsman looked up the line and saw the signal jerk down. "I'll tell you what," said he. "Polly here won't give us away—I got the round, I —"

His eye fell on Wilkinson, and he made another effort to get free. "It's a trick," he cried, "a trick. Let me go or I'll kill you."

"Finish it," said Michael grappling him tighter; and the rest of the story may be told in Michael's words.

"He gave me the cross-buttock and tripping I dragged them both to earth in the middle of the six-foot way just as we heard the first rumble of the train. 'Would you kill us all?' said the man, snapping and kicking.

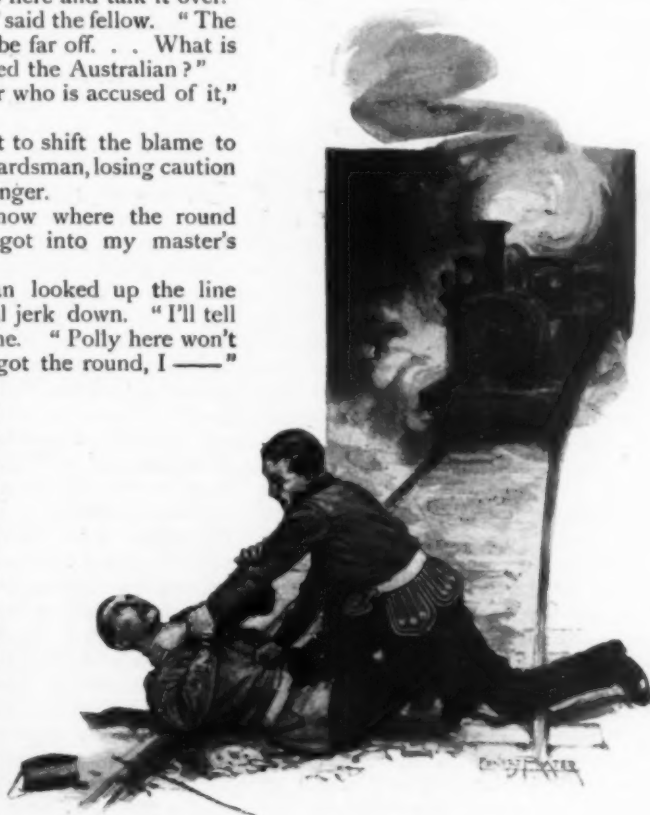
"You'll see," said I. "If you don't finish it."

"He slipped his left hand free and grabbed at his bayonet. But before he could catch it I lifted his head and thumped it down upon the chair of the rails. That shook him. 'Finish it,' I said, as he winked up at me, 'finish it, or —'"

"Come off for God's sake," cried Mr. Wilkinson. "The train is in sight."

"I loosed the woman softly from under

my arm as the ground began to rock, but I gripped the man firmer than ever, the two of us lying fair and square across



"FINISH IT NOW!"

the rail. 'Finish it now,' said I. 'You'll not have the chance in hell.'

"Hanging's better'n this," he cried. 'I kept back the round from ball practice and Masham paid the sergeant not to split.'

"Just in time I lugged my man from the rail, and I heard the engine-driver praying as he flew past, and his stoker holding him on the footplate."

Masham did not stand his trial. When the police entered his room he took his revolver from the table, and was as dead as Behnke ere they could close with him.

Romantic Leaves from Family Histories

FAMILY LYNCH LAW



HE right of "pit and gallows"—that is to say, authority over the property, liberty and lives of their clansmen—was, under the old feudal jurisdictions, claimed and freely exercised by the heads of the Scottish clans, in the Lowlands as well as in the Highlands; and there are many startling examples of its enforcement. Similar powers have been sometimes exercised, without any pretence of legal right, by noble families in Continental countries, and two very remarkable instances are preserved in the memoirs of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. That amusing private chronicler of eighteenth-century life and events was not too particular about adhering to the rigid truth; but for both these stories of family crime he cites fairly trustworthy authority, so that they *may* be true—and they certainly contain a large element of tragic interest.

The first tale was told to Wraxall, as within her own knowledge, by the first wife of Sir William Hamilton, for many years British Minister at the Neapolitan Court, and now chiefly remembered as the husband of the famous Emma, Lady Hamilton, the mistress of Lord Nelson. She said that about the year 1743 she lived in Rome an Irish surgeon named Ogilvie. He resided near the Piazza di Spagna, and enjoyed a great reputation for skill in his profession. Late one night, some hours after he had retired to rest, he was disturbed by a loud knocking at his outer door. Looking out of the window he found that a coach was in waiting, and that two men were standing at the door. He hastily descended, supposing that the summons was a professional one of the ordinary

kind, but was rather startled, when he faced his visitors, to find that they both wore masks. In their dress and manner there were unmistakable marks of distinction. They begged him to accompany them immediately, as his professional services were required in a case which admitted of no delay, and they requested him to bring with him his case of lancets. Ogilvie was not wanting in courage, and had his share of the national love of adventure. He decided to comply with the request, and, having provided himself with his instruments, got into the coach, into which the two masked gentlemen followed him, and the vehicle drove off. The surgeon was somewhat disconcerted when one of his companions proceeded to inform him that he must consent to have his eyes bandaged, as the case he was about to attend was that of a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode must at all cost be kept secret. This was a very unprofessional procedure, but as the masks were evidently very much in earnest, and as he did not see that a refusal of their demand would be of much use under the circumstances, Ogilvie submitted without demur to be blindfolded.

The coach proceeded, with many turnings, for a long distance, but was at last pulled up. Ogilvie's companions alighted, and, each taking one of his arms, they led him up a staircase, which he perceived, from their being unable to walk abreast of him, must be narrow. He was thus conducted into a room in which the bandage was taken off his eyes; and then one of the masks abruptly informed him that the service required of him was to deprive of life a lady who had dishonoured her family. The speaker added that Ogilvie had been chosen to perform this dreadful office because of

his known professional skill ; that he would find the victim in an adjoining chamber, perfectly prepared to submit to her fate; and that he must open her veins and bleed her to death as expeditiously as possible. For this service, said the masked cavalier, he should receive a liberal fee.

The poor surgeon was in a terrible dilemma. At first he peremptorily refused to commit what was nothing less than a cold-blooded murder. But the two strangers coolly replied that his refusal, if he persisted in it, could only be fatal to himself without doing any good to the lady. Die she must, and as they had taken him so far into their confidence, it was necessary that he should either do the work for which they had brought him, or be himself killed also. All Ogilvie's entreaties and remonstrances were of no avail; and at last he reluctantly consented to perform their will. They pointed to the door of the next room, and he entered and closed it after him. He found there, reclining on a couch, a young lady of remarkable beauty, both of face and figure. She wore a loose undress, and as soon as Ogilvie had entered a female attendant placed before her a tub of warm water, in which she put her feet. Addressing the horrified surgeon, the girl assured him of her perfect resignation, and begged him to put into execution the doom passed upon her with the least possible delay. She added that she was well aware that no mercy could be expected from those who had doomed her to death, and that she hoped his skill would shorten her sufferings, and hasten her end.

Ogilvie still naturally hesitated ; but finally, realising that no other course was open to him, he drew out his lancet, opened the veins in the poor lady's legs, and bled her to death in a very short time. As soon as he had intimated that she was dead the two masked gentlemen entered the chamber, and after having examined the body to satisfy themselves that life was extinct, politely expressed their thanks to Ogilvie, and tendered him a well-filled purse of gold. But this he indignantly refused to accept, only

entreating to be taken away as soon as might be from a scene of which he could not think without horror. The masks did not resent his natural expressions of anger, but, having again carefully bandaged his eyes, led him down the staircase to the carriage. As he was descending, however, the surgeon contrived, without being observed, to press his hands, which were stained with blood, against the walls of the staircase so as to leave some marks there. He was swiftly driven back to his home ; but at parting the masks warned him, on peril of his life, never to divulge the tragedy in which he had been compelled to play so terrible a part. They both swore that if he made the least endeavour to penetrate the mystery or give it publicity they would contrive his murder.

It was quite clear to Ogilvie that these disguised gentlemen would not stick at trifles. But he was, as I have said, not wanting in courage ; moreover, he felt that if he consented to remain silent about the abominable deed that had been committed, he would be to all intents and purposes a *particeps criminis*, and this was a hideous responsibility which he could not bring himself to accept. So, after much consideration as to the best course to adopt, he obtained an interview the very next day with the Secretary of the Apostolic Chamber, told him the whole ghastly story, and added the expression of his belief that with due help and protection from the authorities he might be able at least to discover the scene of the tragedy. The Papal chair was at that time occupied by Benedict XIV., one of the best Popes Rome has ever had. As soon as the facts of the case were laid before him he instituted the most active measures for bringing the offenders to justice. A guard of police was instructed to accompany Ogilvie, who, having come to the conclusion from various circumstances that he had been driven in the coach outside the city, began his quest by visiting and examining the villas without the walls. His search proved ultimately successful. In the Villa Papa Julio, originally built and occupied by the great Pope Julius III., he discovered on the wall of a staircase

the bloody marks left by his fingers, and ascending the staircase soon recognised the room in which the beautiful victim had met her death.

The villa belonged to the Duke di Bracciano, and it was found on further investigation that the Duke himself and his brother had been the perpetrators of the crime, and their own sister the victim. As soon as they learned that their guilt had been discovered they fled to Naples; and in that city, where in 1743 the administration of the law was very lax and the Pontiff, of course, had no secular jurisdiction, they were able without much trouble to evade the pursuit of his officers. After remaining for some time in exile they succeeded, by the intervention of their many powerful friends in Rome, in obtaining a pardon on the payment of a heavy fine to the Apostolic Chamber. Another condition imposed upon them was that they should place over the chimney-piece of the room where the murder was committed a plate of copper, bearing an inscription which recorded their crime and their repentance. This plate remained in the room, according to Lady Hamilton, till within a few years of the time when she told the story to Wraxall. Of the ultimate fate of the surgeon she said nothing.

The scene of the other story of family justice or vengeance which came to Wraxall's knowledge was somewhere—precisely where he is unable to say—in the Rhenish provinces of Germany. In the year 1774 or 1775 some persons arrived late one night at Strasburg from the German side of the Rhine, and proceeded to the house of the *bourreau*, or public executioner. They called upon him to accompany them instantly out of the town, as his services were required for the decapitation of a criminal of rank. They instructed him to bring with him the heavy two-edged sword with which he was accustomed, in the regular discharge of his functions, to behead malefactors, and added that as he would have to make a rather long journey, he should receive a handsome fee for his services. The headsman at once agreed to accompany the strangers, who showed him into a carriage, which

drove him across the river to Kehl. Arrived there, his companions told him that he must consent to be blindfolded. This was done, and after a journey of nearly two days the party arrived at a moated castle, of which the drawbridge, as the executioner could hear, had to be lowered to admit them. The headsman was led into a small apartment, where the bandage was removed from his eyes; and after waiting here for some time, he was conducted into the great hall of the castle, where stood a scaffold hung with black cloth, and in the middle of it a chair or stool. A female was shortly afterwards led in by two persons; she was dressed in deep mourning, and her face wholly concealed by a thick veil. She was seated in the chair, and her attendants proceeded to tie her hands behind her, and afterwards to bind her legs to the chair. Not a word was spoken by the people who bound her, and she herself neither made complaint nor offered resistance. When all the preparations were completed, the headsman, standing behind the victim, at a signal drew the great sword he carried. One of the attendants grasped the victim's hair, and forcibly raised her head by it, and then, at a single stroke, the head was severed from her body. The executioner was liberally rewarded, blindfolded again, and conducted back to Kehl. Arrived there, he was set down at the end of the bridge leading to Strasburg.

Wraxall adds that he often, during his residence in Germany, heard discussions as to the identity of the lady who thus suffered; and the general belief was that she was Augusta Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Charles Alexander of Wurtemberg, and wife of the Prince of Turn and Taxis. She was a woman of very violent passions; she detested her husband, and it was known that she had repeatedly attempted his life. About the year 1773 or 1774 they were finally separated, and she was taken into the custody of her brother, the then reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, who immured her in one of his castles. She was never again seen in public, and there is at least the possibility that it was her head which fell under the sword of the *bourreau* of Strasburg.

Heaps of Lots

WRITTEN BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY



O be sure you all remember that beautifully clear night last week when all the clouds had gone away over to America to see their friends, and there was not the least little bit of fog even above the Serpentine, and when so many tiny stars were awake and winking at all the little girls and boys who looked out of the window before being tucked up warm in bed. I think it must have been those little, mischievous, winking stars that put the idea into the heads of the two naughty Landseer Lions (Mr. Strand Lion, whose nose points towards the Strand, and Mr. Piccadilly Lion, whose nose points towards Pall Mall, you know) to go and get the statues of our good kings and queens and griffins and things into such an awful mess. It was all on account of a 'bus, too, and the little children of London saw the most tremendous smash-up when all was finished that had ever been. You know I think those Landseer Lions do nothing but just lie about in Trafalgar Square and look good, and spend the whole of the day in thinking what wicked things they will do next.

Of course, it was Mr. Strand Lion that really thought out the plot, for he has the brains, and Mr. Piccadilly Lion hasn't, but is an awfully jolly fellow, and does whatever Mr. Strand Lion tells him to do. The night I tell you of these two lions waited until all the little girls and boys had kissed their mammams and daddas "good-night," and were warmly tucked up in blankets, and then Mr. Strand Lion he gives a monstrous yawn. That wakens Mr. Piccadilly Lion up and makes him growl, for he

doesn't like to waken up early, and says he's very tired. But Mr. Strand Lion is wide awake, and I am pretty sure that if any little girl had happened to be near Nelson's Column at that time the bad lion would have gobbled her up pretty quickly. But, to be sure, all good little folk were sound asleep, excepting only some who had aches inside from having eaten something when no one was looking, and they had their mammams and nurses sitting beside them giving them peppermint and scoldings; so they were all right.

After a time Mr. Piccadilly Lion lays his head down on his front paws, and he looks ever so sleepily at Mr. Strand Lion and scarcely wags his tail, he is so very lazy. But Mr. Strand Lion he hops off the big block of granite, and, carrying one hind leg in his hand just the way you see a dog do, he goes "hopperty-hop, hopperty-hop" round Trafalgar Square ever so quietly to see whether he can find a little fat boy to eat. But the fairies that play in the fountains they had told the little boys all to run off home, and so the cruel lion did not find anything to eat. Presently he comes back and looks up at Mr. Piccadilly Lion, and he says:

"Hullo, Dilly, how are you to-night?"

Mr. Piccadilly Lion he is still very sleepy, and he growls a little and murmurs, "Leave me alone, please," and "don't bother me for a few minutes."

So Mr. Strand Lion hops round the column and pulls the other two lions' tails just to vex them, for they are good lions, and do not go galloping all over London after dark like Mr. Strand Lion and Mr. Piccadilly Lion do. The two good Landseer Lions, of course, start up when their tails are pulled, and they tell Mr. Strand Lion to go and sit up in his proper place like a good lion, but, of

course, he only laughs and says: "By-and-bye, milk-sops, I'll be good by-and-bye." Now, that is what all bad people keep saying, you know.

and gives it such a fright that it nearly pitches the King over its head, for, as usual, Mr. King Charles was thinking of himself and didn't know what was going



"NEARLY PITCHES THE KING OVER ITS HEAD"

Away scurried the bad Strand Lion, and he creeps up to Mr. King Charles' horse, and when the King don't know anything about it, he all at once sticks a great sharp claw into the poor horse

on under him. Mr. King Charles scolds Mr. Strand Lion, but the Lion ups and says he's the British Lion and never did care a snap of his fingers for Mr. King Charles. When Mr. Piccadilly Lion

hears this he wakens up right smartly, for living in the West End he is very loyal, and says: "Why, you East End radical, you haven't fingers to snap;" but Mr. Strand says, as saucy as you please: "Then I snap the fingers I haven't got; see if that will please you!"

By this time both Lions have their manes on end, and their tails straight out, and their eyes glaring, and it looks as though they were going to have an awful row; but presently Mr. Strand Lion glances over his shoulder and then says: "What are you going to do to-night, Dilly?" and Mr. Dilly lets his mane fall down all smooth again and says: "I don't know quite what to do, I feel awfully bored," and he yawns an awful yawn, politely putting his paw up to his lips, of course.

"What do you say to an autocar ride?" suggests Mr. Strand Lion. "What! Do you mean one of those steam 'buses?" "Of course I do," says Mr. Strand Lion; but Mr. Dilly Lion says: "Don't you know I hate steam 'buses? They have done away with all the nice fat horses. I can't eat steam 'buses, but I like fat horses." Mr. Strand Lion says: "I don't like fat horses so much as I like little fat boys," and off he goes galloping round the square nosing about just to see if he hasn't overlooked a little girl or boy that had forgotten to go home to bed. As he passes the two good lions they say: "Why don't you go to sleep, you bad lion," for they love boys and girls, not to eat, but just to love, you know. But Mr. Strand Lion doesn't mind a bit what they say, and only switches his tail in their faces.

By this time Mr. Piccadilly Lion has got down upon the pavement, and the two wicked lions trot off and sit down as sociable as you please, on the stone steps of St. Martin's Church, and they curl their tails until the tassels rest on their front paws, and they sit there looking at all the lot of lights and the stars. By-and-bye Mr. Strand Lion says:

"Let us give the folk a 'bus ride, Dilly," and Mr. Dilly Lion says: "I don't understand." And Mr. Strand Lion says, quite impudently: "You never do, Dilly. Western people are always

so thick-headed, just like northern people are always so good. It is only us east-by-south people who are cute and understand life. I mean, let us get a 'bus and take a lot of the statues out for a ride—Mrs. Queen Anne, and Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin, and Mr. King Charles, and the Piccadilly Fountain, Cupid, and——"

But Mr. Dilly Lion stops him and asks: "Who is to draw the 'bus?" and Mr. Strand Lion, who is very sly, says "Why, of course whoever draws the 'bus has the best of it all, for, you see, he can go where he likes. You'll draw the 'bus, and I'll be conductor."

"I don't see much fun in drawing the 'bus," says Mr. Dilly Lion; but Mr. Strand Lion says: "You leave it to me, and I'll show you there will be heaps of lots of sport."

"Is the 'bus to be full inside and out?" asks Mr. Dilly, for he doesn't like hard work. "Of course it will," answers Mr. Strand Lion, and Mr. Dilly Lion shakes his head and says: "I'd rather be inside sitting down, I would." "No you would not—no you would not," says Mr. Strand Lion, "for you do not know what I am going to do." "What do you intend to do?" asks Mr. Dilly, for he is anxious to hear Mr. Strand Lion's plans.

But Mr. Strand Lion has no intention of telling all about what he has made up his mind to do. He just says: "Well, the Thames is very muddy across Westminster Bridge. It would make me laugh to see Mrs. Queen Anne and Mr. Temple Bar Griffin walking in the mud. Wouldn't you laugh, too, Dilly?" And of course Mr. Piccadilly Lion says he would.

So away the two naughty lions go to where a lot of 'buses were sound asleep; and after looking at them all, Mr. Strand Lion picks out that big red 'bus that goes to Kensington just after a quarter to ten every morning; and he harnesses Mr. Dilly Lion to the 'bus, and then he jumps on behind just like a conductor, and slaps the straps against the window on the on-side and whistles *Whee-uu!* And off starts Mr. Dilly Lion as fast as he can go, up the Strand and along Fleet Street, with Mr. Strand Lion leaning away out,

calling loudly "Bank! Bank! Bank!" as fast as he can, so as to make fun of all the sleeping policemen.

Presently Mr. Dilly Lion comes to where Mrs. Queen Anne stands on front of St. Paul's Cathedral; and he brings the bus to a halt, and Mr. Strand Lion steps off as nicely as you please, and says: "Hullo! Mrs. Queen Anne, how are you going on?" and Mrs. Queen Anne

up and says: "What? Horses for a queen! Not likely. The British Lion delights to take care of a Queen," he says; and Mrs. Queen Anne says: "My four maids must come with me, then," and Mr. Strand Lion says: "Of course, let the girls climb on top. They'll be quite comfortable up there, I'm sure."

In gets Mrs. Queen Anne, and after she is seated all snug in the far corner,



"COME AND SAVE ME!"

she draws her robes round her a little tighter and turns up her nose at Mr. Strand Lion, because he is so cheeky. But she rather likes Mr. Dilly Lion, for he is so good-natured and polite; and when he says: "Glorious evening, I'm sure. We have brought your carriage round to see if you would care to take a little fresh air, you know," Mrs. Queen Anne looks quite pleased.

But all at once she asks: "Where are the horses?" and Mr. Strand Lion looks

so that she can look out ahead, her four maids-of-honour that sit around the base of the pedestal they climb up on top laughing at a great rate and saying, "You go first, dear," and "O, I dare not. You go dear," and they keep on saying that so long that Mr. Strand Lion, who is conductor, he shouts "Now then, my dears, are you going on? We're in a hurry we are, we're no South-Eastern express you must remember."

So up they all get and Mr. Strand

Lion slaps the window with his strap and whistles ever so briskly *Whee-uu!* and off goes Mr. Dilly Lion, very proud to have Mrs. Queen Anne to draw. By-and-bye the 'bus comes to the Law Courts.

Now, on top of a great square shaft lives Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin making the most awful faces at Miss St. Clement's Danes Church, who is so shocked that she always keeps her clock hands before her face so as not to see the nasty grimaces Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin is always making just to frighten little girls and boys and Miss Clocks.

Mr. Strand Lion hops off the 'bus and goes up to Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin and whispers "Hullo, Griffin, limber up and come down. I want you."

Mr. Griffin crinkles his wings and looks over at Mr. Strand Lion and asks, "What for?"

"Why," says the naughty Lion, not caring a least little bit about an untruth, "we've got a pretty girl in the 'bus who is going to Trafalgar Square. She is Mr. Policeman's sweetheart."

Now, Mr. Griffin is very spiteful to Mr. Policeman, and so he says: "Wait a moment. I'll come down and give the girl such a fright." Down he comes, and Mr. Strand Lion opens the 'bus door and in jumps Mr. Temple Bar Griffin, with his mouth O! so wide open, and he crinkles his wings and curls his tail like a corkscrew, and hisses like a snake. Poor Mrs. Queen Anne, when she turns round, there she sees this awful Griffin looking at her. Up she jumps on top of the seat, and throws her hands over her eyes so that she shall not see the terrible Griffin, and she sets up such a shrill screaming, and calls out, "O! Mr. Strand Lion, O! Mr. Dilly Lion, come and save me! Come and save me!" but the two naughty lions do not care a bit, and only laugh.

Off they set with a rare rattle down to Charing Cross, Mrs. Queen Anne screaming so loudly as to almost waken some of the tired policemen. Indeed, Mr. Trafalgar Square Policeman does wake up in an awful fright, and is about to run off for protection from the magistrates, who are men paid to protect the

poor little policemen who get found out; but Mr. Strand Lion says to Mr. Policeman: "It is only a very pretty girl who is frightened of a mouse. I wish you would step inside and catch the mouse for her and see if you can't soothe her." At hearing this, Mr. Policeman dusts his helmet and pulls his collar down so that he may look smart, and curls his moustache, and in he steps all smiling to look for the mouse, and Mr. Strand Lion slams the door and slaps the strap against the window, and whistles *Whee-uu!* and laughs. When the 'bus was standing still, and when Mr. Dilly Lion and Mr. Strand Lion were not looking, Mr. King Charles had caught sight of the four maids-of-honour, and of course gets off his high horse and climbs upon top, and is telling the girls stories.

Of course the first thing poor Mr. Policeman sees when he steps inside is not a mouse nor pretty girl, but the awful, terrible Griffin; and he gets a big fright, for Mr. Griffin stings Mr. Policeman with his sharp spike tail. Poor Mr. Policeman's helmet tumbled off and he jumps for the door, but of course Mr. Strand Lion holds it tight, and Mr. Griffin goes after him and chases him round and round the 'bus, and by-and-bye the 'bus comes to where Piccadilly Cupid stands on one foot on top of the fountain. By this time Mr. Policeman has got behind Mrs. Queen Anne and is holding her between him and Mr. Griffin, and to be sure she, poor woman, is screaming. Mr. Strand Lion says to the Piccadilly Cupid: "Please come down and tell these people inside to be quiet;" and Cupid says: "I have had to shoot so many arrows to-night round this part that I haven't got one left; but maybe my bow will frighten them," and in he goes and gets the door shut on him, and, poor little fellow, Mr. Griffin goes for him too. Poor little Cupid, he flies up into a corner and perches there shivering.

The two very wicked Lions had now their 'bus full, and Mr. Strand Lion slaps the strap against the window and shouts: "Whee-uu! full inside and out."

"Where shall I go now?" asks Mr. Dilly Lion.

"Why, over Westminster Bridge, of course, as fast as ever you can."

Across the bridge they go, and then Mr. Strand Lion jumps off the platform and helps Mr. Dilly Lion to pull the 'bus at a terrible rate past St. Thomas's Hospital; and just where the river is at its very muddiest the two Lions rush the 'bus and let go the pole, and send it

in Trafalgar Square, laughing and winking and pretending that they had not done anything wrong.

And when the little girls and boys awoke next morning, there they saw all the fine statue people—Mrs. Queen Anne, Mr. King Charles, Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin, Mr. Piccadilly Cupid—and all plodding about in the deep mud, and



"'I'M ALWAYS GETTING DRAWN INTO A MESS'".

flying heels over head into the river. When Mr. King Charles sees what is up it is too late, of course; and he says, quite resigned, "I'm always getting drawn into a mess." Right over the Embankment the 'bus flies and plump into the mud, for the tide is out, and all the people and things spill out of the inside and fall off the top; and away cut the two wicked Lions for their places

crying and cold, and wanting to be taken out and put in their places again. Poor Mr. Griffin, he was in a very sad state, for his legs were so short, and his tail dragged in the cold mud and water. And the bad Lions, Mr. Strand Lion and Mr. Piccadilly Lion, were lying in their right places as comfortable as you please, and every now and again chuckling and winking at one another.

How Christmas Crackers are Made

WRITTEN BY C. L. McCLUER STEVENS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



THE Christmas cracker, as we know it to-day, is a comparatively modern innovation. But that which it symbolises is as old as the everlasting hills; as ancient as the human race itself.

For the primeval crackers were love-tokens; neither more nor less. They were simply bits of twisted and fringed tissue-paper, with a sweet and a motto inside; and they were called "Kisses." It was an appropriate name. As

a matter of fact they could hardly have been designated "crackers," for they did not "crack."

Time rolled on, as time is in the habit of doing, and, by slow degrees, there was evolved the present highly ornate and superlatively gorgeous arrangement in crimson and gold, and cream and silver; so constructed as to hide within its crinkly recesses all sorts of dainty confetti and more or less costly trinkets. But, although the article itself has been improved almost out of recognition, and although the name has been changed, its purpose remains as before. The ancient "kiss" had always, for some occult reason, been associated with love-making. Its successor, the cracker, fulfils the same rôle. And the love-making, moreover, is usually the love-making of children; than which nothing more ethereal, delicate, nor delicious exists upon the surface of this weazened old globe of ours. Do you doubt it? Then recall your own boyhood's or girlhood's days,

as the case may be. Don once more, in imagination, the trim-cut Eton-jacket; or the muslin frock, pink-sashed. Close your eyes for a moment. Turn back into your yesterdays. And there will rise before you the vision of an oak-panelled dining-room: wherein is a fairyland of bright lights and glowing flowers, of gleaming silver and sparkling glass, of merry faces and roguish eyes, of laughter and revelry and music. And in the corner, over yonder, a little head, sunning over with curls, bends low to yours; the while you read, in a half-whisper, the tender motto. Do you remember?

And as it was then, so it is now; and so, let us fervently hope, it will ever be.

Probably, if we could trace the real original inventor of the cracker, we should find it was some poor, little, street-bred child; who, wishful to give a pleasant surprise to its playmate of the opposite sex, wrapped up the farthing's-worth of toffy it had bought in a bit of old newspaper. It was not a very elaborate device. It probably added a flavour of printer's ink to the inherent nastiness of the sweetmeat, and it almost certainly accentuated its stickiness. But it invested the gift with the twin delights of uncertainty and of expectation.

Other children were not slow to appreciate the innovation, and, the demand creating the supply, the confectioners began to twist up their sweetmeats in little rolls of coloured paper. Then someone, endowed with genius and a pair of scissors, fringed the ends; and forthwith the "kiss," the immediate predecessor of the latter-day cracker, came into existence.

From this point the evolution was sure but slow. Years passed before the motto took its place by the side of the

enclosed sweetmeat. Then more sugar-plums were introduced, and it became necessary to tie the "kiss" with a small thread, to prevent them from

crackers, or, roughly speaking, from twelve to thirteen millions for the season's supply.

A visit to this unique factory is something of a revelation to the generality of people. Can it be possible that all this delicate, intricate, costly and beautiful machinery has been invented and produced solely to bring into existence in the shortest space of time and with the minimum expenditure of energy the harmless, unnecessary cracker? Is each and every one of these rosy-cheeked, sturdy, bright-eyed lassies but an animated factor in the same problem? One knows, of course, that the answer is "Yes." But, as one



IN THE BOX FACTORY

falling out. Next the detonator was added. And, finally, the paper, instead of being secured in one place only, was tied at both ends. Thus the final stage was reached, and the cracker came into existence—a finished and beauteous, if somewhat ephemeral, entity.

In the early days each confectioner bought his own materials and manufactured his own crackers. It was reserved for the successors of the late Mr. "Tom" Smith to elevate cracker-making to the dignity of a separate and—but this is by-the-bye—highly profitable business. To-day his eldest son, Mr. Walter Smith, rules over a vast establishment replete with every description of labour-saving machinery, and affording employment, from year's end to year's end, to several hundreds of women and girls and some scores of men and boys. Here are turned out every month more than a million finished

passes through the seemingly endless series of rooms, sees the vast stores of raw material packed ready for use, and begins to faintly realise the magnificent magnitude of what one has schooled oneself to regard as an essentially trivial business, it becomes increasingly difficult to prevent one's wonder from degenerating into mere vulgar amazement. One is shown bales upon bales of tissue-paper; crates upon crates of Parisian novelties; thousands of curious, turned wooden toys from America; quaint little "men" and "women" from Sweden; imitation



MAKING UP THE CRACKER

jewellery from Bohemia; odds and ends from France and Saxony; pretty conceits from far-off Japan. The very



FRINGING

cardboard in which the season's supply is destined to be packed weighs nearly two hundred tons, and would cover Hyde Park as with a garment.

One of the most interesting of all the departments is the Litho-Machine Room. Here is produced all the decorative work: the fancy labels for the outside of the boxes, the ornate ends of the crackers themselves, the little central pictures, the love mottoes and the advertisement posters. Above this is the making-up and boxing department, where is to be seen in full blast the actual work of making

the cracker. Hundreds of girls are seated at long benches, their nimble fingers flashing to and fro with a dexterity born of long practice. Quicker almost than the eye can follow the sheet of gold or silver paper is rolled round the brass tube that determines its size. Two tiny dabs of glue hold it in its place while the motto, detonator and "present" are inserted. Then the "dummy" is withdrawn, the operator crimps the ends with a slender, strong cord, and the finished article is consigned to a darksome box to see the light of day no more till such time as it appears, in all its pristine glory of tinsel and fringe, at some Christmas dinner-table.

A separate and distinct branch of the cracker-maker's art consists in the manufacture of those fancy-paper "hats," "bonnets," "mob-caps," and "masks" with which we are all more or less familiar. In the accompanying illustration three young ladies, of prepossessing appearance, are shown busily at work on these pretty trifles. The "hats," &c., are "made up" on tin "blocks," carefully moulded to the required shape; and quite as much care is bestowed upon them, relatively speaking, as upon their straw or felt prototypes.

The girls employed in this work do



MAKING PAPER HATS



not, of course, cut out the article. This is done in another department, where a perpetually revolving blade, known as a "wave knife," carves out thousands of them at once. This knife is one of the

products are deposited in huge crates, ready for shipment; and the "storage" and "show" rooms.

The fancy boxes in which the crackers are sent out are made in a separate factory, the cardboard being cut to the required shape partly by means of weighted knives, like gigantic scythes, and partly by machinery. This portion of the work is done in another department by men. Upstairs the boxes are put together by a bevy of chattering damsels, in a room smelling abominably of glue. In this factory during a busy week as many as thirty thousand boxes, embracing more than two hundred varieties of size and shape, have been turned out.

An important factor in the manufacture of crackers is gelatine. This is imported in casks from Switzerland, and after being melted it is allowed to run upon a sheet of glass, over which a preparation of ox-gall has been previously spread to prevent it sticking. When cold it strips off into the

thin, transparent sheets we all know. The finished crackers are all shapes and sizes, from 6d. a dozen up to 5s. apiece. The latter



sights of the factory. It is a sort of endless ribbon of steel, as delicate and as flexible as a watch-spring, and as keen as a razor; and, when in use, it is kept running over two large wheels at the rate of four hundred and eighty revolutions a minute. A thick pile of paper, upon the topmost sheet of which the design desired has been previously sketched, is pressed firmly against this terrible "ribbon;" and, by twisting and turning it in the necessary direction, a thousand perfect patterns, all ready for making up, are produced in the course of a few seconds. The operation is a deliciously simple one, requiring little or no technical skill; but the greatest care is necessary: a slip may mean the loss of a finger or two, or perchance an arm.

Other departments are the "artist's room," where are a number of clever designers busily engaged in working out novelties for *Christmas, 1898*; the "fringing-room," where the ends of the crackers are slit by means of sundry small but powerful machines, each containing two hundred circular knives; the "packing-room," where the finished

are monsters, over three feet in length. The most expensive kind ordinarily sold cost from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a dozen. The latter con-



tain the "very latest" in toys, hats, masks, and mottoes, besides a sheet of music by some well-known composer. In addition, each year brings its own special set of novelties. Last year, for instance, South African crackers, containing miniature Gatling-guns, tiny Kaffirs, and portraits of Dr. "Jim," Cecil Rhodes, and other South African celebrities, were all the rage. This year their place has been usurped by "Nansen" crackers, with polar-bear masks, tiny thermometers, portraits of the explorer, and miniature balloons, &c.; "Motor-car," "X ray" and "Cinematograph" crackers.

The largest cracker ever manufactured at Messrs. Smith's factory was eight

feet long, and nearly eighteen inches in diameter. It was made to the order of the late Sir Augustus Harris, and used to be pulled nightly at Drury Lane pantomime, some years ago, by that prince of clowns, Harry Payne. Several hundreds of smaller crackers came out of it, and were distributed among the audience. Last year an enterprising West End tradesman was very anxious to have a gigantic cracker made, sixteen feet in length, the idea being, of course, to exhibit it in his window and thus attract attention and custom. But the factory was working at high pressure at the time, and the order had to be respectfully but firmly declined.



CAPS OUT OF CRACKERS

Dead Pictures

WRITTEN BY BARRY PAIN. (ILLUSTRATIONS OMITTED, BY DESIRE)



I.—THE HOUSE WHERE IT WAS DONE.

HAVE but to pick up a penny illustrated paper and open my eyes, and I can generally see it quite distinctly, as clearly as if it were a dream.

It is a picture of a house. It has five windows, three in the upper storey and two in the lower. The top left-hand corner window is partly open, in a careless and natural way, and gives variety. There is a door, with a step to it, between the two lower windows. At a little distance are shrubs, and a policeman with one arm stuck out, and some horizon.

That is the house where it was done. It may be a murder, or a suicide, or the birth of a celebrity; but that is always the house where it was done. Robert Burns was born in the same house where Charles Peace resided, and the Carmelite Club was raided, and the Anarchists were arrested, and the ghost was seen by the singularly clear-headed man, and Boulanger passed his early years.

That house is sometimes a club, and sometimes a convalescent home, and sometimes a rectory; but it is always the same. The letterpress describing it may vary, but the picture never varies. It comes up one week as a "Retreat for Indigent Curates;" next week you are asked to believe that Deeming's victim was discovered under its hearth-stone.

If they would only vary the details occasionally, perhaps it would be easier to bear it. Could not the policeman be made removable? Would it not be possible sometimes to open one of the other windows, strike out the shrubs, or

let in a new horizon? What that old block lost in chips it would gain in conviction and *vraisemblance*.

In the meantime it goes on. If anything is ever done in a house, then that is the house where it was done.

It must have been inconveniently crowded at times.

II.—THE COSY CORNER.

There is only one cosy corner in the world.

It belongs to the people who are interviewed, and is sent about from house to house so that the interviewer may always find it. Or, possibly, the interviewer brings it with him in a cart and fixes it up before he starts work.

It's a pretty thing, of wood painted white. When you sit down there is a little shelf with majolica upon it to catch you in the small of the back; when you get up again you bump your head against a bigger shelf. There is a Burmese brass idol, a Japanese fan and a pot tulip on this shelf. When you bump your head, these things fall off.

That is where the cosiness comes in.

The cosy corner is approached by a real Regent Street Cairene arch. It has cushions in some profusion, and a mandoline reposes carelessly on the cushions. There is no reason why the mandoline should not be there—I have heard it, and can quite believe that it is better to sit on it than to play on it. When the interviewer enters a room where this cosy corner is displayed, he is much struck by the taste and refinement, and says he feels as if he were passing into another world.

I wish he were. If he passed, I should not day-by-day and week-by-week be confronted with the picture of the cosy corner in the illustrated interview. This

picture is doing a lot of harm. The general public believes that every celebrity has a cosy corner, and then the general public wants one too. And the *Halfpenny Home Blitherer* tells you how you can make one for yourself out of orange-boxes, and plushette, and what is left over from your last year's bicycle. If these pictures are not stopped, somebody really will make one, and it will breed discord.

III.—THE WOMAN IN BED.

Don't go. There is really no impropriety in the picture. The most respectable papers have it. As a rule it illustrates a chapter of the serial story, and there is nothing in the story with any tendency to undermine or honeycomb anything.

The scene depicted is mostly bed-clothes. At one end is a far more elaborate pillow than you have got at home, and on the pillow rests the head of a much prettier woman than you are yourself.

The woman's hair is always black. Either the fair-haired women never go to bed, or they dye their hair first. Her eyes are closed.

At the left hand of the picture is the nurse approaching; she carries a full medicine-glass in one hand at arm's length, and presses the fingers of her other hand on her lips to enjoin silence. She looks at the patient instead of at the glass, and you can see she will spill that medicine and spoil a good carpet. But you cannot see why she puts her fingers to her lips, for there is no one in the room except herself and the patient, and the patient is either asleep or dead; dead for choice—I mean, dead as a general rule.

On the table by the bed-side is a split peach, a bunch of grapes, and a medicine-bottle with the loose label tied to the neck—in the way no medicine-bottle ever is labelled except in pictures.

Underneath one reads the legend, which may vary. Sometimes it is, "All was over," not referring to the medicine-glass. Sometimes, "The nurse advanced

stealthily;" and on looking at the picture you see that to advance stealthily you bend the top half of your body forward and the rest follows when it can. Or you may have, "She slept like a tired child," or "But Dorothy would never wake again."

It is always very sad. The first hundred or hundred and fifty times that you see that picture you feel as if you could cry. But the illustrated magazines keep on slinging it in, and one grows callous, otherwise you might break your heart for fourpence-halfpenny any day at the discount booksellers.

IV.—IN A GRIP OF STEEL.

The grip, of course, is the hero's; the man in it is the villain. That is the way these things happen.

The hero slants forward; the villain slants backward. The hero has one arm behind his back, where it is likely to be useful as a defence in case the villain thinks of running round and hitting him there. His other arm is outstretched, and the hand grasps the villain's wrist. The villain has one arm absolutely free. There seems to be no reason why he should not swing it round until the hero's face gets in the way. But that does not occur to the villain. As long as he may look horrified and be caught in a grip of steel, that is all he wants.

Now, the constant repetition of this picture is having a very pernicious effect upon young men just starting in life. It leads them to believe that if they become villains—and it is said there is more in it—they may look forward to the grip-of-steel moment with composure. They imagine that while the hero is carefully defending the small of his back from a purely imaginary enemy in the rear, they will punch his face according to their own taste and discretion. So they become villains, and they meet a hero, and he fails to act according to the picture. Thus this picture leads to crime and also to disappointment. It is flagrantly immoral and should be suppressed.

This Season's Toys

WRITTEN BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CHRISTMAS-TIME is the hawkers' harvest. It is in mid-December that the peripatetic vendor of the gutter drives a thriving trade and makes his biggest profit; for with the hawker, as with other folks, profit is a



WHISTLE AND LANTERN

fluctuating measure of trade. It is at this period that one finds the kerb lined with dealers in wares of every description and from every clime. Fruit and flowers, flags and fireworks, booklets, brooms and banners, puzzles, pots and papers, all are hawked about at prices astonishing in their cheapness, and yet, if the truth be known, leaving a handsome margin of profit to the vendor. The objects most in evidence about Christmas-time, when humanity is in the best of tempers, and bent for the most part on spending money in the acquisition of useless baubles, are toys; and of these (penny toys especially) the variety is simply endless. Every year brings novelties never before seen, and the trade done is so vast as often to cause the hawker to invest in fresh stock two or three times a day.

It was to discover the origin of the penny toy that I set myself early in November last, and I soon discovered that my aim was about as easy as that which actuated Dr. Nansen when he started on his self-imposed mission; for inquiries served to show that "the trade" is regarded very much as a Freemasonry among those who have been initiated into its mysteries. Hard as I tried to cultivate the vendors, my progress ended as soon as my purchases had been made, and anything like information was rigorously withheld. Finally, however, I met with a vendor of puzzle rings in the Strand who, in return for half-a-crown, gave me some particulars which eventually enabled me to obtain the information contained in this article.

The toy trade of London is a very large industry. It is in the hands of about a hundred firms, most of whom have warehouses in or near that salubrious thoroughfare known as Houndsditch, or as it is termed in the trade "The Ditch." The biggest and oldest establishment concerned in the distribution of cheap toys, the very head-centre



THE ARTIST

of the hawkers' trade, is, however, in St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell, where the firm of T. M. Whitton and Sons occupy six houses, together with a huge warehouse round the corner, all crammed with toys, and it was to this gigantic establishment that I found my way, and, after a few explanations, was let behind the scenes of toy-land by Mr. William Whitton, who was responsible for the very first penny article sold in the streets of London. The article in question was a horn coat-link, imitating the gold links which were fashionable in the old days when very cut-away coats were worn over pegtop trousers. This historic event took place nearly fifty years ago, the exact year being 1851, and the venture was a great

THE ACROBAT

success, the supply proving short of the demand. From that first penn'orth till to-day the street-trade has grown without cessation, and the number of penny articles which are to-day stored by this one firm amounts to something like ten thousand, besides about half that number of more expensive things.

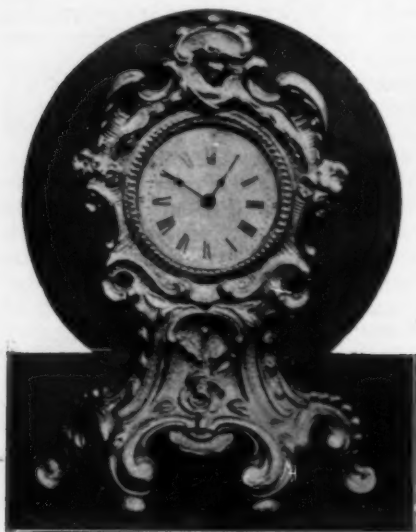
As soon as the demand for penny articles became apparent, the Germans saw their opportunity, and, with the introduction of Free Trade, made the most of it. For a series of years Germany imported many thousands of pounds worth of penny toys annually into this country, and ten years ago the Fatherland practically held the monopoly in this trade. But times have changed, and while Germany still leads the way in certain kinds of cheap mechanical toys, especially those made of stamped tin, England runs her very close by dint of turning-out articles better made; while France has entered into the competition,

and every year sends over cheap toys in increasing numbers. But these three countries by no means share the trade between them. America has gone in strong for toys of late; and though, owing to high wages and labour troubles, the Yankees have not yet done very much in the way of penny articles, they have become formidable rivals in six-penny and shilling things, some of them of extreme ingenuity. The newest source of supply for very cheap things is Japan, whence thousands of gross of beautifully made, and often artistic penny toys are received annually, some of the most successful penn'orths of recent years hailing from the land of the chrysanthemum. Among the most striking of recent Japanese importations is the very beautifully-made butterfly which had so large a sale during the summer; the whistle which causes a paper lantern to revolve, as shown in the accompanying illustration; and the various birds of rare plumage which have been recently sold in such large numbers on the kerb. It



THE WELL

is interesting to note that the very life-like fowls covered with real feathers, which have for so long been hawked about the streets, are all made in Japan,



TEN MINUTES' CLOCK

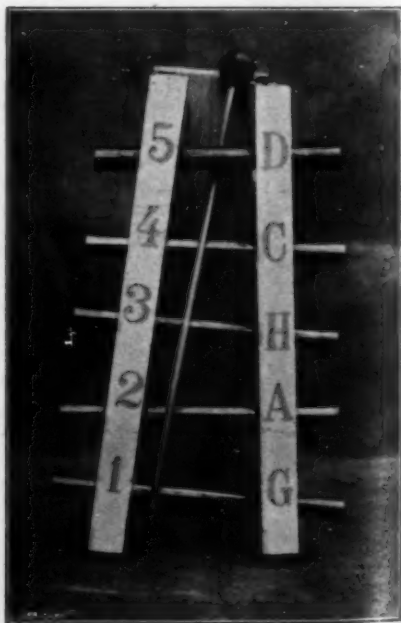
as are also the miniature fishing-rods with a gorgeous fish dependent at the end of a line.

Coming to the latest novelties in toys which will be sold about the streets in Christmas week, I am overwhelmed by the number and variety shown me by Mr. Whitton. After spending several hours in going from room to room and inspecting toys just unpacked from the manufacturers' cases, I inquired how much more there was to see, and was informed that I had only been through a dozen rooms, and that there were forty in all. This fact will serve to give an idea of the immense variety in which toys are now turned out.

The cleverest novelty of the present year is without doubt the Jubilee artist. This product of German ingenuity is made of stamped tin and intended to sell at a shilling, though at Christmas-time it is no unusual thing for the hawker to make a far bigger profit than that allowed by the supposititious selling price. This toy shows an artist seated

before an easel on a tin stand. In his hand he holds a miniature pencil, and on the handle affixed to the stand being turned, the artist draws a very correct outline head of the Queen. The drawing is so well done as to be instantly recognisable, and the feat is performed quickly or slowly according to the speed at which the handle is turned. Another noteworthy toy, also of German origin, but intended to be retailed at sixpence, is the mechanical leotard, a tin figure of an acrobat dependent from a horizontal bar. The figure is actuated by a clock-work attachment which not only causes the figure to swing on the bar and perform a clear somersault, but also to reverse from time to time. Another taking sixpennyworth is a well with windlass, to which buckets are fixed. The windlass revolves on the turning of a handle and the buckets draw water from out the well. A still more dainty sixpennyworth is a nicely silvered clock with hands, which, on being wound up, goes for ten minutes.

The latest novelty from France in the



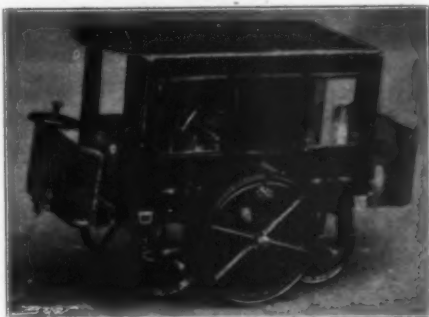
"TUBEPHONE"

way of sixpenny toys, is the "Tube-phone," a framework of wood, along which a series of pieces of brass tube are suspended on cords. These when struck give out the notes of the harmonic scale, and enable one to play a tune. This toy is a marvel of ingenuity and cheapness, and is a great improvement on the old set of metal plates, which it will doubtless drive out of the market.

It is, however, satisfactory to note that the toy trade is not entirely in the hands of the foreigner. There are many cheap toys which are made in England, notably the improved tin soldiers, which are all made in the North of London. The penny cottage money-box depicted in our illustration is also of English manufacture, being the product of the ingenuity of an old lady who makes a living out of this article all her own work.

Among the penny toys now being sold to the hawkers are several of striking originality. Here, for instance, is a motor-car made of tin, with all details shown. This toy can be made to work on the top principle, the string being wound round a flanged wheel connected with the running gear. Here

wire bowl in which rests a celluloid ball. The ball is not connected in any way with the pipe, but it can be maintained in the air at a height of six inches from



A MOTOR-CAR

the bowl, by blowing through the tube, always falling back into the bowl on ceasing to blow.

Among other novelties, far too numerous to mention in detail, is a box of croquet with mallets, hoops, and balls, beautifully made and properly coloured; a complete set of dolls-house furniture, comprising a table, sofa, and four chairs; a tin locomotive and tender; a glass-covered box containing a collapsible tent, and tin soldiers; a complete dinner service, including serviettes in rings; a working sewing machine; a very ingenious buoy which floats on the water, and cannot be made to sink or capsize, despite that it carries a tall pole with a flag at top; a motor-car lamp, with green glass, oil reservoir and wick; a transparency shown with an assortment of pictures; a tin musical-box which plays a tune; a "petits chevaux," with four horses revolving on a pivot; a practicable brass cannon; and a double box of crayons containing two drawers with six coloured chalks in each. All of these are made to sell at one penny each, as is also a beautifully-made electro-plated steel knife, a mouth accordion with four notes, and a japanned paint-box containing a dozen cakes of colour and brush.

The toys are so marvellously cheap that one wonders how any profit can be made out of them. But my informant



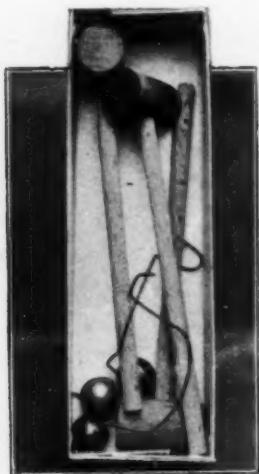
MONEY-BOX

is another Japanese toy, a singing bird with real feathers; alongside a very cute French trick, comprising a pipe with a

assured me that there are three very good profits obtained out of them, as well as the cost of freight. The manu-

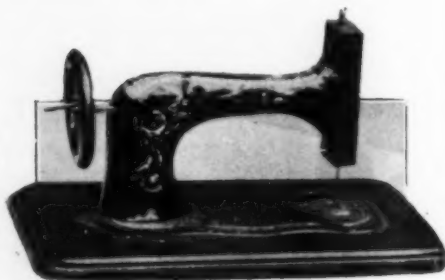
makes the cheapness all the more wonderful, as so-called penny toys are made for a halfpenny, and sixpenny toys for threepence.

On the subject of sales, my information is, naturally, somewhat vague; but I learned that the warehouseman looks to sell a thousand gross, equivalent to twelve thousand dozen, of any novelty that is smart and good value, and the sale achieved in anything which hits the public fancy is five or six times as great. Thus the imitation flowers made into button-holes which were sold about the streets Jubilee time, in posies of red, white and blue, ran into over a million. The flowers are made of celluloid and come from France. But I also gathered that many of the hawkers who speculated in Jubilee stuff failed to sell their stock



A CROQUET SET

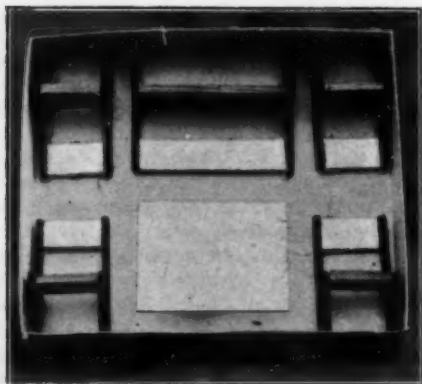
facturer reckons as a rule to get about 10 per cent. on the retail prices. The wholesale importer over here gets about the same. The hawker makes 25 per cent. or more. He will not sell an article at a lower margin, so that 45 per cent. of the selling price is taken up in the profits and the cost of carriage absorbs another 5 per cent., which means that the cost of manufacture must not exceed one-half the selling price. This fact



SEWING MACHINE

and lost heavily owing to the immense competition.

The hawkers are very cute and employ varied tactics in order to get the command of the market. Thus it is a common thing for five or six to combine when something specially saleable is brought out, and so buy up the whole supply. They then put up the price and make a good thing of it. Thus in the case of the elderly man who takes his hat off on pulling a string, which has been so largely sold about the streets this year, although this was sold at 9s. 6d. a gross, so as to be retailed at a penny each, the hawkers began by selling it at threepence, and it fetched twopence until the sale was practically exhausted. The same thing has taken place in connection with the extremely



FOR THOSE ABOUT TO FURNISH

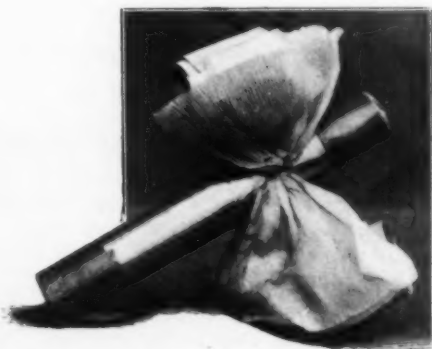
ingenious mechanical toy known as the kicking donkey, now being sold about the streets. This was intended to be retailed at one shilling, and was offered to the hawkers for nine shillings and sixpence a dozen. The cute merchants of the pavement immediately recognised the merits of the novelty, and some half a dozen combined to buy up the whole stock. This was effected within a few hours of the cases being unpacked, and the toy is fetching as much as half-a-crown in the hands of speculative vendors.


There is probably no industry which has gone through a greater change during the past decade than that of toy-making. The penny toys with which the present generation amused itself in its childhood are practically extinct. Of the various articles with which good little boys were rewarded for their prowess, the only one which still commands any sale is the air balloon, which during the spring and summer finds purchasers by the thousand, and these are stored in quantities sufficing to fill whole rooms. It is worth noting that the balloons are not stored in the form in which they are

sold. The wholesale dealer stocks and sells the balls in the form of little skin bags, and these are blown out by the retailer after he has taken them away. It would be interesting to learn whether the inflation is performed by actual blowing, or whether some form of air-pump is employed, but I have not been able to satisfy myself on this point.

And to come back to the dead donkey question, I asked what becomes of all the unsold or unsaleable toys.

Mr. Whitton grew mysterious and confidential. "I will tell you," he said, "and I don't think the fact has ever been made public. They are put into surprise packets." And then I was shown stacks and stacks of empty brown-paper bags waiting to be filled, each to become the depository of six penny toys which wouldn't fetch their price. These surprise packets are still very popular with children, and are largely bought for school treats and similar functions. The bags are sold closed, the fun consisting in not knowing what you have got till you have parted with your penny; and there is certainly a charm about the proceeding. I felt strongly tempted to invest in one myself.





Carol of the Trees

INTO the woods the message went,
Over the dry and yellowing bent;
"Christ is born—be ye well content,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Oak unto oak the message sped,
Silver birch to the beech-tree red
Leaned and whispered till all was said.

Olive-leaves to the song were set,
But gray and pale were the olives yet
With thinking long upon Olivet.

Lifted the ash her berries red:
"My gift to Him who for quick and dead
Is born this morning." And none gainsaid.

Aspens shook at the far wood-edge,
Though dreading nothing from axe and wedge,
Shook, though the weeds were still in the hedge.

Aspens shook as in storm they stood:
"Woeful use for our woeful wood!
Out, alas! for the Aspen Rood!"

Reeds were quivering that word to hear;
Bending over a wood-pool clear,
Every reed saw itself a spear.

Thorns in the high hedge did not know
Why they flinched from a sudden throe
And broke in flower through the falling snow.

"O!" they said, "is it time to die?
Or has the winter hurried by:
Do swift wings whiten the April sky?"

Yews stood dark to the rising sun,
Twenty cedars outcried as one:
"Hail to the King whose reign's begun."

Hawthorn and whitethorn flushed right fair,
With a mist of flowers on their branches bare,
Red and white in the clear, chill air.

Oaks and aspens and olives lift
The word of praise as the dawn-clouds rift;
And human speech is their grace and gift,
*On Christmas Day in 'the morning."

NORA HOPPER.



The Crutch Craze

WRITTEN BY ULYSSES ROGERS. ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR



THE man who sat opposite to me in the restaurant was a ruby-faced individual with a mouth nearly hidden by heavy chunks of fat, and with only a goat-like beard, proclaiming him from out West, to give anything like definite shape to his features.

He entered into conversation informally. Some of his remarks were not badly put, but he annoyed me considerably when he laughed heartily at the appearance of a poor fellow with crutches who hobbled past our table and took up his seat at the far end of the building.

"Always strikes me funny, anything like that does," he said.

"The fact of being crippled is scarcely a happy subject for mirth," I remarked.

"No, it ain't," he said. "I agree with you there. But mayhap you never heard of the crutch craze of Kerkas city. That's what started me."

"I am afraid I must confess to ignorance on the subject," I said. "I utterly fail, also, to grasp what you mean by a crutch craze."

"Well, that isn't surprising, I s'pose, if you never heard of the great craze that took hold of Kerkas for a month. Of the 800 men in the place there wasn't one but walked with crutches at one time, and half the women followed suit."

"But what was the object?" I said.

"Nothing," he replied, "except to be in the fashion. It was all owing to Phil Bickersdyke, the butter king of Chicago, you know, who had his country seat at Kerkas. Well,

Bickersdyke led the fashion out there. Whatever he happened to wear when he visited the place everybody else was bound to go in for, and he never failed to bring some fresh innovation from Chicago. The impression prevailed in them parts that Bickersdyke set the fashion for the world, and it was well understood that the Prince of Wales copied him regularly.

"If Bickersdyke wore a great coat in the height of summer, all Kerkas followed. If he had appeared in mid-



"HOBBOLED OUT ON HIS CRUTCHES"

winter in bathing-pants and a collarette, it would have been understood that this was the correct thing, and the Bickersdyke fashion would have been the rage for the time being. Any citizen of Kerkas with any pretensions would as lief been dead as out of the Bickersdyke run.



"EMPHASIZING HIS POINTS"

"One day Bickersdyke took up a heavy bet with a Chicago friend to the effect that he would make Kerkas city follow him in any fashion suggested. A man on crutches was passing at the time, and the friend said: 'Well, get them to wear crutches for three weeks, and the stakes are yours.'

"Bickersdyke accepted the challenge right away, and started for Kerkas the next morning to win his dollars. He took with him a handsome pair of crutches, gold mounted, with crocodile skin rests for the arms, and the masts fairly ablaze with bunting, so to speak—that is, bows of ribbons of various hues.

"Directly he arrived at Kerkas he hobbled out of the station on his crutches, much to the wonderment of the officials, who proffered their services, and were curtly snubbed for their pains. He disdained the use of a buggy that was waiting outside, and commenced to stump his way through the main street in the direction of his house.

"The news that Phil Bickersdyke, Esq., had arrived, and was walking on crutches, preceded him, and the people flocked to their doors to see the extraordinary sight. Half way down the street the Mayor approached to commiserate.

"'I am grieved to notice your misfortune, sir,' he said, 'and you may take it from me, as speaking for Kerkas, that the whole city sympathises with you.'

"'Sir,' said Bickersdyke, resting upon one crutch and flourishing the other, 'what do you mean by such language? Look here, Henderson,' he continued, as the other cowered before him, 'you're a decent fellow, and mean well, and all that, I don't doubt, but hang it, sir, what do you mean by your insults, and why do all these lunatics in this infernal city of yours stick their heads out of doors and gape at me? Isn't a man to be allowed to follow the fashion of the day without being glared at as if he were a travelling menagerie or a dime museum?'

"The Mayor was considerably shaken up, and retired with profuse apologies. Mr. Bickersdyke hobbled on up the street.

"Kerkas had never known such a sensation. Bickersdyke's crutches were discussed that night all over the city. The bar parlour, the dry goods store, the literary club, all took up the subject, and solemnly hammered out the pros and cons of the new fashion. It was agreed on all hands that a rising populous place like Kerkas could not be behindhand in any civilising movement. If the large centres had taken to crutches, Kerkas must follow.

"And Kerkas did. Next morning, Judge Perkins, as befitted his position, led the way, and he hadn't been abroad with his timber attenuations more than an hour before the Mayor was in the street, stumping his way around with the aid of a couple of wooden wing supports. The thing caught on rapidly. Once during the day Bickersdyke gave his decorated props an airing just to help the movement along, and at night-fall 50 per cent. of the upper crust of the town, from the Judge down to Hake Peterson, the tinned meat man, were careering about on four extremities.

"By the next evening the other half of the *élite* had been converted from the error of their ways, and the lower orders were throwing in their lot with Bickersdyke and the Judge and the other pioneers of civilisation. In less than a week every human being in Kerkas who was capable of doing anything above crawling was jogging along on pine stumps.

"It seems queer to think about, but the craze had fairly caught on.

"And they were crutches, some of them! There were gold and silver-mounted crutches, crutches with patent pneumatic paddings, brass-tipped and india-rubber rounded crutches, crutches with joints for folding and packing, crutches fitted with wheels for skating over the side-walk, crutches with spikes to be used as potato drills, sword crutches, collapsible crutches, umbrella crutches, patent bootjack crutches, every kind of crutch conceivable, from the smartly burnished, handsomely upholstered implement of the rich to the rough-and-ready stick and cross-piece of the poor.

"Of course, it was not long before it leaked out that the whole thing was a hoax on the part of Bickersdyke, who had pocketed his bet; but the town had got so set on the novelty of the thing that everybody settled down to the habit, and declined to give it up. Crutch balls, crutch rambles, crutch picnics became the rage. The local policeman was furnished with one as an additional aid to the maintaining of order, and the Judge got into quite a pretty way of emphasizing his points in court with crutch comments.

"Dexterity on the crutch came to be regarded as a fine art. Any idiot, it was argued, could steer himself over the earth on two ordinary meat and bone legs, but it took skill and talent to stump about on four supports, two of which were timber and detachable.

"The movement was voted the best

ever taken up by Kerkas, for the place became popularised, and excursion trains ran from all parts of the continent. Agents advertised the place in their guide books, and tourists 'did' the Kerkas Crutch Craze like they might 'do' the Falls, or Salt Lake, or the Bowery, or any other truly great American novelty.

"Dollars flowed merrily into Kerkas, and lasting fame and riches seemed to have settled on the place. The crutch industry had grown to tremendous proportions, and rival towns were commencing the craze, when one day the thing was brought to a sudden and ignominious conclusion.

"It all arose through the indiscretion



"AT THE COUNCIL."

of Councillor Shoolbred, who, at the Council one day in a moment of excitement during a speech, unfortunately enforced his argument by dealing his opponent, ex-senator Johnson, a blow over the head with his wooden accessory.

Johnson happened to be pretty popular, and before Shoolbred realised what was happening he was called to order with the boom end of the Mayor's heavily mounted crutch of office. Shoolbred reeled under the blow, but in a moment he had recovered, and proceeded to draw first blood by jabbing the Mayor in the jaw with the patent non-slipping iron tip with which his implement was rigged.

"Within five seconds the Council was on its feet, hitting out kicks with the leg superseders right and left. The battle surged into the street, and sup-

had long been coming to a head, and now it had come it found the place armed for the emergency. The dandy crutch, fancied by the aristocracy, which chiefly favoured the Johnsonian side of the struggle, was not by any means so effective as the more substantial iron and brass-tipped support of the demo-



"THE BATTLE SURGED INTO THE STREET"

porters rushed in to the assistance of either side. It only took ten minutes before Kerkas was in the throes of a civil crutch war.

"I'll say this for Kerkas that there never was any half-heartedness about the place, and the citizens did not show any divided measures about that day's proceedings. The differences between the rival Johnson and Shoolbred factions

crazy, which opposed, and the Shoolbreds were scoring a majority of dead and dying, when the militia, which had been called in from a neighbouring town, arrived, and brought to an inglorious termination what seemed likely to prove an interesting and well-intentioned pastime.

"The next day crutches had gone out of fashion."

Are Burglars Baffled?

WRITTEN BY ROBERT MACHRAY. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

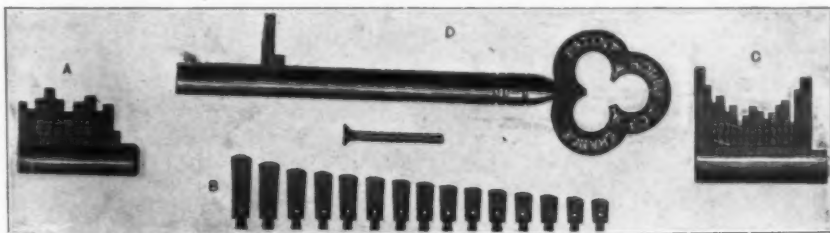


"AFES! Why, sir," said the manager of one of the largest safe-making companies in the world to me the other day, when I called upon him with a view to obtaining facts for the purpose of this article, "I do not believe that, if you took all the safes in England, ninety per cent. of them can be declared to be burglar-proof. You see, so long as a safe has not been

men have made, another man or another set of men can unmake."

"Still, I imagine," said I, "you do get as near as possible to completely baffling all the skill of the most expert burglar, do you not?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "What we do is this: We interpose such obstacles in the way of the most consummate artist in the destruction of safes—obstacles of time, place, and other circumstances—as to make burglary practically impossible. Each year has seen a more marked development in the safeguarding of safes, so to say. Nor is there



COMBINATION KEY

exploited by a burglar, a poor, cheap safe is quite as good as the strongest that can be made. So people go on in their fancied security from day to day. Then you hear of a burglary. Much is said of the cleverness and ingenuity of the successful burglar; little, however, is heard of the poorness of the safe."

"I suppose," said I, "that there is such a thing as an absolutely thief-proof, burglar-proof safe?"

"No, sir," replied my informant, "there is no such thing on earth as a safe, or a safe-deposit, or a vault, or a treasure-chamber of any kind whatever, that can be said to be absolutely burglar-proof. For what one man has made, or a set of

any finality in this business. For while each year has seen this improvement of which I speak in the manufacture of safes, each year has also seen what might be called a corresponding development on the part of the burglar. With the aid of chemistry and electricity he is an infinitely more formidable adversary than he was, say, even ten years ago."

After some further conversation with my courteous guide, he proceeded to show me the most recent achievements in the manufacture of locks and keys, and also of safes.

The most primitive of all safes was, no doubt, a hole dug in the ground. Then treasure-houses of stone were built, each having their secret entrances,

the key to which was secured beyond peradventure by the execution of the original builders. There is a story of an Eastern monarch of our own time—



CROMWELL'S SAFE

and the story sounds as if it were true—who protects his hoards by placing the precious stones, gems, and gold of which he is possessed in the hollowed-out trunks of trees; the trees are then cast into a deep pool swarming with crocodiles, and so perfect is this gruesome "safe" that it is not easy to see how even the king himself can get at any part of his treasure without having all these monsters killed.

The most essential parts of a safe are the lock and key. I was more than struck by the fact, which was brought to my notice by the gentleman to whom I have already alluded, that the most elaborate locks and keys now made by such firms as Chubb's, Hobbs', Milners', and other manufacturers, are in principle, though not of course in detail, the same as the keys and locks made by the Egyptians of a time before even that of Moses. There have always been thieves, I imagine, pretty well from the first, so it is not, therefore, so surprising that we

have locks and keys mentioned in the earliest literatures of the world. So far as modern times are concerned—towards the end of last century came the Bramah

lock, and during the next few years following several other varieties based upon the same lines. The next most important development was the Chubb's lock, brought out under various patents by the founder of the renowned firm. In 1851 an American, afterwards the head of the great house of Hobbs, Hart and Co., came to England, and demonstrated that there was no lock then in use which could not be picked. Since that time many small details of construction have been elaborated, so that makers of the first rank maintain, and no doubt quite truly, that they turn out locks which

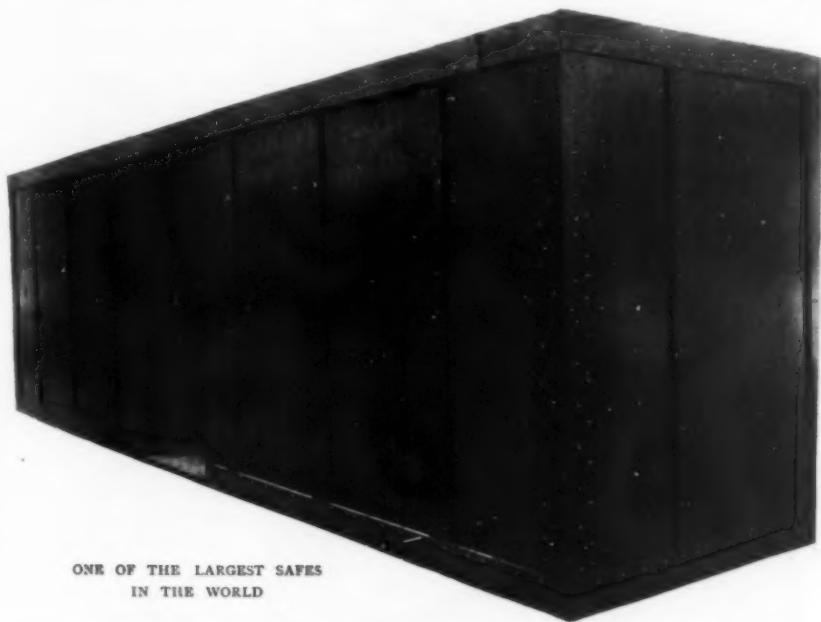
successfully defy the most delicate tools of the burglar.

In an article of this kind, it is of course quite impossible to go at all fully into the mechanical details connected with any particular unpickable key-lock. But I may be permitted to mention that the key in the best safes can be taken to pieces, as is shown in the accompanying illustration. In this instance, the bits marked B, technically known as steps, can be transposed in no less than 1,307,674,368,000 ways, thus making it impossible for any duplicate key to be made to fit this particular lock. For if a fresh combination is made every night, it will take more years than have elapsed since the world began—even from the geological standpoint—to exhaust the possible combinations which can be made with that key—each combination making in effect a different key each night *per saecula saeculorum*. Not much use in making a wax cast of such a key. Here the thief appears to be completely

baffled. Suppose, then, that we have a perfect key and an unpickable lock, there still remains that the lock should be made gunpowder-proof or explosive-proof. This also has been achieved by various mechanical devices which allow the powder, &c., when inserted in the key-hole, to run through the lock and to escape.

In this country and on the Continent the lock and key are in general use for the secure fastening of safes. What is

With regard to safes I think there has been more improvement, perhaps, than with respect to keys. Indeed, it was not until the present century that anything deserving the name of a safe was made. Our ancestors were content to place their valuables in an oak chest, such as that which belonged to Oliver Cromwell, and is shown here in the accompanying illustration. How far we have travelled from that time will be noticed by comparing the safe which belonged to the great



ONE OF THE LARGEST SAFES
IN THE WORLD

known as the combination lock—a keyless lock, a movable disc having figures marked upon it taking the place of the key—is in general use in America.

Attempts have been made to introduce the American safe into England, but without much success. I made inquiries as to whether what I may call the English system of lock and key did not present more of an opportunity to the burglar than the American. "If our safes were easier to crack than the American," I was told, "you may be quite sure that the highly-skilled American burglar would soon make his home in this country. He doesn't."

Lord Protector and that built recently for a bank in Scotland—a steel structure (a house, one might say), seventeen feet high, fifteen feet deep, and thirteen feet wide; or that other safe shown on this page above the inscription, "One of the largest safes in the world."

The truth is, our ancestors did not require to have these elaborate precautions against burglars, as is shown by the following incident. The Crown jewels of Scotland were deposited in a strong chest of oak in 1707. The lid of this chest was secured by three locks, each of which had to be forced open in the year 1818, in the presence of Royal

Commissioners appointed for the purpose, because the keys had been lost. Neither locksmith nor mechanic of a time, therefore, so recent as the beginning of the present century, was sufficiently expert at burgling—even with a bent skewer—to pick these locks, otherwise they would not have required to have been broken to pieces, as they had to be, before the chest was opened.



SAFE WITH IMPLEMENTS USED ON IT

The first safes made of metal came into the country from abroad, and consisted simply of iron frames covered with sheet iron. It seems clear that the safe, as we now know it, was at first designed to preserve treasure and valuables of whatever kind rather from fire

than from the burglar. As a matter of fact, some time elapsed before it was understood that the burglar was to be feared even more than fire. The last step of all was the manufacture of a safe which would not only resist fire, but at the same time completely baffle the burglar.

Chests of wrought iron were first made in London; cast iron chests had for some years before been made at Birmingham and other places. In 1827 Thomas Milner, a tinner at Sheffield, commenced the manufacture of sheet iron boxes, and subsequently of strong plate iron safes and chests. The safe of the present day has gradually been evolved from these beginnings.

We are all tolerably familiar with the outward appearance of safes, but few of us have any idea of the extraordinary skill which is brought to bear upon their manufacture.

There are two or three things necessary for a safe to be "burglar-proof." Enough has already been said about the lock and key. The next most important thing is that the outer case or shell must be sufficiently strong not only to withstand all violent attempts to break it open, but also that the material of which it is composed shall be so dense that it cannot be drilled. A third point is that the door must be so carefully fitted to close that no passage or crevice is left for the insertion of a wedge, chisel, or

other instrument. Another object aimed at is that the ends of rivets, studs or pivots employed to fix the lock case, door-frame or any of the internal fittings, shall not on any account appear on the outside.

Different makers manufacture the case or shell in different ways, but the general principle seems to be pretty much the same. The material used is made of steel, formed of alternate layers of hard and soft metal, the outermost case of all being of chilled steel, the whole being welded together under enormous pressure into a solid sheet. The thicker this material is the greater the resistance it offers to the burglar, but the main object in using the alternate layers of soft and hard steel is that the hard steel provides the necessary resistance to the drill of the burglar, while the soft steel, suppose he has managed by the aid of the blow-pipe or an electric current in getting through the first line of defence, prevents the plate being broken by a chisel or other implement.

During the massacres in Constantinople a year or two ago, determined efforts were made to break open the safes standing in the offices of some of the great merchants of that city. In the accompanying illustration, for which I have to thank Messrs. Milner and Co., the implements used upon these safes with a view to their destruction will be seen above the safes, while what look like splashes upon the door are the evidences of the blows showered upon the safes themselves.

Not so long ago the burglar relied upon files, jemmies and various kinds of drills wherewith to effect an entrance into a safe. The file and the jemmy have been discarded; the best safes are made of steel upon which no ordinary drill will make the slightest impression. With regard to inferior safes, the burglar's mode of procedure is to drill holes all round the lock and to remove it, an entrance being thus easily effected. In the illustration, "A drilled door," it will be noticed that the burglars have removed the lock from the safe-door in this manner.

The burglar of our time is enough of

a chemist to understand the use of, perhaps to manufacture even, high explosives, such as nitro-glycerine. It is with respect to the use of such a substance—or, rather, to prevent the using of such a substance—that so much care is taken in fitting the safe-doors, the passage left between the door and the outer shell being so small that it is impossible almost to insert the point of a needle between them.

I do not think that it has been tried



A DRILLED DOOR

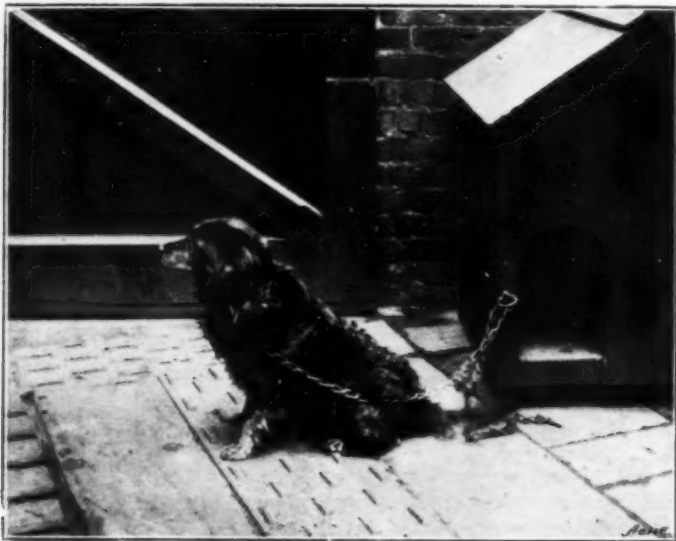
in England yet, but in America burglars have made successful assaults upon safes by employing the electric current to fuse or melt a sufficient portion of the surface of the outer shell of the safe to admit of their drills being used upon the lock.

With a view to defeating the burglar who is both a chemist and an electrician, safes are now made double—that is, one safe of great strength is placed inside another of as great or even greater. Should the attempt be made to destroy such safes by means of high explosives, it is almost certain that the contents of

the safes would also be destroyed, the burglar thus spoiling his own game.

When a fusing apparatus is brought into requisition by the burglar, it consists of a cylinder of compound oxygen and hydrogen gas, which supplies a short section of piping, terminating in an iron cup. The latter is pressed firmly against the door after a light has been applied, and a stream of flame issues from the end of the pipe in its bottom. So fierce

Many houses are now fitted up with what are known as "burglar alarums," consisting of electrical contrivances placed in different positions about the safe. The burglar can scarcely avoid trampling on or touching one or other of these concealed wires, when immediately a bell sounds forth, and his little plot is discovered. In America there are organised companies which insure valuables from the clutches of burglars



THE SAFEGUARD OF "MILNER'S SAFES"

is this flame that it melts the metal in the ordinary safe-door, and eats a jagged hole through it in a remarkably short space of time.

Give the burglar time, and he will effect an entrance into almost any safe that is without some further protection than that given by the safe itself. This has led to the introduction of "safe deposits," where patrols or guards watch the safes night and day. The Bank of England has long had its military guard on duty every night, and the Bank of France is protected in a similar manner.

by a system somewhat similar to that just described, the only difference being that the alarums are sent on from the particular place attacked to a central office. As soon as this message has been received a picket or patrol is sent on with all possible speed to the place, which is quickly and noiselessly surrounded, and the burglar is taken red-handed.

For the last of our illustrations, which explains itself, we are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of *Commerce*.

The Pen that Remembered

WRITTEN BY H. D. LOWRY. ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER



T was the end of a February day. The huge studio had been deserted by its owner because of the failing light; but he had left a splendid fire, and so Doris and the Visitor, invading the place for a moment, were tempted to stop on.

"Is there a story in your head?" asked Doris presently, when they were comfortably settled.

The Visitor looked around him as if in the hope of gathering inspiration from one or other of the ghostly canvases that stood against the walls, and on a couple of easels. "I don't think there is," he said at last. "Do you want one very badly?"

"Of course, I do," said Doris. "I am never so happy as when I am hearing a new story—if it is beautiful."

"There are lots of people like that, Doris," said the Visitor. "Well, did you ever hear the story of the magic pen? I don't think you can have, for I have only just thought of it."

Doris moved her eager body impatiently in the draperies on which she sat, as if to find a position of lasting comfort. "Tell me," she pleaded.

"Once upon a time," began the Visitor, "in a far country, but not so long ago, there lived a widow who had an only son."

Doris interrupted, for she was something critical in the matter of openings. "There are lots of stories like that," she murmured, with a restless stir of the draperies.

"You wait a little," said the Visitor. "The widow's husband had died when

the child was young, and so he was all she had left in life to care. She lived in a small white cottage. At the back of it there was a tiny orchard, where daffodils grew in spring among the grass, and hart's-tongue ferns upon the hedges. The front garden was smaller still. A pathway all paved with white pebbles led straight to the door, and on either side there was just enough grass to hold a bed in which a fuchsia-bush grew. The door was painted green and had a brass knocker; there were four windows with white blinds."

"Go on, please," said Doris, who recognised the cottage described, and began to be interested.

"Well, the son was his mother's only joy for a great many years, and he was all the joy she wanted. As the years went by she became old and wrinkled and weak, and her hair turned grey. But she never thought of this, because she was always watching her son, who grew taller and stronger and more handsome. Unhappily, he did not grow in wisdom quite so rapidly. He began to think that for a person like himself the village was altogether too small a place; and when he came home (often late at night) he used to look with contempt at the little house where he had been born.

"So his mother began to have sorrow mixed up with her joy and pride, for she did not know what to do to put an end to his discontent. She loved him as much as ever, and I think the son loved her after a fashion, though he sometimes spoke roughly to her. At any rate, he used to say he was sorry, and kiss her, and think she had forgotten his words. But one day the mother's heart was almost broken: her son had disappeared, leaving only a note to say that he had gone into a distant country to seek his fortune and see the world.

"Everything had gone out of the mother's life. The little cupboard of a house seemed to echo with emptiness as she moved about in it; and when she went out, even into the busiest places, it seemed to her that the great world

ever, and there were always flowers in the window to welcome him if he should come back. But there was never any news; and she grew older and older, until one day a sailor-man came from oversea. The mother heard his footsteps



"'IS THERE A STORY IN YOUR HEAD?'"

echoed in the same way, being also empty. It was all because he was away, and because she had nothing to do but pray for news of him."

"And didn't he come back?" asked Doris, out of the shadows.

"For a long time the mother lived alone. The house was as well-swept as

on the path, and thought it was her son. But the stranger used the brass knocker, and before she opened the door she knew it was only a messenger.

"You have news of my son?" she cried.

"The sailor had not much news. He could not tell her much, for that would

have broken her heart. The son had fallen into foolishness: he was like the Prodigal. But the sailor told her of an address at which a letter would reach him, and that was enough to make her glad. She compelled the sailor to eat some food and to drink some of the mead she made from her honey. Then she thanked him again, and as soon as he had left the house she went into the orchard and found a common goose-quill, and cut it into a pen. For the sake of what comes after you should remember that it was just a common goose-quill.

"She went back into her house and lit the lamp, and all that evening she was writing him a letter."

"Did she print it?" asked Doris, who demanded of her correspondents that their calligraphy should be of the clearest.

"She had not to write much, Doris, and so her ordinary handwriting was of a sort you could read. And it really was not much of a letter, for the old lady was not clever. There were many things she might have told him that would have interested him, but she only put one into the letter, though it was a long one. She was like some silly little bird that can only sing one song of a few notes, and must sing it over again if it wants to go on making music. She remembered the helpless baby she had been so proud of, and wrote, 'I love you, dear; come back.' Then she thought of the tiny child he had been when he first walked, and to him she wrote, 'I love you, dear; come back.' She thought of all the boys he had ever been, and last of all of the boy who had said hard words and gone into a far country forgetting her. To him she wrote, 'I love you, dear; come back. My heart is breaking for you.' When the letter was finished she went to bed, and the next morning she posted it. Now, that day she was continually thinking of what she had written, and she could not be sure that the letter was what it should have been. 'He will be a little ashamed,' she said. 'He was always sorry for the things he did. Perhaps I wasn't loving enough.' So she sat down and wrote him the same letter again, saying, 'I love you, dear;

come back. I love you, dear; come back,' just as that little foolish bird sings its song of a few notes over and over again. Day after day she wrote a letter in the evening and posted it in the morning, only to write another before she went to bed for fear she had not spoken lovingly enough."

"Did he come back to her?" asked Doris.

"He was a prodigal, and when a man is that he finds it hard to go back, though perhaps he is sorry. The son got letter after letter, and each of them made him sorer; but he did not go back. The mother went on writing, and after a long time there came a letter that made him say, 'I will go back.' 'I love you, dear; come back,' she had written. 'My heart is breaking for you.' He saw how weak and trembling the handwriting was, and he repented. He made up his mind to do some honest work and get the money that should pay for his journey back. But first he wrote his mother: 'I am very sorry, mother,' he said. 'In a week I hope to be able to start for home, and I will never leave the little white house again.'

"At last he came home. Often in the last few days he had thought of how he would open the gate and run to the door, to find his mother there with her arms open. But he stood at the gate for a long time, and when he walked up the pathway he did so slowly and with a heavy heart. The white blinds were down: he knew that his mother was dead.

"They told him afterwards that she had never known sorrow from the moment when she received his letter. She had been busy day after day in setting the house to rights and making ready to welcome him. There was one thing over which she was specially glad, for her eyesight had grown bad and her fingers stiff. 'I shall never need to write another letter,' she said. But she had grown fond of the goose-quill pen, and so she wiped it carefully and put it away in a drawer where she kept all her dearest treasures. Then, on the night before he came back, she went to bed, and while she was sleeping, died. Her death was



"HE WAS A PRODIGAL"

just like the rose's death you told me of, that dreams in the moonlight and does not know its petals are falling until they are all fallen and its scent goes out in the wind. She was as happy as any rose can be that night. The last thing that anyone heard her say was: 'I am the gladdest woman in the world. My boy will be here to-morrow, I am sure.'

The Visitor paused, and Doris, the firelight on her hair, questioned him a trifle indignantly. "Is that the end?"

"Why," he answered, "as a matter of fact it is only the beginning."

"It sounded like an end," said Doris, still aggrieved. "You've killed the poor old mother."

"The story is all about the pen," said the Visitor, "and you remember that the mother had put it away in her drawer. The son found it there, and guessed all about its history; and when he had seen the other treasures he knew how much

his mother had loved him. He made up his mind to keep his promise and live on in the little house, and for some time he did nothing but think of the days when he had deserted her, and repent bitterly. He was repenting all the rest of his life, but soon he saw that he must find some business. He thought about it a great deal, and made up his mind that gardening is the only really important business in the world so long as you don't trouble your head about vegetables. So he became a gardener, and, because he was always thinking as he moved about among the flowers—because also he had sinned deeply, and bitterly repented—he grew wiser than most men, and after a time was much consulted by people who were in trouble. He advised them so well that he grew quite famous, and after a time the people in those parts always said to a friend who was in difficulties: 'Go and see the Gardener at the

little white house. He will tell you what to do.'

"Now one day there came to him a very rich gentleman. He was in great sorrow. His only daughter, Marjory, had fallen in love with a poor poet and got married to him. The poet was a good man, but the father only knew that he was poor; and so he was angry with his daughter, and would not forgive her until she had left her husband. This, of course, she could not do. The father did not like the idea of consulting a mere gardener, but he had done all he could, without avail; and so he came to the little white house.

"They tell me you are very wise,' he said. 'Can you tell me what I must do in order to bring back a thankless child to a sense of what is right?'

"I should be able to do that,' said the Gardener, very sadly. 'A poor old woman did as much for me. Will you tell me how matters are?'

"The father was only half-way through his story when the Gardener stopped him. 'Excuse me,' he said, feeling in his pocket for his keys. He ran upstairs, and soon came back carrying the goose-quill pen.

"When you write letters to your daughter——' he began.

"But the father interrupted, almost angrily: 'How do you know that I write her letters?' he cried. 'I have cast her off.'

"You love her,' said the Gardener. 'You write her many letters, some of which you burn. I will lend you this pen, the most precious thing I have. When you write letters to her, use this pen.'

"But it is worn out,' cried the father. 'I don't believe I could write my name with it.'

"Try,' said the Gardener. He found paper and ink, and the father tried. He had been correct in what he said: he could not write his name, for when he tried to do that the pen wrote *Darling Daughter*; and when he crossed that out angrily and tried again, it wrote *Dear little Marjory*.

"Take it away with you,' said the Gardener. 'I promise you that happiness shall be yours again.'

"The father grumbled a good deal, but he took the pen and went back to his home. He felt that he was foolish to believe in what the Gardener said, and walked on the dark side of the road lest people should recognise him and guess that he believed a mere goose-quill pen—and an old one at that—was going to do away with his trouble. Yet as soon as he had got home he shut his study door and began to write a letter to Marjory."

"And what happened?" asked Doris, leaning her head against the Visitor's knee.

"Nobody ever quite knew," said he. "It is certain that the father was still angry with the Poet, though he loved his daughter. I believe he sat down intending to tell her once more that if she would leave her husband and come back, he would be very glad to receive her. He did not know that the pen had only written loving letters ever since the old mother made it a pen, and that it had written these for so long a time that it could write no others. Perhaps he thought, when he put it into its envelope, that it was just like the others he had written. You may depend that he was wrong, for the pen could not have written them. Indeed, it was almost like a living creature, so you may say it would not write them.

"The father went on writing letters. It was a worn, old pen, but somehow it fitted comfortably into the hand, and he was never so happy as when he was using it. But he soon found that he must not use it for business letters: it would have been stupid to begin 'My darling child' when he was writing an order to a coal merchant. Sometimes he got angry half-way through one of the lovely letters the pen made him write, and he did his best to make it different. It was no good; he could not stop the pen except by tearing up the letter. Can you guess what happened? The pen began to make a difference in him, as well as in the letters he wrote with it. So one day he took a clean sheet of paper, and some fresh ink, and spoke to the pen. 'You are much cleverer than I,' he said, 'but you can-

not be half so fond of Marjory. Write what you think best.' So the pen wrote."

"What?" asked Doris.

the Poet collected her wraps. And Marjory and the Poet lived there ever afterwards, and they and the father had only one sad thing in all the rest of their lives. That was when they had to return the pen to the Gardener, who said that so many other people had need of it that he could not let them keep it now that it had done its work."



"BUT IT IS WORN OUT!"

"I don't think that matters. All that I know is that three days later he told his servants he expected friends, and bade them get the best room ready, and put roses everywhere. At six he had the carriage ordered round and drove to the station. At seven the carriage drove up to the door again, and when the servants opened it they saw the father helping Marjory out, while

The Visitor paused. The fire was low, and it was clearly close upon dinner-time. Doris did not speak until they had locked the studio door and were climbing the steep lane towards her home. Then, "Do you think the old mother knew?" she asked.

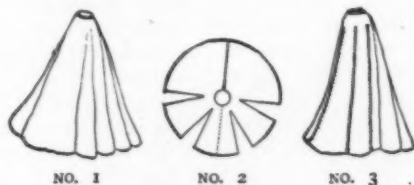
"Of course she did," answered the Visitor, with a confidence he sometimes lacked. "Why, it was all her doing."



The Fashions of the Month

THE REMODELLING OF DRESSES

TAKING it for granted that the skirt you are to alter is one of the flat, round ones, measuring not less than seven yards, I should advise you, after having ripped and brushed your material,



to spread it out, and then slash it in four places, so as to form separate panels for the front and sides, taking out by this means the superfluous width, which will still leave sufficient fulness in the back. In joining the seams I would advise the concealing of them with braid, straps of velvet, jet piping, velvet ribbon, passementerie, or whatever in that line is best suited to your fabric. The skirt itself is shown in its ancient condition in illustration No. 1; the new skirt in its crudity in illustration No. 2, while the finished fashionable skirt, ready to be assumed, is shown in illustration No. 3. If your material demands hair-cloth do not let the border of it around the lower edge be less than two, nor more than four, inches wide. The amateur is also warned against using any of the wire or bone stiffeners around the edge of the dress skirts, as they will surely cause the skirt to come out in curves.

The large sleeve, that stamps your bodice as belonging to the style of a year ago, may be altered into a more modern shape by cutting it properly and allowing the slight fulness at the top that is

fancied. Much better than I can explain is the transformation shown in illustration No. 4, where a bodice with its new sleeve has the old sleeve just below it. The old sleeve in illustration No. 5 lies flat, and above it is the new one as it will be when it is cut out of the old sleeve.

Undoubtedly the popular bodice of the season is the jaquette blouse, pictured in illustration No. 6. This is shown with its basque skirt, made of rounded



NO. 4

tabs, although, if preferred, a perfectly plain skirt may take its place.

Very often a bodice which is well-fitting, quite in style and becoming, shows down the front



NO. 5



NO. 6

evident signs of wear; the buttonholes may have a strained look and the fronts appear decidedly shabby. For this the particularly good design in illustration No. 7 is advised. It shows how the bodice may be cut out at the neck and down the front, and a cloth plastron inserted which may be trimmed with braid or whatever is best suited to the background.

The costume of dark blue cloth, shown in illustration No. 8, having a jacket to match, and elaborately trimmed with military braid, is a particularly simple and stylish walking dress, remodelled from a cloth gown of last year which had a much longer coat and a much fuller skirt.

The handsome gown in illustration No. 9 was remodelled from a rich

brocade of blue and black. The skirt was altered to suit the more modern ideas, and an almost entirely new bodice arranged of cream-coloured figured net, over which was a divided bolero of dark blue satin richly embroidered with steel and silver beads, while just in front was a narrow plastron that harmonised with the bolero, and tended to make the waist, about which was a belt, appear smaller. The sleeves of brocade were made over from the old ones, which were much larger. The neck finish was a band of blue satin, with bows of the same material at the back. It is true that often one can produce out of two gowns that contrast in colour which is effective. But this effect is seldom good, unless the two materials also contrast. Even then they need a third, something in the way of fur, velvet, or a heavy trimming of braid, to unite them. A



NO. 7

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about the outside of the body than the inside, and yet what is the use of good clothing when the owner is too ill to wear it?

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NO. 8

remodelled dress will only be a success when it is made to look like a new costume. And this appearance can only be obtained by the exercise of much thought and taste.

FOR EVENING WEAR.

White in all fabrics will be extremely popular for evening dresses this season. For young girls the inexpensive silks, the soft wools and fine muslins, while for older ladies heavier silks, brocades and satins will obtain. A Parisian authority gives, next to white, as the fashionable colours for evening wear, gray, yellow, pale blue, purple, red and green. Ribbons in satin and velvet are popular for trimmings. Bright orange in satin or velvet used as belts, rosettes or any small decoration is specially successful as a trimming on white, black or gray. Black satin skirts continue to be

given great favour, and a wise young matron, wishing to be economical, can have several fancy bodices, each of different colour and material, to wear with her black skirt, and then by an artistic use of belts or sashes each may be made to seem a different toilette.

The bodices illustrated on next page are all cut with pointed, square or round necks, but for any one who objects to an open bodice a filling of thin gauze or an adjustable guimpe may be added. Belts of contrasting velvet, with clasps or under quaintly-folded bows of the same material, give an original finish to evening gowns. With light fabrics the belt is often of black velvet. The skirt with many flounces obtains in silk muslin, but cannot be quoted as inexpensive, as it is easily crushed and most conspicuous.

The dainty party dress for a young girl shown in illustration No. 10 is made



NO. 9



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June 11th, 1897.

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Dear Sirs,—Mrs. Edward H. Gill has much pleasure in enclosing photo of her little son, taken on his first birthday, when he weighed 27 lbs., who has been brought up on Mellin's Food.

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**Mellin's Food when prepared is
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NO. 11

of pale blue China silk. The skirt, which flares, is trimmed with one deep and three narrow ruffles of Chantilly lace, the three narrow ones being set apart at regular intervals above the wide lower frill. The bodice is a bolero jacket of cream-coloured lace over a lining of the silk, while the sleeves, also of lace, fit the arms closely but have no lining. They are finished with frills at the wrists. The chief decoration of the bodice is its enormous collar, which is a sailor shape in the back and forms flaring revers in front. It is made of broad white silk ribbon brocaded with roses and their foliage. The soft belt is of emerald green velvet. The gloves worn with this costume are white undressed kid. In the hair a large rose may be placed at one side, after the fashion of many years ago.

There is a special liking for boleros of guipure, lace, passementerie, or any

material adapted to the jacket design. They are considered specially suitable for young girls, as they actually decorate the entire costume when the skirt is, as it should be, quite plain.

The gown in illustration No. 11, meant for a very young girl, is of white tulle. The skirt foundation is of white satin, and the tulle, which is accordin-plaited, does not reach as far as the waist-line, but is joined about ten inches below it, under a full ruche of white satin, to a fitted white satin yoke. The bodice shows a front of white tulle in rows of shirrings, and tulle is draped over it in surplice fashion to give a broad effect at the shoulders and a narrow one at the waist. The sleeves are formed of plaitings of the tulle. The belt is of white satin, and fastens under a cabbage bow at the left side. If preferred, the draped



NO. 12

I'M SO GLAD

Robinson's
Patent Barley

**Suits Baby down to
the ground.**

**SINCE I WEANED BABY,
I HAVE FED HER UPON**

Robinson's
Patent Groats

**twice daily. She is hard as
nails. Of course I use good
milk.**

part of the bodice could be drawn up very high, so that but little of the neck would show, while long, shirred tulle sleeves, fully covering the arms, could come from under the frills. With such a costume, white silk stockings and white satin slippers should be worn.

The black satin skirt is not worn by very young girls, but is admirably

green satin, entirely covered with thick guipure lace; the front is of black silk muslin laid in plaits and crossed by straps of green satin. The sleeves and folded belt are of green satin, not covered by the lace, but untrimmed so that the colour contrast may be emphasised. A high collar of black jet is worn around the throat, while in the hair from under



NO. 14 AND NO. 10

adapted to older girls and to matrons of any age. Usually, the skirt is made quite plain, the bodice worn with it being elaborately trimmed and contrasting in colour and fabric. A typical costume intended for evening wear, and showing a black satin skirt, is here pictured in illustration No. 12. The skirt is untrimmed and just suggests a train. It is carefully fitted to the figure. With it is worn a square-necked jacket of emerald

a green satin rosette springs up a high black plume. The contrasts in colour for evening dresses are very decided, one costume having a skirt of pink wool, a bodice of plaited silk muslin in white, and a belt and bunches of shoulder loops, the first of ruby velvet and the last of ruby satin.

The very *distingué* toilette, especially adapted for an elderly lady, shown in illustration No. 13, is another proof of

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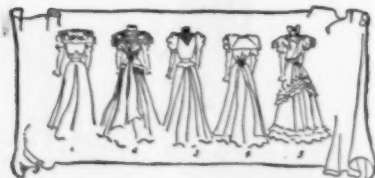


NO. 13

the popularity of the black satin skirt. This one has an *entre-deux* of black lace over deep purple satin ribbon as a trimming upon the skirt. The bodice, also

of the satin, shows straps harmonising with the decoration on the skirt, and the neck is cut out to form a Dutch square. Its finish is an enormous white guipure collar, spangled with black jet beads. The sleeves are of black lace over purple, and the belt is of heavy purple satin with a bow at one side.

The gown in which the *débutante* is to



NO. 15

make her bow when she is presented is always of great importance, and is prettiest when it absolutely suggests a flower. The costume shown in illustration No. 14 is admirably adapted for a young girl. It is made of pale green light-weight silk, trimmed with frills of pale rose silk around the lower edge, while a pointed effect is achieved further up on the skirt by similar frillings, headed by a row of white marguerites. The bodice, a round one, is of plaited silk muslin, and has a pointed guipure decoration headed with marguerites. A few marguerites are worn in the hair, and long, white, undressed kid gloves almost entirely cover the arms.



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LONDON WORKS, BERMONDSEY, S.E.

To Our Readers.

The January Number of THE LUDGATE will contain numerous Articles of exceptional interest, illustrated to the full with Photographs and Drawings.

An item of special importance is an Interview, by H. Estelle Mills, with His Excellency Sir Chichen Lofengluk, the Chinese Ambassador in this country. The article contains portraits of His Excellency and of the Secretary of Legation, both of whom gave special sittings to a LUDGATE photographer at the Embassy.

Mr. Frank Hird's series of articles on the enslavement of children in London, dropped from the present number to admit a pleasanter article from the same pen, will be continued. He deals, in his fourth article, with those who are engaged in the making of artificial flowers, and shows that even the makers of sacks and tarpaulins have not greater hardships to endure.

By way of contrast to the article on the Chinese Embassy, E. F. Strange will give an account of "The New-Year Cards of Japan." These are coloured wood engravings designed by the best of the artists of Old Japan, and the article is illustrated with reproductions of examples chosen from one of the finest existing collections.

In connection with the barracks of the Royal Engineers at Chatham, there exists a museum filled with curious trophies illustrating more especially the engineering side of war. This museum will be described by C. McCluer Stevens, the illustrations being from photographs taken by special permission.

The growth of the popularity of liqueurs in this country has been very notable of late years. Under the title "Liqueur, Sir?" Robert Machray will describe what is known of the making of Benedictine and Chartreuse and divers of the lesser liqueurs.

These are only a few of the articles that will go to the making of a number as varied as any that has yet been issued. It may be added, however, that the Editor has been able to make special arrangements whereby the Fashions will be illustrated every month by a series of pictures of the very latest creations of M. Worth and other of the makers of fashion in Paris. These illustrations will appear exclusively in THE LUDGATE, and will give the pages devoted to them a unique interest.

As to the Fiction, there will be the usual variety of short stories. "The Master Criminal" series will be continued, the next tale, "The Cradlestone Oil-Mills," being a worthy successor to those that have preceded it. F. Norreys Connell will supply another of his tales of "The Deeds of Michael Niel," a story of the Indian frontier that will be of especial interest at the present time.

W. F. Shannon will be represented by another broadly humorous tale of Navy life. Those who have read his previous contributions to these pages will be eager to hear of how James Twelves, a previous hero, had a lamentably unhappy love affair. The rest of the fiction will be well up to the standard of previous numbers, and will include stories by Major T. Preston Battersby, Oliver Leake and Henry Martley.

As to the illustrations, they will be as numerous as in the present number, and all will be the work of artists of note. It will hardly be necessary to do more than name A. S. Hartrick, J. H. Bacon, Ernest Prater, Paul Hardy, Stanlaws, D. Macpherson and James Greig, who, amongst others, will be responsible for this department of the journal.



THE OPTIMIST

Photo by G. T. Jones and Co.



READY FOR THE DANCE

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles

The Manly Heart: In Sections

WRITTEN BY W. F. SHANNON. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. HARTRICK

I.

O, my love, my love is young.

"WHERE y'bin this two nights, Jim?" asked a bluejacket of his messmate, Twelves.

"In love, my young friend."

"No, Jim, not that?"

"Alas, yea, Malachi. No more will you observe me at the 'Antigallican.' I'm born agin, and all on for ginger-beer."

"This is very sudden, Jim. Are you positive certain you ain't labourin' under a delusion? Spread out your proofs; expatriate your reasons."

"Behold, Malachi, I found myself one forenoon, very early, strikin' me pipe agin the wall and suckin' me match-box——"

"I've knowed you to do similar things in the evenin', very late, Jim. But you wasn't in love then."

"No; I've thought about that. There is a certain simultaneousness between the reflects of too much whisky on a man and love in its early stages."

"Love in its *very* early stages that must be, Jim. But you'll recover from that in a day or two. It's like an influential cold, exasperatin' and overwhelm'in' while it lasts, but soon gone, and gone for ever."

"Malachi, if you scawf like that I must evacuate this mess-stool, or else you must."

"I'm not scawfin', James. I'm philosophisin'."

"Well, then, don't. Keep it for toothache and funerals, and not for love. Mal, she's the most blindin'ly perfect girl ever made."

"I agree with you, Jim."

"Do you know her, then?"

"Not that particular her. But I'm

aware of the feelin's in these epidemics. I've had 'em."

"There you are agin! I'll heave a bread-barge at you in a minit. I'm not talking like ordinary fellers. When they're in love they imagine their gels is Fair Helens and Maid Marians all in one. But I ain't lost my judgment, so you needn't think it."

"I don't think you can speak positive about that, Jim. See what a dinky little thing it 'ud be to lose, in your case. You wouldn't miss it."

"Malachi, I ain't speakin' wild, like other men, when I say my girl is the loveliest in all the whole world. Besides, one of these days you can see her and prove it for yourself and give your own candid opinion. But in her favour, mind, because I tell ye beforehand, chum, I don't want no fault-findin'. Not that you could find any."

"And all this power of argument in two days," mused Malachi. "She's a fresh acquaintance, I s'pose, Jim?"

"There's no doubt; fresh as a daisy. One stroke of her glance done it, Mal. Sich eyes."

"Yes, I like that colour," agreed Malachi.

"What colour?"

"Jim, you're as fretful as a staff-commander. The colour of her eyes? The colour you said."

"I never said; you're playin' about agin. Why, I don't know it myself. When you're in love you don't see anything clear, let alone eyes."

"What, not with a calm judgment like yours, Jim?"

"Calm? I ain't calm; I'm red-hot. But whatever colours she sails under, that's all one and all right, and there's no deviation about that, Malachi."

"So you've near settled, then, Jim?"

"Jes' so. Every night when I'm ashore you will find me strollin' along the parade or round the castle wid her."

"That's on account of this cussed hot messdeck."

"Yes, I should surmise that was it."

I'm ketchin' one myself. And have you made any progress in the home these two days, Jim? Talked with pa and ma, eh? You're express in love, I can see. Eighty mile an hour you go."

"I have got as fur as the home, Mal. There's no ma, and I ain't in love wid pa. He seems to be a sort of a kind of a bushbaptist and general strikerdown, wid boatloads of theories. I was in private clo'es and was most careful to keep to wind'ard of the old man; and when he lammed off about taxes, and how he was agin armaments and navies, I said they sutt'nly ought to be abolished. Then he said he was a peaceful trader, and that peaceful traders was the greatest benefactors the world had ever seen. And I said it was so, and that my soleist wish was to be a peaceful trader myself, and sell things, and put the money in a bank. And as he was a grocer, I went on to say that the grandest sort of peaceful tradin' was to consider the poor and let 'em have pear-drops and

milky-biscuits dirt cheap and as a favour. But then she caught my eye, and she was frownin', so I stopped.

"But he had a fur-off look in his eye, like the parzon when he's warnin' us unoffensive bluejackets agin hell-fire, and he says, 'And don't you believe in food for all, and —'

"'You bet,' I said hearty. 'And drink.'



"'I AIN'T SPEAKIN' WILD'"

"I shouldn't overdo it, Jim; especially on these snowy nights."

"Snow is nothing to a bluejacket in love, boy-o, nor rain, nor hail, nor frost. On the freezin'est night in winter, wid her alongside, them painted iron seats by the seashore will be kings' thrones, all velvet and gold, and nobly warm."

"But you seem to have a cold awready, Jim?"

"And work for all?' he went on, still wid his eye on the extremest horizon.

"Well,' says I, 'I wouldn't go so fur as that. I'd sooner have rest for all, by a long chalk. Why can't we let the bosky, boundin' earth bring forth corn and wine of its own accord, and sit by and smoke in the interval, and strike down a few pots ——,' and then I seed her eye on me agin, so I finished off wid, 'condensed water from the mighty ocean.'

"I wanted to sheer off then, but he started on the eight-hour quiff and overtime, so I said, speakin' short, that I ain't troubled wid overtime. My hours is twenty-four per day, and it's a bloomin' good job the days ain't longer.

"Then I hauled off, and he remarked about 'Rude and riband youth, given over to unthought and all the devils,' and the girl said I mustn't annoy pa. But I could put up wid forty fathers rather than give up her, Malachi."

"Good on ye, Jim. Why, gettin' on the right side of the old man like that, you're as good as married. We'll drink your very good health at the 'Antigallican' this night and for evermore, till you come agin."

"I shall never come agin, Malachi."

"Well, you're in a thunderin' bad way, Jim, that's all I can say." And Malachi deftly dodged a basin and retired to the upper deck.

II.

What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair to me?

I HEARD of Jim's aspirations after the higher life, and when I casually met him a day or two after this conversation, I was surprised to find him alone and unhappy.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?"

He looked at me vacantly, and spat in the roadway. "It wouldn't a-bin so bad if it a-bin a *blue* marine," he said; "but a *red* marine!"

"Why, Jim, what is it?"

"An insec', that's what it is! A crawlin' leather-neck! A bullock! And now it's got a dungaree-coloured eye. Why is there sich things-as marines?"

"Soldier and sailor too,' Jim."

"Sailor! By the seven seas, *sailor*! He don't even carve his meat like we do in the Navy. He's a double-intender, that's what he is, and why we carries him is because he was a blackleg in the Spithead mut'ny. He gets favoured by the Adm'alty, and the gels, and everyone."

"Not by your girl, Jim, surely?"

"Las' night, my turn aboard. She knows it. I git ashore though, and call round. Find a marine there, a red marine. She says, jist as I'm chuckin' him through the winder, that he's on'y called for some groceries, and besides, he's her cousin. But I can't go back no more to a gel like that, wid cousins, can I?"

"You seem to have been hasty, Jim."

"Don't you think there's anythink in it then? I'm not used to bein' in love. Would you call agin if you was me?"

"Certainly, if I were in earnest."

"Well I will then, this very night."

He did, and next day Malachi told me he and the marine were in Haslar Hospital.

"Duel?" I asked.

"No. Fire. It appears that about eight las' night he called round and the old man wouldn't let him in. He reckoned that was because of the marine, but he come away quiet, and dropped in to the "Antigallican." We pulled his leg a bit about bein' dished by a red marine, but he didn't take much notice.

"He didn't strike down much bubbly either, on'y a hoop or two. But about ten o'clock he says, in that funeral tone of his'n, 'Malachi,' says he, 'should you think they'd miss one red marine among so many?'

"I should, Jim,' I says.

"What, all dressed alike?' he says, 'and all wearin' regulation boots and mustashes?'

"Certainly."

"And 6,000 noo'uns joinin' very soon, too?"

"Look here, Jim,' I said, 'you best chuck the young lady, and live in a Christian frame of mind, like you used.'

"I shall entice him up to the foot-fields by the scruff of his neck,' said



"'UP WID HER,' SAID JIM"

Jim, 'and lay the facts before him. Either he hauls off prompt and graceful, or else I deposit his remains on a dirt-heap.'

"So he started out, and we followed fur off. We found the grocery business burnin' and the street full of people,

lookin' at the girl, alone in an upper winder; and there was no engine or escape there yet. Jim had whipped off his boots, and was jist startin' up the water-pipe. But it was too fur from the winder, so, after pausin' a minit, he went on to the roof and dug up the slates

like mad. He very soon made a hole and dropped out of sight.

"And then the marine came. He had not bin with the girl after all, for the old man said he was agin fightin' men, and barred him out as well as Jim. The marine had got a ladder, and we helped him to fix it, but the flames spurted out and licked round it. But the marine didn't care. He undone that nice little military cap of his, what serves to keep the sun off by day and to sleep in at night, and let it down over his neck so as to keep out the sparks, and then shinned up the ladder in double-quick time. Jist as he got in the winder, Jim had bashed in the ceilin'.

"Up wid her," said Jim. And, because the ladder was burnt, the marine done it, and Jim took the girl to safety along the roofs, and then went back for the marine, which was rather a surprisin' evolution, considerin' the way he'd talked about abolishin' that chap. But jist as he was lendin' him a hand the smoke choked him, and he fell through into the room and hurt hisself bad.

"The escape was there by then, and very soon was screwed up to the winder. But because of the flames no one could git up. So the marine hoisted Jim on his shoulders, all unsensible as he was, and slid through the fire with him, jist in time before the upper floor fell through. And they was both wheeled off to the hospital, burnt all over."

"And the girl?" I asked.

"A fraud. She's all right."

III.

But my kisses bring again, bring again.

I WENT to see Jim at Haslar in a day or two, and found him swathed in cotton-wool, as was the marine, a few beds away.

"My 'ated rival," said Jim cheerfully nodding towards him. "But I'm scratched," he added, with a touch of melancholy, "I ain't in the runnin'."

"But the marine was shut out too, so she won't have either of you," I said.

"You're in error. She'd have both of us if the law was wid her. And she cries all day long because her pa won't let her have even one of us. He says

he's off warlike men. But she herself is dead nuts on them sort of men. Still, she've wrote to say she loves the red marine best out of us two. Marines is always favoured, and bluejackets is always left. Never mind, there's other gels."

"Yes, of course," I began, and was about to quote a stale proverb. Jim saw it coming, and fiercely interjected: "But none like her, so don't you commit yourself. I don't mind philosophisin' on myself, but I shan't be able to stand you or Malachi, so I tell ye. But why she went from the marine to me, and liked him best all the time, I cannot tell. It's one of the mysteries of her sect, I s'pose."

"Her name's Anemone, isn't it, Jim?"

"Yes. But what's that got to do wid it?"

"Nothing, nothing," I said.

IV.

Anemones, windflowers.

SOME weeks afterwards I met Jim in the main street of Pompey, whole and sound.

"Come wid us," he commanded, and then dragged me along with him.

"You're off the list then, Jim?"

"Yes. So's the marine. There he is, look!"

I looked ahead and saw the red marine hurrying along with Anemone.

"What's in the wind, Jim?" said I.

"Cuttin'-out expedition. I'm the rareguard."

"Is Malachi in advance?"

"No. He wouldn't take a deal in this. He's very changeable. Now you know yourself how he was dead agin my marryin', don't ye?"

"He certainly was."

"Very well then, you'd think he'd be glad now it's the red marine and not me. But no, he's still dissatisfied; and when I proposed for him to help in this abduction he busted off into the most outrageous langwidge about marines. Why, they're the most magnificent corps that ever was, all globes and laurels and glory."

"No," says he; 'I'll help any blue-

jacket to abduct, but a red marine can cussed well do his own abductions.'

"I told him this was a special case, and this particular sea-soldier had saved me from bein' baked.

"Well, you went to save him as well,' says he.



"THERE HE IS, LOOK!"

"Yes, but the girl prefers him,' says I.

"That's bluff,' says Malachi. 'A bluejacket didn't ought to haul off for a marine. That red marine bluffed her into sayin' that, and you could easy persuade her to contradict it. Her name's Anenomy.'

"So I had to tell him I wasn't goin' to marry jist as a matter of doin' someone's baulk and showin' what the Navy

could do. And I can't see what her name's got to do wid it."

"It's a very beautiful name," I ventured to say.

"That's what I told him, and he says it means blown by all the four winds of heaven. Heaven I grant, but blown I deny. I gave her up of my own free will. But I wish there was another girl jist like her, don't you? I mean do you think there is?"

"I should say——"

"Well, you needn't. I know there ain't. I shall die a single man. But I don't feel very brash. Every now and agin I feel as if I wish I was a marine."

"Why was it necessary to hurry it through like this, Jim? Why abduct?"

"The old man wanted Anenomy to join up wid a grocer's mate—a reg'lar bundle of impediments: so me and the marine went to church as soon as we could to learn up the instructions about weddin's. But these parzons are a hard lot if they find you're anxious."

"Five bob plain,' says one, 'and if you want a merry peal and full chorus half-a-dollar extr'y.'

"So we closed wid that at last. Hillo, there they go inside. The old man thinks she's jist gone to the drapery bazaar. He'll be surprised; so will the crooked little grocer's mate. But surprises and experiences makes the world go round, don't they? Come on in."

So Anemone married the red marine, and Jim Twelves went away for three years to forget his love in routine and in the African wars.

A Chat about China

WRITTEN BY H. ESTELLE MILLS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



I is three o'clock when I arrive at the Chinese Legation and ring the bell. An English servant opens the door and conducts me to a great bare-looking reception room, carpeted in very dark green, and furnished with some ordinary stuffed chairs and a plain round table in the centre. I look about, as my card is being taken upstairs, but find nothing to interest me save a Chinese newspaper, which looks as though the type had been run through a mincing machine before the paper was printed. This (as I learn afterwards) is a copy of the *Singapore Report*, and I turn it inside out and find several advertisements in English of Piper Heidsieck, Guinness's Immortal Stout, Ayres's Pills, and somebody's Sarsaparilla—all of which is very satisfying, and makes me feel very much at home—it is like encountering old friends in a strange land, and I read the advertisements from start to finish.

The door opens to admit the Secretary of Legation, Mr. T. Y. Lo. He is a man of magnificent physique, standing over six feet in height, and dressed in the plain black cloth gown, round cap, and peculiar shoes that form the regulation dress of gentlemen in China. He speaks English in a low, musical voice, choosing his words deliberately, and expressing himself in a manner that leaves no doubt as to his comprehension of the language. His manner, too, is charming and graceful, discreet and diplomatic. In a few well-chosen words he throws a little light on the previous

career of the present Minister—it will help me, perhaps, when his Excellency receives me. His chief has had a most distinguished career: he has served as First Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Viceroy Li Hung Chang, this was in 1881; in 1885 he was appointed First Secretary to the Peace Mission to Shimouseki; in 1896 he was appointed First Secretary to Li Hung Chang's Special Embassy to Russia, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, France, the United States of America, and England. In August of the same year his services were recognised by the Sovereign of Great Britain, and he was made an Honorary Knight Commander of the Victorian Order. The following November found Sir Chihchen Lofengluh appointed by the Emperor of China as his Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. His Majesty the Emperor received Sir Chihchen three times before his departure from Peking. Where was he educated? In Foochow, where he was born. In his seventeenth year, having finished his studies of Chinese literature, and showing a strong inclination for philology and mathematics, he was sent by his father—a retired military officer—to the Naval School at Pagoda Anchorage.

"Here he greatly distinguished himself," says Mr. T. Y. Lo, "especially in the studies of nautical astronomy and the European languages, and he was always first in his examinations. From here he went to Europe to complete his Western education, and he worked a year at King's College in the Strand; after this he became attached to Kuo Suntatao's mission in England. In 1879 he was transferred to the Chinese Legation in Berlin. This was the beginning of his diplomatic career."



THE CHINESE LEGATION
Photo by Bolas and Co.

His Excellency is a great admirer of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, Mr. Lo tells me.

"For his progressive views his Excellency was strongly attacked by the great censor, Wen Tingsih, but the attack has evidently not produced the effect it was designed to accomplish," he added, significantly. "And besides his successful diplomatic career his Excellency has

translated into Chinese and published the work *Jean's Problems on Nautical Astronomy*, and written pamphlets on the *Indeterminate Equations in Algebra*."

After this the Secretary conducts me upstairs to the drawing-room, where I am again left to my meditations. There are gold chairs here with crimson cushions, luxurious Chesterfield couches, black mahogany tables, and an Axmin-

ster carpet that is thick and soft to the feet. But with few exceptions the room is English, lamentably English, from the pile of *Pepy's Diaries* on the table to the brass lamps and curtains. The exceptions are some Chinese embroidered banners and enamelled vases which are placed on brackets along the wall. The workmanship of the banners is truly wonderful—birds with fantastic tails that would put the peacock to shame; Chinese ladies gathering water lilies and flowers that throw green asters and yellow carnations into the ranks of the commonplace; ferns growing out of pots—that is, silk ferns growing out of silk pots, and silk pots standing on silk tables, and dragons with long sinuous bodies and horns that would serve admirably as an "example" for the lecturer on the evils of intemperance. They are wonderful, and as studying the banners in detail was impossible and time limited, I have asked Mr. Artist to reproduce them. The originals are about four feet long, and the rainbow isn't to be compared with them for gay colouring. Chinese art seems to be all arts combined, for the Chinese are masters of the art of making colours, though the blending of the same is another story. There are the warm browns, deep reds and grey-blues that have been so much favoured by Italian masters; there are vivid greens, bright yellows, and heliotrope that blends itself into pink and fades into pale blue, and—

The folding doors are flung wide open; a servant in black, with hair done into a braided knot at the top of his head, steps aside and doubles himself up like a pair of compasses as the Minister, gorgeous in bright blue silk gown studded with brass buttons, light green velvet leggings and a vest of bronze plush, enters the room. He is closely followed by Mr. T. Y. Lo, who formally introduces me. His Excellency shakes hands, passes the usual compliments and gives me a chair. The servant closes the doors, going out with a peculiar scuffling step that reminds me of an old groom's comment on the pace of a favourite filly. "It be'n't a canter and it ain't a trot—it's a sort of a kind of a shoofle."

His Excellency is not so tall as Mr. Lo, but he has the same well-modulated voice, the same deliberate manner of speaking, the same easy familiarity with the English language. I am sure that nothing escapes his keen black eyes, and



MR. T. Y. LO
Photo by Bolas and Co.

his face, save when he smiles, is as impassive as diplomat could desire. True his Excellency has a charming and a courtly smile, but there is a noncommittal flavour in his conversation that forbids other than undiplomatic questions—and I may add that I am not addicted to tilting my head against a brick wall.

"Are you the lady who interviewed

my old chief, Li Hung Chang?" his Excellency asks. "No? Do Chinese ladies ever do press work? Not yet, but all in good time: they will arrive at that as they have arrived at other things. And let me say here, not for courtesy but from my own conviction, that I have



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR CHIHCHEN LOFENGLUH
Photo by Bolas and Co.

a very high opinion of the ladies of this country—they are very able. I meet a great many at social functions—which are very nice and very fatiguing—and I make acquaintances who in time become friends. I want to make many friends here, and I mean to do all that I can to bring this about. I fear my predecessor did not sufficiently cultivate the friendship of the people. This furniture—to which I fell heir in the natural course of events—does not please my guests: they

would be far more interested in things Chinese, and to interest and to please one's guests is worth while, is it not? I shall soon change all this and endeavour to make it pleasant for my visitors."

"Your Excellency speaks of Chinese ladies imitating the English—that means that you hold progressive views for China?"

"Decidedly. We have much to learn from Europe. The adoption of European industries, for instance, is greatly on the increase, and I believe that a free commercial interchange is only a question of time."

"Do you mean that you are in favour of Free Trade for your country?"

"I am and I am not," his Excellency answers. "I am in favour of Free Trade in one sense but not in the other. It is my belief that in all countries where agricultural interests are predominant, a certain amount of Protection should exist; that in all countries where industrial pursuits are the chief occupation of the people, Free Trade should exist. A country that exports raw materials is more prosperous under Protection. We are an agricultural country in China and we export raw materials; and this is why I think we should follow these political principles, by having certain rules for the taxing of exports and imports. But at present we are not doing this."

"Why not?"

"It is the fault of the mandarinism, not the fault of his Majesty, nor yet of the people themselves; it is the fault of the mandarinism, the class of people between the Emperor and the people—no, not the nobility, for we have no nobility in China: we are the most democratic country in the world; the son of a farmer or small tradesman can raise himself to the top of the political ladder, providing he has the ability to do so. At the same time the class I refer to corresponds to the nobility, for they are the ruling class."

"I understand your Excellency is a great admirer of Herbert Spencer?"

"Yes, and I believe he has had a great influence on our Chinese literature. You must know that evolution was propounded in China a long time ago. In

fact, Laotz, who was a contemporary of Confucius, was the first to set forth its doctrines. Two of Spencer's works, *The First Principles* and *On Education*, are specially read in China. In the first Herbert Spencer says that there are only three main forms of belief: (1) Theism, which is a belief in God; (2) Atheism, which is a belief in no God; and (3) Pantheism, which believes man to be a

able—in other words, that the more you know the more you realise how much there is that you don't know."

"And Darwin?"

"We find the most precious gems in Darwin's works. To us his books are a diamond-mine. I don't mean that everything turned out from a diamond-mine is necessarily a diamond; still, there are gems, and we are thankful for them.



"LAMENTABLY ENGLISH"

Photo by Bolas and Co.

part of God. Now we have three forms of religion in China which correspond to these three forms of belief. (1) Confucius—Theistic; (2) Taoism, Atheistic, because the Taoists claim that Nature is God; and (3) Buddhism, which corresponds to Pantheism—for the Buddhist believes himself a part of God. Again let me say that Spencer's essay on the Unknowable is very popular in China, because he propounds the doctrine that the horizon of the unknowable extends simultaneously with that of the know-

But we have also a Chinese philosopher who corresponds with Darwin. He is Wei Peh Yang, and he wrote a treatise on three subjects—astronomy, chemistry, and the science of health—saying that knowledge could (1) only be obtained by observation, (2) by experiment, and (3) by the combination of both. Now, Darwin is a philosopher of the third class, because all of his knowledge is derived from observing Nature under the influence of humankind or under the interference of some other natural power."



PANEL BANNERS
Photo by Belas and Co.

Speaking a little later on, with reference to the introduction of railways into China, his Excellency says:

"Li Hung Chang is a great advocate of the introduction of railways into China, and consequently a great advocate of the British Alliance. The railways will not only serve as arteries to feed the interior of the great empire (China) with foreign manufactures, but will also create commerce both in raw

materials and native manufactured goods for export. I think that England only requires fair play and asks no favours, as 80 per cent. of the amount of trade in the Far East is in English hands. So, after the Chinese, the English will be most benefited by the introduction of a railway system into China. As there is a surplus of capital in England, so there is a surplus of labour in China, and I hope the amalgamation of the two will

produce most beneficial results to both countries."

"Changing the subject again, will your Excellency tell me why so few Chinese books are translated into the English language?"

"Because it is so difficult. It is far easier to translate English into Chinese than to translate Chinese into English; and in the case of our native poetry this is altogether impossible, even for a scholar—too much of the sense and delicacy is lost in the process, and the translation is a thing quite apart from the original. . . . I am very fond of reading. Do you like Emerson? I do; he has such a very light way of expressing heavy thoughts that one never grows fatigued with the reading of his works. I read the whole of them in travelling between Vancouver and Yokohama. Between Yokohama and Shanghai I read Holmes's works. How much better educated the world would be if all heavy works had been written by these two gentlemen!"

"Now about King's College. You were a pupil there, were you not?"

"Yes, I studied and attended lectures there on political economy, chemistry and natural philosophy. But that was a

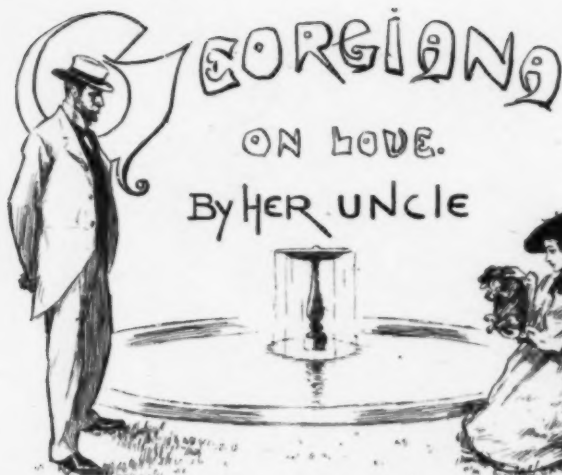
long time ago, when Professor Bloxam was the professor of chemistry. I found the study of abstract sciences not so exact unless compared with experimental sciences, and this is why I devoted so much time to chemistry and physics—not so much for their intrinsic value as for their comparative value."

I must add, in conclusion, that as his Excellency is still in the early prime of his years, he may be able to accomplish a great deal towards furthering the intercourse between England and China to their mutual advantage. With his rare knowledge, his charm of manner, and his experience in matters diplomatic, it ought not to be a difficult matter for his Excellency to become exceedingly popular in this country. And as he has expressed an earnest wish "to become acquainted and make

friends with the English people," I have no doubt that popularity in its best sense will follow.



THE LADIES AND THE LILIES
Photo by Bolas and Co.



WRITTEN BY HENRY MARTLEY. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

I FOUND Georgie sitting on the grass by the pond at the end of the garden. She was engaged in shaking one of her retriever puppies vigorously and with an anxious face.

"What has Monty been doing?" I inquired.

"He's eaten a newt," she answered, "and I don't think it's quite agreed with him."

"I wish you'd give up keeping a pond aquarium," I said, "or else put it somewhere else than in buckets just outside the house. I broke my shins against one of them last night, and there were at least four newts about the dining-room this morning."

"That's just it," Georgie explained; "I was trying to teach Monty and Carlo to retrieve them. Carlo will chew them and Monty swallows them."

Monty just then sighted Carlo in pursuit of a bee, and wriggled off to join him.

"He seems better," Georgie remarked with a sigh of relief, and stretched herself out on the grass.

"Uncle Richard," she inquired, after a pause, "why, if I caught a newt, would it be a small one?"

"Because there aren't any large ones,"

I suggested cautiously. Georgie is addicted to asinine catches.

"O, that's silly, Uncle Richard," she answered. "This is a riddle—a real riddle."

"You're sure?" I asked.

"It's a very good riddle," she said; "I made it myself. Please try to guess it. It's got an answer."

"I'll think," I replied. "Because," I said, triumphantly, after a moment or two's reflection, "it would be minute."

"O, no," Georgie said, gravely; "if I caught it it would be mine."

"But what is the answer?"

"Well, that is the answer—if I said it," she explained.

"It's simply idiotic," I observed, with some exasperation.

"It's the best riddle that was ever made," she remarked, triumphantly. "No one can guess it, even when they know the answer. I shall have fun with it next term. It will make old Floppy angry."

Old Floppy is Miss Arbuthnot, Georgie's schoolmistress.

"That, of course," I observed, "is the highest possible tribute to genius."

"Uncle Richard," she began after another pause, "have you ever been in love?"

"One of those foolish questions," I said severely, "is quite enough for a morning."

"O, but this isn't a riddle," she said. "I wanted to know."

"May I ask why?" I inquired.

"I just wanted to know," she answered. "I've been investigating that kind of thing lately."

"Indeed," I said. "I should have thought myself that you were a little young for it."

"O, I'm not a bit too young. I haven't been in love," she answered, "but, of course, I've often been engaged."

"Of course," I said. "May I ask who those fortunate gentlemen were?"

"You see," she explained, "there's a boys' school in the town where our school is, and when you like a boy you get engaged to him."

"Do you?" I remarked in astonishment. "It sounds delightfully simple."

"Perhaps you wouldn't really call it being engaged," she went on. "He just sends you notes and things, and you send him notes and things, and then, if you're tired of him, you change him for somebody else."

"The child is mother of the woman," I murmured. "Does Miss Arbuthnot countenance these proceedings?"

"Of course not," she answered. "Sometimes she finds out, and then there's an awful row."

"May I ask how you arrange these affairs, then?" I inquired.

"It's rather difficult," she admitted, "but, you see, the boys go to the same gymnasium and the same church that we do, and that's the way we manage it generally. If a boy puts a buttonhole in your locker with his name on it, and you wear it in church, then you're engaged to him, and he may write to you."

"Do you never speak to each other?" I asked.

"Not very often," Georgie admitted regretfully. "Of course, sometimes you can, but it's rather hard. I once pretended that you'd come down to see me, and stayed out quite a long time."

"Georgiana!" I exclaimed.

"He was the captain of the eleven,"

Georgie remarked, as if that explained everything. "You see, most of the girls get engaged because the boy's got curly hair, or something of that kind. That's very silly, isn't it?"

"Very," I agreed. "You perhaps choose them because of their intellectual capacity?"

"Of course not," she said. "I choose them because they're good at games. In the summer term I used to get engaged every week to the boy that made the most runs in their matches. He used to leave the score in my locker with a buttonhole."

"Rather rough on the bowlers," I suggested.

"O! the best bowler had one week in three," she replied. "That was all right."

"It seems to me all wrong," I said; "but never mind. What do you do in the football terms?"

"I don't quite know what to do this year," Georgie said ruefully. "Last year I tried being engaged to the boy who got most tries; but the captain wrote to say that I was ruining the combination of the team. He was a forward, you see."

"Ah! that explains it," I said.

"But I believe it was true," she added. "What would you advise me to do?"

"Try the captain as a permanency," I suggested.

"But he squints," she said.

"Well, you must get out of the difficulty somehow," I answered. "I should only advise you to stick to your rule about not falling in love."

"O! I'm not so silly as that," she replied scornfully. "I wasn't thinking of doing it myself when I asked you."

"Why does the subject interest you, then?" I inquired.

"Only because the Lloyds are such fools," she explained; "I've had a lot of trouble with them."

"Indeed?" I said. "I'm sorry to hear that. What is the matter with them?"

The Lloyds, I may explain, are a devoted young couple who have recently married and taken a house near the village. Georgie contracted a romantic admiration for Mrs. Lloyd before she

married, and looks on Mr. Lloyd as an impertinent intruder.

"I'm disgusted with them," Georgie explained. "It was all very well to go on like that when they were engaged, but I do think that when they're married they might have stopped it."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Why, when I drop in there of a morning," she went on—she drops in so frequently that the unfortunate Mr. Lloyd

scribes for Monty and Carlo. If I tell you about it you must promise faithfully not to tell anyone else."

"I promise quite faithfully, but I don't understand," I said, "what he has to do with the story. Did you save him from matrimony by holding up the Lloyds as an awful example?"

"You'll see in a minute," Georgie pursued. "I was sorry for Dr. Elliot because he hadn't many patients. Every



"I OFTEN FIND THEM SITTING IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE"

appealed to me to check the habit—"I often find them sitting in the summer-house, or places like that; and he looks silly, and Mrs. Lloyd can't help showing that she doesn't want me."

"Then why do you go?" I asked.

"I want to talk to Mrs. Lloyd," she went on; "and if they don't see anybody else, I'm sure they'll get tired of each other."

"Have you succeeded in doing them any good?" I answered.

"Not much," she replied; "but I did Dr. Elliot a lot of good. I like Dr. Elliot; he's a splendid doctor. He pre-

one went to old Dr. Turrell, and he's an old idiot."

"He knows nothing of the diseases of dogs?" I suggested.

"He doesn't," Georgie agreed. "He said he thought Monty had hydrophobia and ought to be killed just because he had a little fit from eating Grandpapa's boots. Besides, he doesn't know anything about people either. He's got two mixtures. One's brown and one's fizzy, and if you've got anything with a cough in it he gives you the brown one, and if you've got anything else the matter he gives you the fizzy one."

"I have drunk quarts of them in my time," I said. "They are perfectly harmless."

"The people in the village thought they were awfully good," Georgie pursued, "and if any one was ill they used to say, 'He's all right, he's got some of the brown stuff.' It didn't matter a bit if they died as long as they'd had the mixtures. And Dr. Elliot's mixtures were different colours, so they didn't believe in him. His first two patients died, too, but that mayn't have been altogether his fault."

"But what in the world has this to do with being in love?" I inquired.

"I was coming to that," she explained. "One day I met the Lloyds out for a walk, and, of course, I went with them. I found they were going to collect what they called edible fungi. Is that right?"

"Quite right," I said. "Mr. Lloyd is rather mad on the subject."

"He was," Georgie answered with a smile. "They got a lot of red and yellow things, and then when they'd come home Mrs. Lloyd cooked them herself in a little saucepan and they had them for tea. They were very nasty, but they ate them, and Mr. Lloyd called her his little wife."

"Horrible," I said.

"It wasn't that altogether," Georgie replied, "but it was so silly, because they might have bought mushrooms and had them cooked in the kitchen. That was when I thought of it."

"I still don't understand the connection," I said.

"You're very stupid, Uncle Richard. Mr. Lloyd was always sending for the doctor when his wife got the least little ache, and she was a splendid patient, but he would send for Dr. Turrell."

"I have a glimmering notion," I exclaimed.

"So I just went to Dr. Elliot," Georgie continued, "and asked him for something that was quite harmless, but gave you a bad pain inside. He didn't want to at first, but he's a kind man and I promised not to do any harm with it. I believe he thought I wanted it to prevent my going back to school."

"I never knew before how you managed it," I replied.

"I don't manage it with anything that gives you a real pain," Georgie answered. "He only gave me just a little, but I noticed the bottle that he took it from and I got some more. Then I brought it out with me, and the next time I met the Lloyds I went home with them again. When they weren't looking, I put some of the powder in the little saucepan, and then—O, it was funny!"

"Was it?" I said. "I should have called it diabolical myself."

"About ten minutes after they'd eaten them," Georgie went on unabashed, "of course they had an awful pain. I watched it coming on, and I saw they were getting a little pale. Then Mrs. Lloyd asked whether he was sure the mushrooms were all right, and he said nervously he was sure they were, and why did she ask? She told him she wasn't feeling very well, and got up to go, but she saw him twitching and knew he was bad too. She said: 'My darling, my darling, are we poisoned?' and he groaned and said that he must have mistaken something with one Latin name for something with another name. She wanted to know whether they were sure to die, and he said they certainly were, because the things were the deadliest poison, and no doctor would be any use at all; but he sent for Dr. Elliot. Of course, I knew he'd be sent for because he lives quite close, and Dr. Turrell's house is two miles away. After that they hugged each other and said a lot of silly things; he told her that he had murdered her, and she said she of course forgave him, but their married life had been so short, and she'd never expected it to end in this way, and it had been the happiest time of her life, and a lot about being in heaven and all that. He couldn't talk so much, because he'd eaten more of the stuff, and had a bigger pain."

"It was a disgraceful trick, even for you, Georgiana," I said.

"It served them right for being such idiots," Georgie protested. "After a little while I went away and waited for

Dr. Elliot in the hall. When he came I told him all about it, and he said I ought to be whipped ——"

"I agree with him," I said.

"But then he laughed," she continued, "and he had to wait a minute to put on a proper doctor's face. I followed him in, because everyone was so confused about dying that no one noticed me. Mr. Lloyd said they'd eaten the what-do-you-call-it, and Dr. Elliot answered quite gravely, 'Dear, dear, the what-do-you-call-it?' though I'm sure he'd never

to give Dr. Elliot a hundred pounds for saving their lives, but Dr. Elliot said he couldn't think of accepting it."

"I suppose you thought he ought to have taken it, Georgie?" I asked.

"O no," she said. "That wouldn't have been a joke. But, of course, Dr. Elliot always attends Mrs. Lloyd now. She wants a lot of attendance, because the fungus poisoning naturally can't be got over at once. And I told the people in the village about the cure, and nearly all of them go to Dr. Elliot now. The



"MY DARLING, MY DARLING, ARE WE POISONED?"

heard of it before. Mr. Lloyd wanted to know whether there was any hope, and Dr. Elliot said there was just a chance, and he'd brought something with him which he had discovered to be an antidote for fungi poisoning, and he gave them both some pills. I know it wasn't true, because I managed to see the box, and they were meant for old Mrs. Ames."

"It was a creditable performance altogether," I suggested.

"It was," Georgie agreed. "Then he sent them to bed, and, of course, they were all right next morning. Mr. Lloyd said it was a wonderful cure, and wanted

worst of it is that Mr. Lloyd's always bothering Dr. Elliot to publish his antidote, and says that it will make him famous. I don't believe it would, because there can't be many people who eat those things. He has to pretend that he's not quite finished his experiments yet. Mr. Lloyd will talk lots about fungi, too, and Dr. Elliot had to buy a book, and read their names up."

"Dear me!" I said, "what a very edifying story!"

"The best part of it is," Georgie concluded, "that I can make Dr. Elliot say I'm ill when I don't want to go back to school."

The Grimmest Museum on Earth

WRITTEN BY C. L. MCCLUER STEVENS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

THERE is no stranger museum in the world than the model-room attached to the Royal Engineer barracks at Chatham. Usually these

his master, a Russian officer, after that terrible fight on the heights of Alma, which so fittingly opened the sanguinary Crimean campaign. For a long time he

would permit no one to approach the corpse, but eventually he was coaxed away and taken possession of by the Royal Engineers. He accompanied the corps throughout the war, and on its termination he returned with his new friends to Chatham. Here he seems to have made himself quite at home. He would stop nowhere but in the guardroom, welcoming each new guard with a



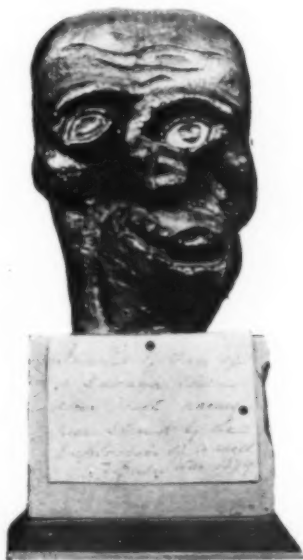
NO. 1. "SNOB"

somewhat dull and eminently reputable institutions are associated almost entirely with the peaceful arts and sciences: Bird's eggs and butterflies! Shells and seaweeds! Sarcophagi from Karnak! Mummies from Luxor! Stuffed animals of various sorts and kinds! Reptiles, fishes, and beetles! These and other similar objects constitute the staple bill-of-fare provided at the common or garden museum.

But the grim collection which has been got together at Chatham is of another and an entirely different order. In lieu of fishes are forts. Butterflies give place to Maxim guns, Brennan torpedoes, and other more or less deadly, man-slaying machines. Mummies are represented by rolls of cordite, looking as soft as carded wool, and as innocent. While for the harmless covering of the skittish mollusc is substituted another and infinitely more deadly kind of shell.

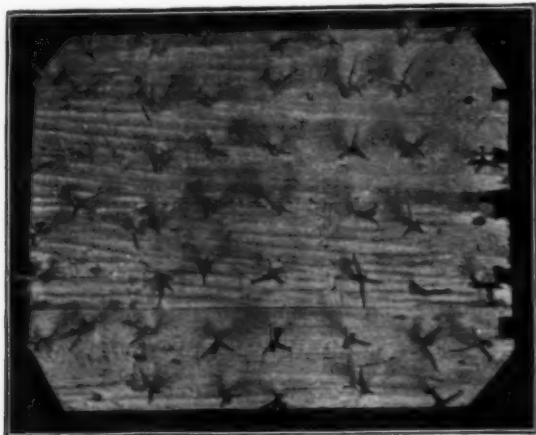
The museum contains one animal, and one only—the dog "Snob," whose portrait is given above. "Snob" was originally a subject of the Czar's. He was found lying across the dead body of

friendly bark and sundry approving tail-wags. He invariably evinced the liveliest interest in the operation of "posting



NO. 2. ZULU WARRIOR

sentries," running on ahead of the "relief" party and giving utterance to a series of short, sharp, staccato barks.



NO. 3. "CROWS' FEET"

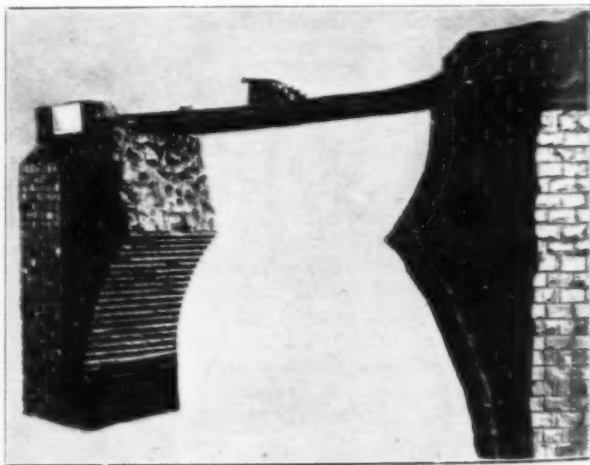
On more than one occasion, so it is whispered, this timely warning sufficed to rouse to a proper sense of his position a semi-somnolent sentry, thereby saving that worthy the punishment that would certainly have been meted out to him for so serious a military crime as that of being asleep on his post. "Snob" died in 1866; but prior to his demise he was decorated with the Crimean medal. This he still wears, suspended round his neck by the regulation pale blue and yellow ribbon.

In No. 2 we are introduced to a somewhat gruesome relic—a cast of the head of a Zulu savage killed by a fragment of shrapnel shell at Ulundi. Notwithstanding the terrible nature of his injuries, this redoubtable warrior charged right up to the British square, and fell dead within a few paces of the muzzles of our breech-loaders. No. 3 helps us to realise more

clearly than a column of printed description would do, something of the of "glorious war." These "crows' feet" are from Sebastopol, and were placed by the Russians in a field of young wheat, in order to cripple and throw into confusion our cavalry.

No. 4 shows the method adopted for temporarily repairing a broken bridge. The structure in question was the Trojain Bridge, which spanned the Tagus river near Alcantara, Spain. The middle span had been blown up by the enemy, but it was repaired in the manner shown in the photograph in the short space of twelve hours. Lieut.-Colonel Sturgeon, R.E., was the officer responsible for the work, which was executed between daylight and dusk on April 12th, 1812. The material used was rope. The breadth of the chasm was 100 feet, depth 140 feet, and the total weight of rope was 35,900 lb.

Perhaps the most curious exhibit of all is that labelled "A Flying Sapper." The figure is entirely made up of tools, accoutrements, &c., used in engineering work. Thus, the cap consists of a gabion



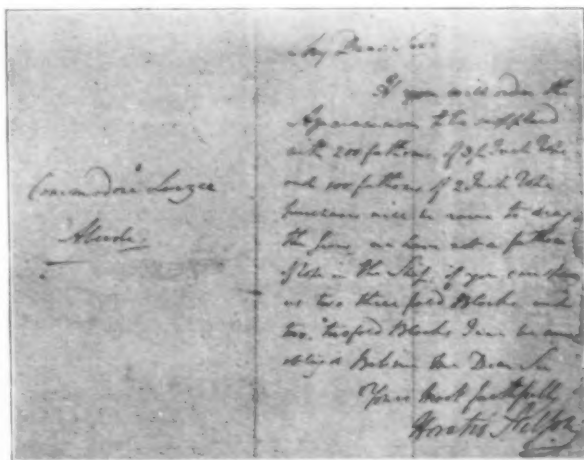
NO. 4. A BRIDGE REPAIRED



NO. 5. "A FLYING SAPPER"

and an empty sand-bag, while the feather is a miner's push-pick. The face is represented by a military plan, the ear being a besieged fortress, defended in front by a river which serves to hold on the cap. The outlines of the countenance are besiegers' works, of which an advance "fleche" with its magazine in rear forms the eye. The queue is an ignited "saucisson" communicating with the mine. The stock is designated by an instrument called a "choker," used in the formation of fascines. The body is composed of "mantlet," a kind of

musket-proof material used by sappers; and on his breast, worn as a medal ribbon, is an engineer's measuring-tape. The right arm is formed by a level; the left by a mining "auget" with its "return-box." The thigh in front is a filled sand-bag, and the legs "sap-faggots," to which are added pontoons for shoes, and crow's feet. This unique sapper is mounted on a fascine horse, the animal being equipped with a Gunter's chain as a bridle, spades as stirrups, and a roll of drawing paper, on which is sketched a section, for a saddle-cloth. He is armed with a sap-fork; a pick-axe serving as a carbine,



NO. 7. LETTER WRITTEN BY LORD NELSON BEFORE HE LOST HIS ARM

and a saw as a sword. The tunic illustrated in No. 6 belonged to the only man in the British Army who ever succeeded in earning nine good-conduct badges. His name was Benjamin Murray. He enlisted in the Royal Engineers on August 16th, 1813, at the age of nineteen; and was discharged on June 27th, 1858, aged 65, after having served 45 years 27 days. And a munificent Government granted him a pension of two shillings a day. No. 7 is an original autograph letter of Lord Nelson's, written prior to the loss of his arm. It refers to some stores, which were being requisitioned for his ship, the *Agamemnon*.

The West-African witch-doctor's dress,

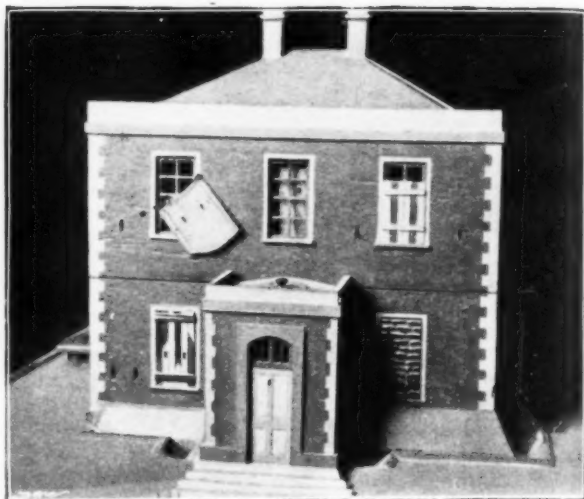


NO. 6. BENJAMIN MURRAY'S TUNIC

shown in No. 8, has a grim history attaching to it. It was brought away, in January, 1889, from the captured town of Largo, in the Mendi country, near Sierra Leone. Largo was the stronghold of a slave-stealing chief named Makiah, who, for more than nine years, had kept his neighbours in a state of constant and abject terror. Finally he saw fit to extend his raids into British territory, carrying off in one single incursion more than five hundred women and children, almost under the eyes of our Haussas. Of course this could not be permitted, and a force, under command of Sir John Hay, then Governor of Sierra Leone, was sent to punish him. After a weary march through fever-stricken jungles and swamps, the surprised stronghold morning; killed most of



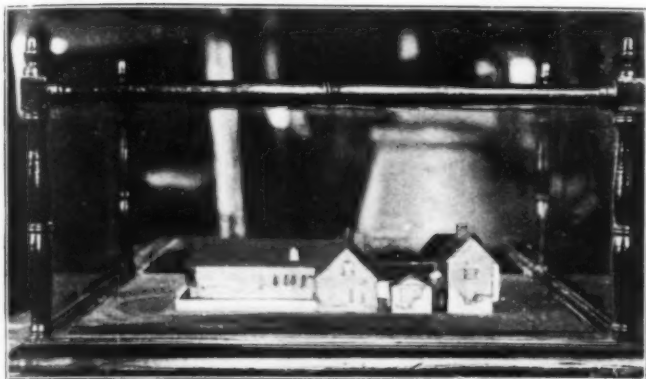
NO. 8. WITCH-DOCTOR'S DRESS



NO. 9. DWELLING-HOUSE DEFENDED

and released more than a thousand unhappy captives. The chief's principal witch-doctor was among the slain. He had officiated, in the very garb shown in our engraving, at more than three thousand human sacrifices.

No. 9 is an exceptionally interesting model, intended to illustrate the method adopted in time of war for the defence of an ordinary dwelling-house. The lower windows have been filled with sand-bags, while the upper ones have been screened with carpets, rugs, &c., so as not to attract the enemy's fire. The walls have been loop-holed, the cellar protected by rows of barrels, the latter emptied of their own proper contents, and filled instead with earth excavated from the lawn; and the grounds have been plentifully interlaced with "wire entanglement," to supply which the telegraph connected with an adjoining railway has been torn down and utilised. Finally all the doors, both front and back, have been secured inside by long spikes, as well as by placing against them heavy articles, such as pianos, bureaux, and sideboards. Thus transformed, and garrisoned by a score or two of determined men armed with modern magazine rifles, any house becomes at once a small fort, and is practically impregnable to an enemy unpro-



NO. 10. MODEL OF NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA

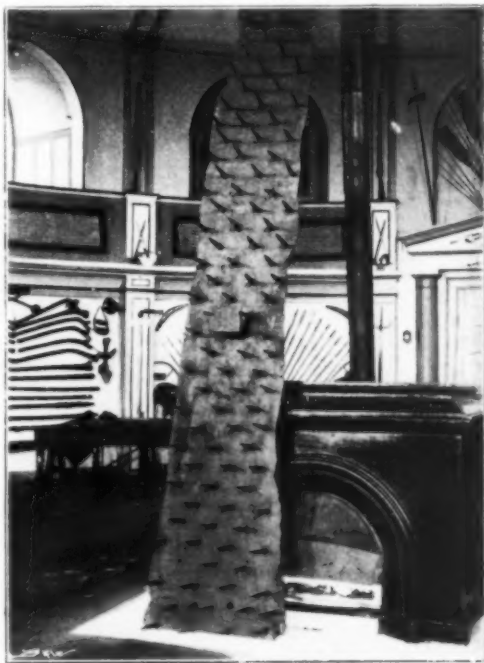
vided with artillery. Should the attacking party happen to have with them a couple of field-guns, however, it would simply constitute a death-trap to all inside, for a half-dozen rounds of shrapnel would be quite sufficient to convert it into a heap of smoldering ruins.

In No. 10 we are introduced to yet another model of a house—the historic mansion wherein the mighty Napoleon spent the closing years of his life. It is a somewhat pretentious-looking building, containing a drawing and dining-room, a spacious library, private sitting-room, a handsome billiard-room, and the usual retiring rooms and offices. Running along the entire length of one side of the mansion is a sort of covered passage-way of glass; and here Napoleon was wont to spend the greater portion of his day, pacing restlessly up and down, up and down, for all the world like a caged, but still untamed, animal, and ever and anon casting a half-reproachful, half-wistful glance at the encircling waters of the mournful and misty Atlantic. The fallen despot landed at St. Helena, accompanied by a few of his friends and domestics, on October 13th, 1815, and took up his residence at Longwood House the following day. And here he died, on May 5th, 1821, of cancer in the stomach, after more than

five and a-half years of lonely exile. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

In the last of our illustrations we have another relic connected indirectly with Napoleon. It is an immense elm plank, more than 12 feet long, between 3 and 4 inches thick, and weighing nearly 2 hundredweight. It

is stuck full of gigantic iron spikes, each more than a foot in length, and was used by the French in defending the breach at Badajoz. This strong fortress was taken by assault on April 6th, 1812, and no more gallant achievement is recorded in the whole history of the British Army. The most extraordinary preparations had been made by the defenders to repel



NO. 11. A RELIC OF BADAJOZ

the attack. Powder-barrels and grenades were laid along the trenches; and at the foot of the breach were placed sixty 14-inch shells communicating with hose filled with gunpowder and embedded in the earth. Across the rampart extended the *chevaux-de-frise*, of which the plank preserved at Chatham is a portion, while the slopes of the breaches were covered with planks, so placed as to tilt anyone setting foot upon them on to a timber-work studded with iron spikes, bayonets and sword-blades. Besides all this, every species of combustible had been got together; several loaded muskets lay by each man's hand, and wooden cylinders filled with brick-shot and slugs, which scattered terribly when fired, had been prepared in enormous quantities. The 4th "King's Own" led the "forlorn hope" and lost two hundred and thirty officers and men in killed and wounded in less than an hour. But the remainder pressed on. The terrible *chevaux-de-frise* became gradually clogged with the bodies of our brave fellows, and so passable for the survivors.

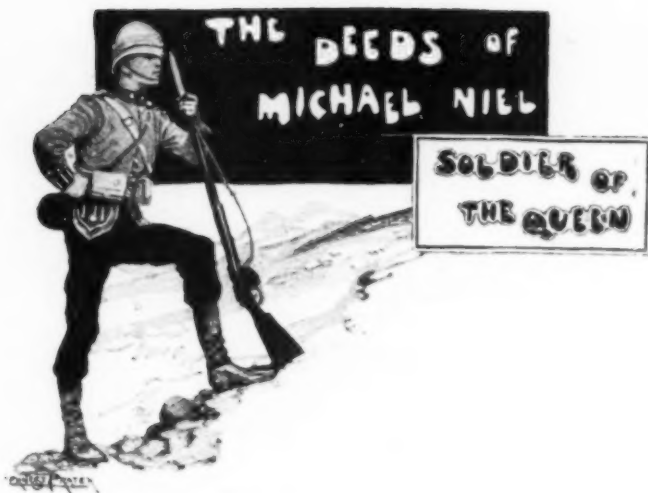
The martial fury of the attacking columns was indescribable. One rifleman thrust his body beneath the spiked barriers and suffered the defenders to dash his head to pieces with the butt ends of their muskets. When at last the place was entered, our men, maddened by their enormous losses, exacted a terrible vengeance. Indeed, some of the horrors recorded of the sacking of the town surpass all belief.

Such, briefly and imperfectly described, are some few among the many hundreds of interesting relics preserved in this remarkable museum. There are hosts of others, equally worthy, which have not been noticed owing to lack of space. Models of forts, bridges, and offensive and defensive works of every description. Weapons old and new! Projectiles of all shapes and kinds, from the long-since obsolete hand-grenade to the modern steel shrapnel. Strange spoils of war from almost every country on earth. All these, and many more, go to make up a collection as interesting as it certainly is unique.

THE GREY DAWN

THE sullen dawn in the east comes creeping,
 Grey and heavy with woes of the day;
 The love I must lose lies softly sleeping,
 With never a dream that can bring dismay

And it's well that my love lies sleeping, sleeping,
 Lulled with dreams, at the break of the day
 That shall hear, ere it end, her bitter weeping
 For love that is over, joy that's away.



WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

III.—THE OUTERMOST GUARD

IT was far away in a hill fort on the banks of an Himalayan stream that the 119th learned what manner of man was Michael Niel. The time was that great forgotten year when the North Bear roamed howling into Afghanistan, and the trafficked Pathans, turning on the hand they deemed feeble alike to protect and to master, came a-raiding in Kashmir. In England men hardly noticed: some intent on stocks and shares, and others on drains and School Boards. The latter deprecated our Indian jingoism, the former sneered at our slowness in polishing off a little war. A little war! where all that was awful in Asiatic fanaticism rushed in its seething thousands on a few score bayonets. A little war!—little they recked of it in England; but up in the North the Divine White Figure beamed on the partizans and smiled encouragement across his newest Russia.

Of course we finally drove them back, with the result that a man who had won a peerage got a G.C.B. and was shelved; but there were bad days ere the end came. To-day more English and loyal Indian dead lie by the river and where

a certain crumbling sungar wall grins on a rocky pass than fell on the "Fatal Hill" of Albuera.

I am no man of sentiment—I hate and dread the word—but I must here record it as my firm conviction that but for one man Fort Dufferin, the key of the Kokhurrie Pass in the Chadaland range of the Himalayas, must have slipped from us into the hands of the hillmen, from the hillmen necessarily to their overlord the Ameer, and from the Ameer—I go so far as to say that, in spite of Downing Street, the Bear might have prowled into the Punjaub but for one man. And that one man was Michael Niel.

Now, Fort Dufferin is a first-class mountain fastness, glinting with heavy metal, and engineered by one of the ablest sappers that ever fired a mine. Unapproachable, relentless, an army corps might die vainly on her glacis—nor dare they seek at the cost of half their strength to mask her and push on. They who passed through into the Kokhurrie Valley would never retrace their steps. There is nothing in front of them for leagues but stony tracks, and



"EVER AND AGAIN PICKING
OFF A STRAGGLER."

snow, and hordes of savage mountaineers; then, again, more forts and the sweep of cross-firing batteries.

So would the Muscovite find Moscow. But Fort Dufferin was not so in the year of the scare, when three hundred picked men of the 119th were marched up seven hundred miles in hot haste to

hold the place at all costs. The position certainly we thought splendid, as we climbed painfully up to it, but not so the fortifications—a level sward some hundred feet square enclosed by a shaky stone wall, inside a few huts half brick, half rubble; outside an ill-covered way to the water, ending in a square tower of which one face had fallen away. In garrison we found a handful of Sikh infantry, and a mob of local levies drawn largely from a tribe known to be ill-affected towards us. Only the presence of the grim-faced Sepoys had held them back from desertion, and kept the Union Jack floating over Britain's farthest post

in Central Asia. Looking down from the fort across the stream you saw Tom Tiddler's land, where lurked the Pathan "sniper," and where any day might gleam the lance heads of the pony riders from the Don.

The first thing done by our commanding officer, Major Burns, a hardy Indian veteran anxious to distinguish himself and to escape the Age Clause, was to disarm the native levies and set them to repair the defences—an act only half-wise, for, although they were not to be trusted with firearms, neither could they be relied upon to do honest work, and they deliberately injured tools and wasted material. It would have been better to have saved their rations and let them go; better still, perhaps, to have shot them. But considerations political in the first instance, sentimental in the second, militated against either course. At last, by a threat of the whip, we expedited their labours, and the new face to the water-tower slowly arose. We had no sappers with us, but our pioneers knew something of the work, so we were not entirely without technical guidance. Labour as we might, however, the water-tower wall bulged in a fashion that did not inspire confidence, and the ingenuity of our architects was baffled. There were no proper tools for squaring the stones, and, "even as the Israelites in Egypt," our Presbyterian sergeant-pioneer declared, his men could not make bricks without straw. "Ye may call et a foort," said he, "but a byre is aye a byre."

To Earle, the adjutant, is due the credit of consulting Michael Niel. I had mentioned to him at the time of the lad's enlistment the circumstances under which I had encountered him, and the facts of the defence of the little Irish cottage stuck in Earle's memory.

"If Niel's half such a builder as his father," he swore with a hot, country oath, "we'll make something of this muck-heap yet."

The next day Michael joined the counsels of the pioneers, and his advice found fruit in the raising of a revetment round three sides of the tower, while fatigue parties constructed a kind of dredging apparatus in the stream. At

first I was puzzled, but I had not long to cudgel my brains: Michael's disciples set to work to cover the whole surface of the walls with a thick coating of mud. Ten hours' sun glare baked it to a solid shield.

"Hey!" said the beaming Pioneer Sergeant when we complimented him on his achievement, "I'll gie Private Niel a drap of 'Johnnie Walker' if he ever comes to Auchterarder."

Hardly had we set our fortifications in order when we had news that the hill tribes around us were really up at last, and bent on demolishing us and our works.

As a preliminary to serious hostilities, a batch of the levies brained a Sikh havildar, sneaked what weapons they could lay hands on, and scampered down the hill at a cost of five dead with ball-shattered spines. This bloody incident ushered in an epoch which takes, perhaps, undue prominence in my recollections as my first experience of war.

We had gathered the limp bodies of the slain and were burying them, when the valley below bristled with tulwars and the enemy were before us. I must own they approached with far greater circumspection than what I had read of savage warfare led me to expect. The main body halted far out of rifle range of our most remote picket and proceeded systematically to establish itself on the ground taken up. One of the outposts, however, was thrown just a shade too far forward and the Martini claimed a victim.

Night fell without further incident, and morning betrayed the enemy busy on the construction of a series of sungars. It was our grim amusement to watch through the glass our deserters utilising the knowledge obtained from our pioneers, and utilising it with an application never displayed in our interests.

For three days they had it all their own way piling stone upon stone with the most provoking deliberation, and they even succeeded in potting a corporal of my company who had strayed too near their lines. The fat slug cut him up cruelly, and thenceforth the sungar from which the shot was fired became a special mark

for our fancy gunmen. We tried to check the waste of ammunition, but did not repress the habit altogether, as it saved the men from that tendency to brood which complete idleness engenders. Yet our chance came.

One night I was in command of the picket thrown forward on the path lead-

Michael Niel. By his husky voice when calling the challenge, I knew something had occurred to excite him. He reported having seen the reflection of a fire down on the lower stretches of the hill, the direction leading him to believe that it came from the sungar whence had been sniped our corporal. Follow-



"NOT MORE THAN EIGHT HUNDRED
YARDS AWAY WAS THE FLICKER
OF FLAMES"

ing down from the fort to the main road through the pass, and, suffering from cold and boredom, determined to stretch my legs by accompanying the patrol which it was my duty to send every hour round the chain of sentries.

The first three men we visited had nothing to report; the fourth was

ing the motion of his finger, I looked, and there to be sure, not more than eight hundred yards away, was the flicker of a flame—no great blaze, but distinct enough to guide a cautiously led party down the hill without great risk of losing the way.

"The bayonet's best at night, sir," said Michael, casually, and the remark was not lost upon me. As quick as man could run in the dark, my information, with a suggestion attached, went back to the commander of the outposts.

Within half an hour a detachment of Sikhs were pushed down the hill towards

the light; three carried powder bags. They went silently, with muffled steel, into the darkness, and all was still.

We stood for twelve minutes straining our eyes to pierce the blackness of the valley; nothing could be seen but the vague quivering light.

Excitement, cold, anguished excitement, made me shiver under my great-coat; it seemed as though the men my initiative had sent forth were gone for ever.

Suddenly there was an angry mutter, followed by the most horrible yell I have ever heard—I think of it now when I see a bayonet—then silence, broken in a minute by the rattle of musketry lasting some moments: spiteful, spluttering musketry, that lacked deliberation. Then all noise was drowned in one great bellow following a stunning flash of light.

"Well done," said someone cheerfully, "they've blown up the sungar."

The musketry still continued, but only very fitfully, as by one, two, and three the Sikhs came gleefully back. They had left their subahdar and fifteen men behind, but they had cause to be cheerful, for fully two hundred of their foes were in paradise, thanks to their dashing little exploit.

Daylight showed us the backs of our enemies. But, as things proved, this too sudden fortune betrayed us into the worst disaster of the campaign.

Burns, losing his head over the success of the night's stroke, determined to follow up the enemy; and, leaving only the Sikhs and his weakest company, that of which I was subaltern officer, in garrison, he marched down the hill and disappeared into the mysterious world beyond. His force carried three days' rations, and little else save their rifles and some mining tools.

Two monotonous days dragged rustily away, on the third we saw what we took at first for a party of the enemy coming up the hill. We were relieved to find it a small convoy of mules pushed up from Peshawur by an enterprising commissary-general. The burden of one quadruped drew much attention.

"Oo's dead?" inquired a Cockney

colour-sergeant. The applicability of the question was obvious. The object referred to was a long shallow deal box, which might well have served as a pauper's coffin. On it was a label "To the officer commanding English army, Fort Dufferin, Himalayan Mountains, Asia."

"That's me," said my Captain, Trafford by name. "Here goes!" and he forced the lid with his sword blade: it disclosed much packing straw, and an envelope bearing the same superscription as the label. Trafford broke the seal, a great red one.

"Can you make anything of this?" he asked, half-laughing, half-puzzled.

I read over his shoulder.

"Sir, will you, to oblige a dying woman who has lived a Christian life, kindly hand the enclosed to Michael O'Donoghue Niel, soldier in the Royal Border Light Infantry, and a native of these parts, where he enlisted eighteen months ago. It was willed him by his aunt, Margaret Mahony O'Donoghue, who departed this life on the 19th penultimo, full of years, and fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church. I am her executor, and your obedient servant, Joseph Lynch (P.P. Cackanode, Co. Cork)."

"Well I'm sloshed!" ejaculated Trafford. "Think of a Government mule, at fifteen quid and his keep, being dispatched to the wilds of Asia as agent of the executor of the aunt of a private soldier! Let's have Niel up at once to open his precious treasure. Is it whisky, or cigars, or bullion, or agricultural implements, or what?"

Michael arrived, and with the aid of a comrade proceeded to unpack his inheritance, of which he professed ignorance, merely remarking that his Aunt Margaret was a pious woman, and but for its weight he thought the box might contain scapulars.

Much straw, much paper, many cords were removed in turn; then came a layer of wadding.

Michael's assistant gave a little yelp. "It's a mon!" he exclaimed, pointing to a hole in the wadding where protruded something very like the point of a thick brown beard.



Michael touched the protuberance and proved it solid.

A smile stole over his face. "'Tis a holy saint," he said softly. We stared at him questioningly, and in explanation he tore away the wadding.

There, stretched in the long box as in a tomb, lay the full-size plaster figure of a man in a full green robe, with a gilt aureola above his head. It was such an image as I had seen in the poorer Catholic churches in Ireland and Flanders.

"What's the gentleman's name?" asked Trafford, scenting humour.

"St. Patrick, sir," answered Michael simply.

There was a gibe on Trafford's lips, but the expression of Michael's face changed its purport, and he directed his sarcasm on the driver of the mule which had turned to devour the packing straw.

"I STRUCK OUT WITH MY LEFT FIST AND FELLED HIM"

What the upshot of the matter might have been I cannot imagine, for at this point our attention was called off by a spasm of flag-wagging, which seized a party sent out to reconnoitre.

"Is it the enemy or is it our own fellows come back?" someone asked.

It turned out to be both.

Our force hurrying incautiously forward had been caught in a trap, pounded to decimation with stones and lead, finally flung headlong backward on their tracks, leaving two subalterns and seventeen men dead upon the ground, and carrying their mortally wounded com-

mander with them in his cloak. All the way back, for five-and-thirty miles, the enemy hung upon their flanks, cracking away with their firelocks and ever and again picking off a straggler.

Once the first flutter of the men's hearts had stilled, they came fairly together and Earle managed to keep up a regular section fire, which, although it did not damage the enemy, deterred them from coming to close quarters. So step by step, with heavy hearts and sullen faces, they retired the way they so hopefully had come.

The enemy did not draw off until almost under fire of the men we marched out to cover our fellows while they climbed the hill.

That night we doubled the sentries and patrols, and allowed no accoutrements to be laid aside; and it was well, for as the outposts were relieved at dawn we saw the lower slopes of the hill alive with the banners of the swordsmen.

Burns, recovering slightly from the collapse of his wound and refusing to believe himself a dying man, insisted on retaining his command, and ordered an advance to meet the foe.

In our hearts we all thought it madness, but there was something sporting in the idea that braced our nerves, and it seemed to me that our step was joyous and gallant as we advanced down the hill in faultlessly dressed line.

What followed I cannot explain, nor could I at the time understand. I know we did not fire until close upon the enemy, and at a range which the penetrative power of the Martini bullet must have made destructive. I saw the standards of the enemy within a stone's throw, then smoke, and all was a blank but for the rip-rip-rip of the firing in my ear. I don't think I did anything at first; men fell by my side, but the battle took no heed of me.

After some time—an hour, perhaps two—I began vaguely to make out objects around: Earle shooting a standard-bearer, a Pathan with his teeth buried in the thigh of a Sikh, who hammered his back with a rifle-butt.

"What's happened?" I asked Earle, and I thought my voice that of another man.

"Nothing much yet," he answered, twirling the barrels of his revolver while he reloaded. "Where are your men?"

I looked round thinking of them for the first time in half an hour; but ere I could pull them together the hillmen rushed on us and I was alone in their midst. One deliberately spat in my eyes, and mechanically I struck out with my left fist and felled him.

Then my leg burned me, and I slipped across his body. He had knifed me in the calf. As we struggled others tumbled over us, and I felt him suffocate beneath my body. The same awful end threatened me, but as I began to lose consciousness the weight of bodies above was pulled away, and Michael, with bleeding hands, helped me to my feet.

As I rose I saw our line re-form with little more than half its morning strength. The Sikhs had been cut off and wiped out, all but seven grim heroes, who butchered a path through the enemy and rallied on the main body. So much for ourselves. We had beaten the enemy; under a constant patter of bullets they were tardily falling back down the hill, leaving a century of monuments to their courage and the accuracy of our weapons.

A groan drew my eyes to Michael, and I saw that he was weltering in his blood, which dripped down his tunic and overalls. A slug had caught him about the belt buckle, and, without entering his body, had torn away much of the flesh in its flight. He tried to say something, but speech failed him, and he reeled tipsily to the earth. His popularity showed itself by the many fellows who hastened to improvise a litter and carry him back into the fort, where our only surgeon had many casualties on his hands. Burns was dead; the excitement of victory had reopened his wounds, and the life throbbed out of him while he cheered on his men.

That night more than one man succumbed to his injuries, but Michael still breathed at dawn, although he had never regained consciousness. I asked the doctor if there was hope, and he shook his head. Only a marvellous



"THEN WITH FURIOUS FORCE HE FLUNG IT DOWN"

vitality, he declared, had kept him alive so long.

In a most downcast state of mind I attended a council of war which Earle had convened, and what I there learned was not of a heartening nature.

The casualties of the last days had left us a bare hundred men available for duty, while we had nearly half as many again in hospital, some disabled for life. We had fairly repulsed the enemy in yesterday's engagement, but should they attack again in greater force, as was

sure to happen in a few days, no further success might reasonably be expected, and a reverse could only end in a massacre of those unable to leave their beds.

Earle's proposal was that all the mules and bearers we had should be used to send away those of our wounded who, while capable of being moved, stood no chance of early recovery. This was approved by the council, and I was nominated commander of the party on the grounds that I was the only wounded officer well enough to sit a mule; no sound one could be spared. They gave me as escort a sergeant and six men. While hastening to make ready for departure I thought of Michael and went to hear news of him. The hospital sergeant told me that he had been seized by a raving fever and the doctor had ordered his removal to the water-tower, where he could be by himself. He was beginning to have some hope of his recovery, but to carry him down the mountain would mean certain death.

I found the poor fellow wrapped in his great-coat, stretched on a bed consisting of his blanket thrown over the straw in which his legacy had been packed. The statue itself stood by his head, the painted hands thrust forward protectingly over him. As I entered the

place he was mumbling "Holy St. Patrick, St. Patrick, holy St. Patrick," but when I had stood there a little time he seemed to grow sensible of my presence, saying "I have to thank you, sir," with that same delicate intonation which had struck me the great day when we met. Soon, however, all meaning went out of his face, the hand which I had taken grew moist and he gibbered.

Sick and sore I limped away, and having inspected my melancholy command, gave the order to march

"Come back soon," said Earle, as he nodded to me at the gate, but I knew by his smile that he thought never to see me again.

It was six months ere the relieving force marched up the valley to Fort Dufferin. The flag still flew, and we saluted it. A grey-haired man came down the hill to meet us, two Sikhs and six of the 119th followed him with fixed bayonets. The grey-haired man was Earle.

"Yes, we've pulled through," he said, as nonchalantly as he had said goodbye. "You'll find a good many gone."

"Michael Niel?" I asked.

"Still a little mad, but doing well. Is lunacy heroism?"

"How d'ye mean?" said I.

That afternoon Earle brought me to the top of the water-tower and, bidding me look down, inquired if I saw anything.

"A fair collection of Afghan knives," I answered. "You had a scrimmage here?"

"We had. Do you see anything else?"

"Some pieces of a broken idol."

"Don't let Niel hear you say that. These are the immortal remains of St. Patrick." Then, with running laughter and choking, he told me the end of my story.

My convoy had not been gone twenty hours when the enemy returned, and the siege of the hill fort began in real earnest. Lines of circumvallation were thrown up and the place regularly invested. When the ring was complete a succession of night attacks were delivered at constantly recurring periods until the tiny garrison were harassed to desperation. There was no rest for anyone; Earle himself had not one hour's sleep in forty.

Suddenly these attacks ceased, and all in the fort thought that a relieving force had appeared on the scene and that the siege was about to be raised.

One night about the fifth, following the cessation of these attacks, a comrade who had volunteered to watch by Michael Niel's bedside was amazed to see the wounded man spring to his feet and, clothed only in his bloody bandages, catch up the statue of St. Patrick, and

bound with headlong strides up the steps to the rampart. Rushing after him, the man stumbled over the prostrate form of the sentry asleep at his post and reached the rampart. He beheld Michael's gaunt appalling figure stand stark upon the parapet edge with the statue poised above his head.

Then with furious force he flung it down.

There was a howl, a clash of steel and a sound of many footsteps turning to flight.

In an instant the garrison drums beat to arms and a volley was poured into the darkness.

The enemy answered not—they were running, running down the hill. The garrison, standing to their arms, wondered and rejoiced, rejoiced and wondered, until dawn.

At the first streak of day a search party, going forth, found the hillside strewn with dead and dying: few were shot—they had trampled each other in their flight. Some wounded were brought in; they were overcome by terror, and all told the same story, differing only in detail: "We attacked many thousand strong. . . . Our mullahs led us on, crying that the Jihad was consummated and the Kafir gods had abandoned them. . . . We slew a sleeping outpost and advanced in pride to your very walls. . . . But even as we girded our loins for the final stroke, one of you whom we know to be dead arose in his grave clothes and confronted us, calling his deity from Heaven to destroy us. Our leaders perished beneath the stroke and we fled confounded in our souls. . . . We shall fight no more, for now we know our gods avail not against yours."

"All very well," declared Trafford, whose humour was embittered by the loss of his sword-arm. "But fifty years hence these fellows' grandsons and ours will be carrying on just the same."

When Michael was himself again they offered him promotion, but he refused it. I asked him why, and for a long time he would offer no comprehensible reason.

In the end he said shyly: "I think it would be disrespectful to *him*, sir."

"Liqueur, Sir?"

WRITTEN BY ROBERT MACHRAY. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



HERE was a party of us dining the other day at a certain club in London, and, at its close, liqueurs were served as usual. I watched with some curiosity the answers given to the question of the waiter, "Liqueur, sir?" and noticed that out of nine, three men took liqueur-brandy, two green Chartreuse, two Benedictine, one Kümmel, and one Kirsch. The thing to be chiefly observed was that each man took a liqueur of one kind or another; and I think there can be no doubt that the consumption of liqueurs has increased enormously in Great Britain, and especially in London, during the last ten or twenty years.

There are good reasons why this should be the case. Take such a liqueur as Chartreuse or Benedictine. There is the charm of colour, the charm of perfume, the charm of taste—a harmony, in fact, what an old French writer describes as "a music for the tongue and palate." Brillat Savarin declared that a good liqueur constituted the *ne plus ultra* of the pleasure of taste. On the other hand, most liqueurs are open to the great objection that they are sweet, and the doctors of our time demand imperatively that, if we must drink at all, what we drink must be *dry*. Indeed, I have been told by the head of a firm which probably imports more liqueurs into the kingdom than any other that he is constantly asked for a *liqueur seche*, and that, with the exception of certain kinds of Kirsch, there is no such thing.

It is impossible to determine the extent to which the consumption of liqueurs has increased in this country

from any statistics supplied by the Government. For all liqueurs of foreign origin are included in and appear under the unsympathetic title of "Sweetened or Mixed Spirits." But one has only to remember how much the café system has come into vogue in London and the other great cities, to understand that liqueurs have established themselves pretty generally in public favour.

I am informed that Curaçoa and Maraschino are more extensively used than any other liqueurs. So much is this the case that it is a matter of custom to speak of the one as the king and the other as the queen of liqueurs. Both of these are, however, largely employed in the flavouring of certain dishes, and are not drunk so much as in former years. The finest and most scientific of liqueur distillers are undoubtedly the Dutch, and their Curaçoa, whether made in the island itself or in Amsterdam, the chief seat of its manufacture, is a beautiful liqueur of its kind. Its peculiar property is derived from the maceration, not of oranges, as is generally supposed, but of orange peel. The best Maraschino comes from Zara in Dalmatia, but large quantities are also produced in Italy. The genuine liqueur is distilled from the small black cherries, known as *Marascas*. In the process of its manufacture the cherries are crushed whole—and one of the chief elements which give specific character to it is the flavour derived from the kernel or seed of the fruit. A so-called Maraschino is made from peaches, and imitations, more or less deadly, are frequently offered in place of the real thing.

So far as my own observation has gone, Chartreuse and Benedictine are the most popular of liqueurs. It is certainly not a little curious that we owe these and several other liqueurs, some of

which are now seldom or never heard of, to religious houses. Besides the two last mentioned there are Trappistine, made by the monks of La Trappe at the Abbey de la Grâce de Dieu—a liqueur which was formerly a good deal used, then rather went out of fashion, and now seems to be coming in again to some extent; the Elixir des Carmes (Carmelites), and the Eau des Capucins (Capuchins), both of which have practically disappeared.

There has never been exemplified a more striking instance of the irony which appears inseparable from all human life than that shown in the case of the monks of Chartreuse.

Some eight hundred years ago, St. Bruno, fleeing from all the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil, sought and found a refuge in what was then appropriately termed a desert, situated nearly equidistant between the modern towns of Chambéry and Grenoble. The Carthusian Order which he there founded grew and flourished, sending out many prosperous off-shoots, whose monasteries and convents were situated in all parts of Europe, our own Charterhouse being one of them. None of them, however, rivalled in fame the parent monastery of La Grande Chartreuse; but when all the other religious orders were suppressed in France during the Revolution, its monks were allowed to continue for some years after the others had been expelled. It is said

that this privilege was given them, not because of their pure and spotless lives, or of the many good acts they performed, but because they made the most wonderful liqueur in the world. Not that the virtues of this magical preparation were sufficient to save them altogether; for after a time the same evil fate overtook them too, and the brethren were dispersed and driven

out of France. In 1816 the monastery was reoccupied, and one of the first results which attended on this was the manufacture again of their famous liqueur. When the religious orders were again suppressed in France, the Carthusians remained unmolested, and that principally because the manufacture of their liqueur yielded so great a revenue from the Excise to the country that the Government thought it inexpedient to touch La Grande Chartreuse. Besides, the monastery acted with such beneficence with respect to the people of the department of



CHAPEL OF ST. BRUNO

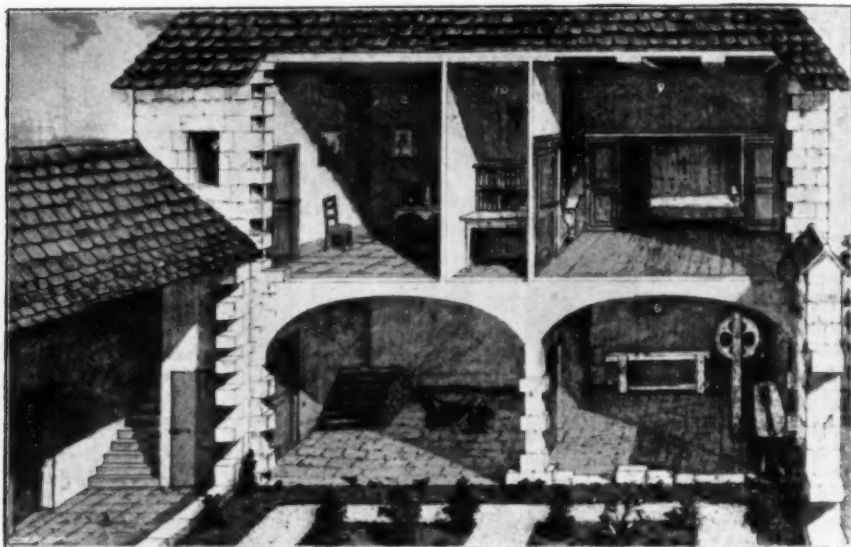
Isère, and in regard also to municipal matters, that it was feared any attempt upon the monastery would lead to a serious insurrection.

It is sometimes said that the constituents of the liqueur are now well known. The fact is exactly the opposite of this, and there can scarcely be any hesitation in saying that the secret of the composition of the liqueur has become the most valuable trade secret in the world. A few years ago it was said

—and there is no reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of the statement—that an offer was made through the Pope to the General of the Order, by the Rothschilds, of the enormous sum of eighty million francs for the transference of the rights involved in the manufacture from the Carthusians to the great bankers. It was surmised that their intention was to form a gigantic limited liability company, which would go on with the preparation and sale of the liqueur. At the time it was more than hinted that the

roads they have caused to be made in various parts of Dauphiny.

While it is not known what the exact composition of the liqueur is, certain facts about it are common property. The basis of it is a wine-spirit, the grapes for which are grown in vineyards belonging to the Order in the South of France. The second chief ingredient is sugar or some other saccharine matter. So far, it may truly be said, these are the two chief things in the composition of almost every liqueur. But in the preparation



INTERIOR OF A CARTHUSIAN CELL

Pope strongly urged the acceptance of the offer, but it was declined.

Thus it will be seen that a small community of monks, vowed to poverty, abstinence, and all the other virtues of an austere life, are probably, to all practical intents, the richest firm of distillers in the world. It must be said, however, that all profits realised are devoted to the general good; the monks themselves derive no benefit from them whatever; a certain amount of money goes to Rome as Peter's Pence, the rest is spent in building hospitals and other charitable institutions, to say nothing of the bridges, aqueducts, and the improved

of Chartreuse, to the spirit and the saccharine matter there is added an elixir made of certain herbs which are found growing at various seasons of the year on the Alps of Dauphiny and Savoy. It is in the knowledge of the proper combination of these plants that the great value of their secret lies. In the beginning these herbs or simples were used solely for medicinal purposes by the monks themselves. In the course of time the manufacture was improved, and its fame spread far and wide. During the last sixty years the old buildings have had to be abandoned as insufficient, and large

premises have had to be constructed. Indeed, the manufacture is now carried on by paid operatives, and the population of the whole village, which has sprung into existence because of the liqueur, is employed in collecting the requisite herbs and in the business itself. Formerly there were three kinds of Chartreuse, white, green and yellow. The first named has dropped out of use; of the others the green is a more potent spirit than the yellow and is generally preferred

this plant largely enters into the liqueur made at La Grande Chartreuse itself.

Perhaps the most remarkable product of La Grande Chartreuse is its *Essence Végétale* or *Elixir*, a preparation distilled from the same herbs which enter into the composition of the liqueur along with several others. The *Elixir* is a sovereign remedy in severe cases of heart failure and syncope. It was doubtless introduced long ago into the monastery by some monk, who, searching after the



THE BENEDICTINE DISTILLERY: GENERAL VIEW

to it. Perfection itself is said to be found in a drink compounded of one part of green and two parts of yellow Chartreuse. On the exceedingly rare occasions when the Fathers are allowed to dissipate a little this is generally understood to be their favourite tippie.

A brand of Chartreuse used to be made at the Gran Certoza, a branch of the Carthusian Order, who have their monastery at Florence. The liqueur was green in colour and very delicate in flavour, yet of so distinct a character that it was easily perceived to be derived from the use of the *Angelica*. I have been told on fairly good authority that

fabled elixir of life, accidentally stumbled upon this marvellous combination. The asceticism of the hard and rigorous life of these recluses must frequently have occasioned severe and prolonged fainting fits; a few drops of this cordial forced through the lips brought back the spirit hovering on the confines of another world to this.

Benedictine, a liqueur hardly less famous than Chartreuse, has also come to us from the monks. To-day, however, the Benedictine of commerce is manufactured by a company, who claim to have gained possession of the recipe in use centuries ago by the Benedictine

Fathers of Fécamp. That there was such a liqueur made as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century is evident from the fact that Francis I. declared that he had "never tasted anything better" than the liqueur made by the monks of Fécamp. The exact composition of the preparation was discovered by a certain Dom Bernardo Vincelli in 1510. It was a simple cordial which the monks, tired out by their studies and their long fasts, would take to assist them in recovering their strength,

became possessed of the parchment, faded and yellow with age, containing the old monk's secret recipe for the concoction of what is now known universally as "Veritable Liqueur Benedictine." After many laborious experiments he was successful in reconstituting the mysterious mixture.

The handsome buildings in which the manufacture of the liqueur is carried on were erected and completed two years ago, and are remarkable for their many architectural beauties—not usually to be



BENEDICTINE DISTILLERY: THE LABORATORY

and which also enabled them to contend successfully against the malarial atmosphere in which they lived.

When the Revolution broke out in 1793 the abbey was swept away and its monks scattered abroad. It is related—and the story in itself is quite a romance—that the manuscript of Vincelli, containing the recipe for his elixir, was saved from destruction, and was entrusted to the care of the Procureur-Fiscal of Fécamp Abbey, who was an ancestor of M. Alexander Le Grand, the present managing director of the Benedictine Distillery. It was not, however, until the year 1863 that this gentleman

found in a place of such a kind, as will be noticed from the illustration. The most remarkable feature of these extensive buildings is undoubtedly the laboratory, a vast hall wherein gleams a great array of brass apparatus, polished like nothing so much as the metal work seen on board a man-of-war. Here are to be seen a great number of gigantic vats, containing in all nearly a hundred and ten thousand gallons of the liqueur. Beneath this chamber are the underground cellars, where is stored the reserve of choice old brandy, which forms the base of the liqueur, and also the produce of the distillation of the plants, which

give the liqueur its fragrance, its flavour, and its high dietetic value. There are always ready for shipment from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand cases, a fact which gives some idea of the enormous business transacted at the "Abbaye."

Through the courtesy of the president and directors of the company, we are able to show here some illustrations recently made of the laboratory, of one of the principal cellars or *caves*, and of girls at work fixing on labels, &c.

Wasser, Kirschenwasser, *i.e.*, Cherry Water, has the distinction of being about the only liqueur which should be drunk by gouty or rheumatic people. The best qualities are received from a few old farmers of the Black Forest, and the headquarters of the manufacture are at Griesbach and Petersthal, in the Reuch Valley.

Time fails to tell of the numerous other liqueurs besides those mentioned above, which have been brought out to tempt and gratify the senses of the *bon*

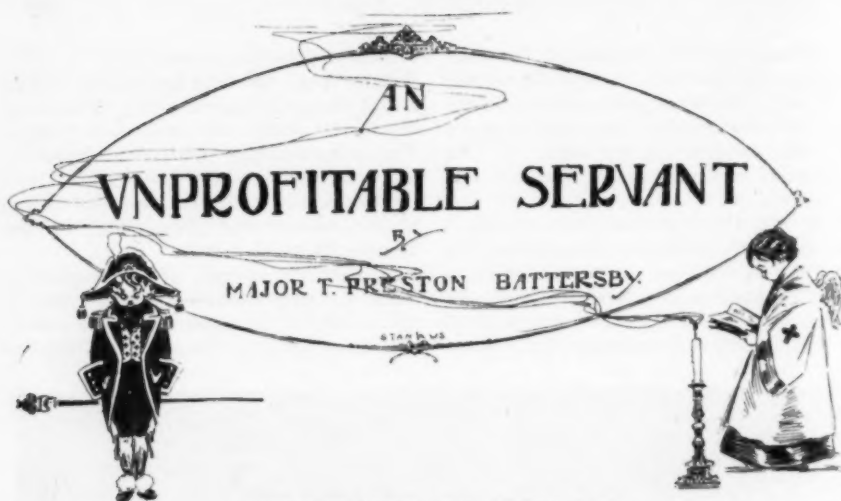


BENEDICTINE: IN THE STORE-ROOM

The last ten years have seen what may be called the rise of the drinking of Kümmel in this country. Originally made from a German herb called *kumin*, the chief seat of the manufacture is now at Riga. The principal ingredients are fine brandy, sugar, and an extract made from a mixture of coriander and caraway seeds. Large quantities of it are drunk in Russia, where much of it is made, but I am told that on general principles it is a good thing to avoid Russian Kümmel, as sufficient time is not usually given for it to be thoroughly matured.

The liqueur known as Kirsch, Kirsch

viveur. There are, for instance, those dedicated to love, such as the Liqueur de Cupidon, l'Eau d'Amour, Parfait Amour, l'Eau Nuptiale, and so forth. Then there are the various crèmes, as, for example, Crème de Vanille, de Rose, de Thé, de Café, de Cacao, de Moka, de Menthe, the last named being the only preparation of this kind which can be called popular. Then there are various liqueur brandies, such as cherry, peach, orange brandy, &c. I have said nothing about either absinthe or vermouth, as neither of them can be considered a liqueur, although they are sometimes given that name.



ILLUSTRATED BY STANLAWS

"GENTLEMEN," said the Doctor, coming into the club reading-room, "do any of you happen to know whether Mr. Carr has any relations living?"

The few men who were reading looked up from their papers.

"Why? What is the matter?" asked one of them.

"Only that he has a bad attack of enteric fever, and I have not been able to find out anything about his belongings. No one seems to know. I thought he might have some relations who should be told he was ill—possibly some sister who would come to nurse him. Nursing is everything in these cases."

"I never heard him speak of his relatives," said a man, reflectively; "I don't believe he has any. Is he very ill, Doctor—in danger?"

"A man is always in danger when he has enteric fever," said the Doctor, drily. "Well, I suppose I had better get a hospital nurse for him. Good-morning, gentlemen." And he left the room.

"I suppose the correct thing will be to leave cards and inquiries?" asked a young member of the club.

"O, of course. I wonder if he is going to die? Curious how many of our members we have lost of late."

And then the subject was dismissed by common consent, and Mr. Carr's valet daily added to the accumulation of visiting cards in the basket on the hall table, and wondered whether he would ever carry them up to his master, or whether he would be obliged to seek for a new place—which seemed rather more probable.

As for Mr. Carr, he gave little trouble to his nurse. He took his medicine, his milk, and his brandy, when they were brought to him, and then turned over in his bed, with his face to the wall, and lay there, day after day and night after night, never speaking when he could avoid it, but sometimes at night muttering unintelligible words in half unconscious delirium. The fever wore itself out, but the patient did not seem much the better for that.

"He must be roused!" said the Doctor. "He is not making the slightest attempt to live, and, if he does not, he will certainly die. Nature is very accommodating in that respect. Just find out from his servants what his tastes are, and what interests him, will you?"

The hospital nurse did her best, but the servants could tell her little. Mr. Carr was a good master, never out of temper, paying well and punctually,

spending his time at the club or in riding and shooting, and reading a good deal in a desultory way. But no one had seen him particularly interested in anything. It did not seem in his nature to be so.

On the mantelpiece in the bedroom was a very beautiful and costly piece of Sevres china. One day the Doctor pretended to stumble, put out his hand to save himself, and knocked the precious ornament off. It fell on the fender and broke into twenty pieces. The nurse exclaimed, and the Doctor apologised to his patient, who had looked round at the noise.

"It does not matter in the least," said Mr. Carr, and turned his face to the wall again.

"Now, look here!" said the Doctor. "This won't do at all. My dear sir, if you wish to die I can't stop you, and there is no use in wasting my time, and your money, by continuing my attendance. If you want to live you must make an effort, I tell you plainly. Your fever is gone, and there is nothing to prevent your getting well except your own obstinacy. Do rouse up, and take an interest in something."

"I wish I could," said Mr. Carr.

But it did interest him a little, that evening, as he lay and watched the shadows on the ceiling, to see that the shadow of the hospital nurse had its head bowed on its hands, in an attitude of dejection and weariness. He feared she might be suffering from want of sleep. Either from pride or kind-heartedness, or from some other vice or virtue, he was annoyed that any one should be tired on his account. He called her, quietly.

She came over to the bedside at once, and he saw she had been crying.

"Nurse," he said, "there is no need for you to sit up. I am better to-night, and I can look after myself. I will take the food now and then, as the Doctor ordered. Go to bed! If I want you I will ring for you."

"I do not want to go to bed, sir," she answered; "I can sleep very well in the chair. I am not in the least tired, thank you, though it is very good of you to think of it."

Mr. Carr sighed, impatiently.

"What are you crying about, then?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nothing sir—only a personal matter. I did not mean you to see. I am very sorry."

"What is it? Will money cure it?"

The hospital nurse would have liked to have answered "No," but the facts would not allow of it. So she tried to evade the question.

"It is a brother of mine," she said: "he is in great trouble. Things have gone hard with him, and——"

"How much would set him straight again?" asked Mr. Carr. "I knew it was money. It always is."

"It isn't money only," said the hospital nurse, indignantly. "At least—his wife is very ill, sir, and the doctors say she must go to a warm climate for the winter, and he is in business, and can't leave it, and she won't go without him and——"

"Well, you see it *is* money. How much would make up to him for the loss of his business, and pay his expenses, and all that?"

"O! It would cost him a thousand pounds, at least. He would forfeit a contract. He couldn't do it. It is quite impossible."

"Hand over that desk!" said Mr. Carr. He drew out a cheque-book, and filled up one of the pages.

"There!" he said, tearing it out. "Give that to your brother, and let him take his wife abroad, if he wants to. That is easily settled."

"But I can't take this, sir!" said the bewildered nurse, gazing on the figures £1,000 on the paper in her hand.

"Well! if you don't, I will put it in the fire; or rather you shall," said Mr. Carr.

He had counted aright upon the feminine awe of cheques. The hospital nurse had never seen one before. To her it meant abstract money, and its destruction an absolute loss.

"Do take it away!" said Mr. Carr peevishly, and turned his face to the wall.

Next morning the hospital nurse showed the Doctor the cheque, and told him the story.



"WILL MONEY CURE IT?" HE ASKED

"Well done!" said he. "Give your brother the money, by all means. Carr can well spare it. I am delighted to see him take an interest in anything. Mind you humour him in any caprice of the sort."

He went away, leaving the bewildered woman with the cheque in her hand. That evening Mr. Carr called her again.

"That hospital you belong to," he said; "is it a good one? Do they treat the patients well—I mean the non-paying ones?"

"Indeed they do, sir," said the hospital nurse, and was beginning a detailed encomium. But he stopped her at once.

"All right, I am satisfied. Bring me that desk again!"

He made a few calculations and wrote awhile on a sheet of paper.

"Call James," he said. The valet came up and stood by the bedside, wondering what was going on.

"I want you to witness my signature," said Mr. Carr rather faintly. He signed his name, and James and the hospital nurse appended theirs, much wondering.

"That will do, James, thank you. Now, nurse, put the paper back in the desk, lock it, and give me the key."

She did so, silently, and then hastened to give her patient a cupful of egg and brandy. He seemed much exhausted by his effort, but he drank the restorative and turned over to his old position, with his face to the wall.

The night wore on and the hospital nurse fell asleep in her chair. She woke with a start. The room, to her confused senses, seemed full of the sound of a cry in Mr. Carr's voice:

"Thou hast that is Thine. Thou hast that is Thine!"

She ran to the bed, but her patient seemed sleeping calmly, and she dared not awake him. She replenished the fire, and by-and-bye, when her nerves were calmed, fell asleep again. When she awoke at dawn she found that her patient no longer needed her.

"I am not surprised," said the Doctor. "It was rather sooner than I expected, however. I wonder to whom he has left his money?"

It was all bequeathed to the hospital to which the nurse belonged—on the paper which she and James had signed.

The hospital nurse cried a little and

took the news to her brother, who had promptly cashed the cheque to avoid complications; and the club elected a new member. The hospital chaplain was asked to preach a funeral sermon, in recognition of the munificent legacy of the deceased, but he declined, though the nurse was loud in the praises of her late patient. When she ventured to ask him the cause of his refusal he referred her to the parable of the Talents.

"I judge no man," he said gravely, "but I find no record that the unprofitable servant was praised for the whiteness of the napkin in which he had buried his talent, nor for his return of it to the Master when called to an account."



COACHES THAT CARRY OUR MAILS

WRITTEN BY C. L. McCLUER STEVENS
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

THE world moves backwards as well as forwards. "The advent of the railway era," say people sapiently, "ended the mail-coach regime." So it did—for awhile. But some ten years ago, strangely enough, it occurred to the then head of the most conservative department of the public services, the post-office to wit, to try whether, after all, he could not get his goods carried by road as quickly and as cheaply as by rail.

It was a daring experiment and a risky one to boot, and those consulted thereon prophesied almost unanimously that it was foredoomed to failure. But after much casting around a man was found—Mr. J. M. Birch, of Kentish Town—who, like Napoleon, did not know the mean-

ing of that ill-omened word; and who, in addition, knew more about horse-flesh, stage coaches, guards and drivers than probably any other man in England. Under his auspices vehicles were constructed, animals chosen, routes mapped out, and men engaged; and on the 1st June, 1887, there were placed on the road two coaches destined to carry daily her Majesty's parcel mails between London and Brighton, and *vice versa*.

The railway companies jeered; the

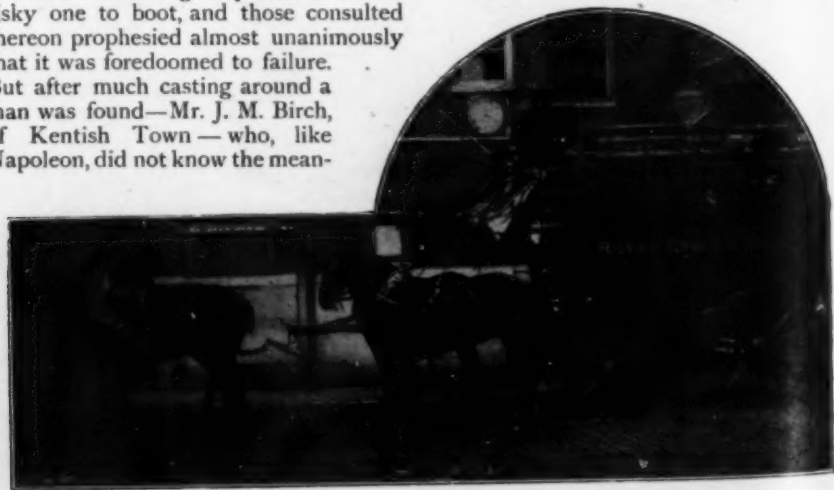


Photo by H. C. Shelley

public was mildly jocular; and even the post-office officials themselves, many of them, looked askance at the innovation. But Mr. Birch persevered. He proved to the satisfaction of all and sundry that parcels could be carried far more cheaply by his coaches than by the railway, and that, moreover, the service was at least as rapid and as efficient. The result was that the system was extended and amplified, until there are running to-day, to and from London, no fewer than twenty magnificently-appointed and splendidly-horsed vehicles catering between them for ten different centres, and for more than five hundred outlying towns, villages and hamlets.

The centres served are Brighton, Colchester, Oxford, Chatham, Tunbridge Wells, Slough, Bedford, Watford, Broxbourne and Guildford; and from each of these towns, as well as from many others lying along the line of route, subsidiary distributing carts convey the parcels to their respective destinations. The system is thus rendered exceedingly mobile. Routes can be altered, curtailed, or extended at will, and villages can be visited or left severely alone, according to the exigencies of the moment.

The actual number of parcels carried during the financial year ending March 31st, 1897, was 3,139,249, as against 2,982,177 the year before. The largest number carried by any one pair of

coaches was 576,135 on the Brighton road, and the smallest—81,997—was between London and Broxbourne. Of course, all the coaches travel by night, when other traffic is at a minimum, leaving London at times varying between nine and midnight and arriving at intervals between 2.30 and 5 a.m.

As a rule excellent time is kept, and really serious accidents are of comparatively rare occurrence. Occasionally, however, there are minor mishaps, the remedying of which calls for no little resource, pluck, and determination on the part of both guards and drivers. Fogs are responsible for most of the accidents; and then come snowstorms, gales of wind, abnormally heavy rains, subsidences of, or obstacles on, the roads; and collisions with other vehicles, whose drivers are too often either partially or wholly asleep.

A typical case of a fog accident was that which occurred to the Brighton coach on the night of December 22nd, 1891, near Thornton Heath. The fog was so thick that the

vehicle was driven into a pond by the side of the road. The four horses all jumped over a wall, three feet high, which divides the shallow part of the pond from the deep part, and is fifteen yards from the edge of the water. The coach was going at a rapid pace at the time, and the driver, Crown, who was one of the pioneer drivers of the



MR. J. M. BIRCH
Photo by A. J. Langton, Belgravia



BULL HOTEL, DARTFORD

Photo by T. K. Biddle

parcel coaches, mistook a lamp which was on the wall in the centre of the pond for one by the roadside. Strange to relate, the coach was not upset, but the driver and guard had to get down into the water to release the horses. The driver's shoulder was dislocated, and he was obliged to go on to London by train. The guard remained behind, and, after borrowing some extra horses, succeeded in dragging the coach out of the pond and driving it to London. By the time he reached his destination, however, his wet clothes had frozen on him, and he was speechless from cold and exhaustion. Both driver and guard received a gratuity of £5 each from the Postmaster-General.

Many cases have occurred of coaches having been embedded in snow-drifts for more or less lengthy periods. For instance, at Hand Cross, on the night of March 9th, 1891, both the up and down Brighton

coaches were delayed many hours from this cause; and on the same night the down Oxford coach ran into an immense drift near Dorchester, and had to be dug out by a number of men. Again, on the 4th of January, 1894, both the up and down Tunbridge Wells coaches were embedded for twelve hours in a huge drift near Halstead, Kent. Finally, the

down Tunbridge Wells coach ran into a drift 12 feet deep, near Dinton Green, and six sturdy farm-horses had to be specially hired before it could be extricated. This latter accident, like the two mentioned above, happened during the great storm of March 9th, 1891.

Not infrequently the coaches are overturned. Thus the Oxford coach got off the crown of the road into the gutter, between Taplow and Maidenhead, one



BULL HOTEL, DARTFORD

Photo by T. K. Biddle

foggy night in September, 1890, and incessantly capsized; and a similar accident befell the same coach in the vicinity of Maidenhead in the following February. On this occasion it fell over into a deep ditch; but, by a miracle, both the guard and the driver escaped injury.

On the 8th of November, 1894, there happened to the Colchester coach an accident which, but for the pluck and resourcefulness evinced by the guard, a man named Proughten, would probably have been attended with very serious consequences indeed. A fresh team

summoning a policeman to the scene; and, leaving the coach in the latter's charge, rode back on one of the leaders in search of the missing driver. The latter was found badly injured near the scene of the accident; and Proughten, after seeing that he was attended to, rode back again to Ilford, and eventually drove the coach to London. For this service he was awarded a gratuity of three guineas.

Plenty more similar instances might be cited, but enough have been recorded to show that the life of a parcel mail-



THE GRAPES, MAIDENHEAD

Photo by Plumbs

had just been put in, and the guard and driver had taken their places, when from some unexplained reason the horses suddenly bolted. Proughten, with great presence of mind, climbed over the top of the coach to see if he could render any assistance to the driver, but found him missing. He then leant down over the footboard to try and reach the reins, only to discover that they were broken, and trailing under the maddened animals' hoofs. Nothing daunted, however, he stuck to his post, and by alternately coaxing and threatening, he managed to induce the horses to stop at Ilford, a distance of between two and three miles. Here he blew his whistle,

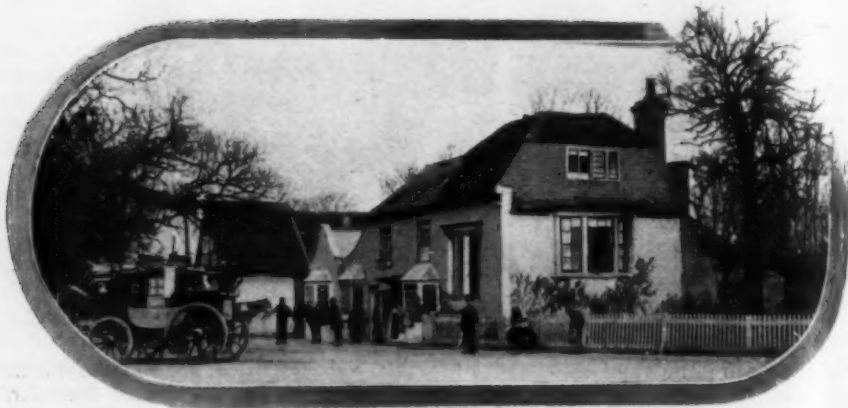
driver or guard is not always, in the language of the poet, "all lavender." Just now, of course, is the most trying time of all. In midsummer, when the full harvest moon is flooding the countryside with radiance, and the soft, sweet, warm air is heavy with the fragrance of a million blossoms, one might find many a worse way of spending a night than in bowling along the Queen's highway behind four lusty, fast-moving greys. But to traverse the same road in the depth of winter, in pitch darkness, and with a biting wind howling dirges amid the leafless trees, and screeching across the bleak brown fields, is another and quite a different matter. The one experience is

little more than an agreeable pastime; the other is not only intensely disagreeable, it is dangerous into the bargain.

And, also, driving at night along more or less deserted roads is terribly monotonous; besides tending, unless the driver is exceedingly cautious, to breed a false security, that may, perchance, prove the prelude to a serious disaster. The operation of changing horses is the one break in the long, lonely journey. Usually this takes place at an inn, and, for preference, one of the old-fashioned coach-

ing houses; such as, for example, the "Bull" at Dartford, the "Grapes" at Maidenhead, or the far-famed "Chequers" at Horley, of all three of which we reproduce photographs.

Both guards and drivers go well armed. This is a necessary precaution, for the property carried is often of very great value. So far, however, there has been no attempt to "hold up" a coach; and, therefore, no need to make active use of any one of the extremely murderous looking collection of weapons depicted in our illustration.



THE CHEQUERS, HORLEY

Photo by Charles Baker

The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

VIII.—THE CRADLESTONE OIL MILLS

CHAPTER I.



GRYDE watched his companion with frank admiration. He could afford to do this openly for the simple reason that the other man was blind. All the same, Gryde never was a tight hand at a bargain where he could see his way clear to a profitable termination. Frank Chasemore must have been a handsome man before the terrible accident which had scored his face like a dried walnut and deprived him of his sight.

"I am disposed to purchase your invention," Gryde said thoughtfully.

Chasemore smiled bitterly. Gryde had picked up the clever mechanical engineer literally out of the gutter in New York. Wild and visionary as some of his schemes were, Gryde had not been slow to see the practical vein beneath.

"Let me congratulate you," Chasemore replied. "I have hawked that invention all over the States, frequently walking from town to town, and everybody laughed at me. I tell you the thing is workable—with a drill and a motor like mine I could bore a hole through the universe in a fortnight. And what is the cost? Practically nothing. But for that nitro-glycerine explosion I should have made it go. Without my eyes I am like a child. I shall have to go into the poor-house, I suppose. And yet, blind as I am, with a small competency behind me, I could startle the world yet. If the fools would only listen!"

Chasemore shook with the bitterness of his indignation. Gryde perfectly understood. Was he not also a genius in his way?

"The fools are going to listen," the latter said quietly. "Do you know why I brought you and your *lares* to this howling wilderness?"

"I don't know," said Chasemore; "out of pure kindness, perhaps. I have read of people in books committing eccentricities of the kind."

"My dear fellow, there is no occasion for bitterness. I brought you here so that we could test your invention without attracting undue attention. If the thing succeeds in doing what you claim for it, I'll make you a present of twenty thousand dollars. That is merely for the hire of the concern, of course."

Chasemore expressed his satisfaction. If Gryde had anything in the way of a boring operation on, the patent could do the work of a regiment in less time than the same could grapple with a yard.

"So much the better for you," Gryde replied. "Now will you briefly explain."

"To outline the thing is easy. In the first place I have an entirely new motor. In the space of a pill-box I have one horse-power. The fools say you can't multiply power. When the egotist fails at a thing he always says it can't be done. Did you ever see a crowd push down a solid stone wall without anyone being hurt?"

"Get to the point," Gryde suggested quietly.

"I beg your pardon. My motor is more or less a pocket affair. With it I

can drive a six-inch drill through granite at the rate of thirty feet an hour. Outside the drill runs a flexible metal coil, and between the two, by a linotype kind of smelting arrangement, I can cast and force in my pipe. What do you think of that? Thirty feet of solid tubing six inches in diameter in an hour."

Gryde's eyes glittered. It was not the first time he had heard these details. Within a day of doing so he had seen his way to turn the discovery to account. Within a week he and Chasemore had found themselves settled in a little hut in one of the loneliest and most dreary parts of Pennsylvania. There was no town in sight, nothing but a collection of wooden huts, a few long warehouses, and two tall grimy chimneys. They were within a mile of one of the greatest oil-wells in the world.

Outside the limits of the Cradlestone Syndicate Estate—itsself no more than a square mile—many a bold speculator had ruined himself sinking for oil. There were shafts and pits there down which thousands of dollars had been cast. And yet whilst the Cradlestone Creek flowed like a sea, not a drop came elsewhere.

"Is it oil you are after?" Chasemore asked.

"What put that idea into your head?" Gryde demanded.

"I can't see, but I can smell," Chasemore said sententiously. "The air reeks with it. Still, your business is no business of mine. Pay in my price and I ask no questions."

"All the same you have guessed it," said Gryde. "There is oil here, but one must go down deep to find it. That is why I require your drill. I have purchased some land here with a shaft or two upon it. You will show me how to use your machine, and as for the rest you can lie here and dream to your heart's content."

Gryde, for reasons of his own, said nothing of their proximity to the Cradlestone Estate. In carrying out one of the most daring of his schemes, the blindness of Chasemore was an important and convenient factor. Fortune had favoured him again. But then

Fortune always does seem to favour the man who has capital, energy, and an amazing faculty for taking pains.

"What you ask is a very easy matter," said Chasemore. "Within three days you will understand the thing as well as I do myself. And already I can see improvement."

Chasemore's speech trailed off into a mutter. A look of dreamy speculation lay like a mist upon his face. When Chasemore retired thus within himself Gryde might as well have been alone. He lighted a cigarette and passed into the open.

So far as he could see the place was one level plain. Nothing seemed to grow there beyond the coarse bush grass. Here and there mounds of earth thrown up testified to the barren labour of the unlucky speculator. By reason of these open shafts the place was a dangerous one for the stranger after nightfall.

Gryde walked on until he reached the split rail fence bounding the Cradlestone property. From where he stood he was within four hundred yards of the main derrick. Here the ground trended down abruptly. In the centre of a hollow cup was a disused shaft. In depth it might have been two hundred feet; the winch and steel hawser for lifting purposes were still intact. Over the same stood a crazy sign bearing the legend—"Guaranteed Oil Trust." For this well astute Gryde had paid down the sum of ninety dollars cash.

Using the timber props as a means of descent, Gryde reached the bottom. The shaft was a fairly large one and perfectly dry. There was nothing there at present beyond a lantern and box of matches. By the aid of the former Gryde proceeded to examine a mass of figures. The study of these seemed to fill him with profound satisfaction.

"Four hundred yards," he muttered, "twelve hundred feet at thirty feet per hour, say three hundred feet a day. Four days would be quite sufficient. That drunken geologist who worked at this for me understood his business. Really, a child couldn't go wrong with these instructions. No rise or fall, but merely

a straight boring. The three weeks I spent grappling with the mysteries of the theodolite were not spent in vain. With any luck I ought to make a clear million out of this thing."

Gryde emerged to the surface again. As he did so he became aware of the fact that he was not alone. A big man with a square, determined jaw was regarding him derisively.

King, and you are worth a hundred million dollars. You ought to be satisfied with that, but some people can never have enough. You are a lucky man, Cradlestone."

"You're an original one, anyway," the millionaire laughed. "You'll get no oil there. Our big spring draws all the tributaries to it like a blister. I've known oil found here to spurt for a day or two



"WHAT'S YOUR GAME?"

"Good evening," Gryde said tentatively.

"Good evening, stranger," came the reply. "If it isn't a rude question, what's your game?"

Gryde explained. He hoped to succeed, he said, where others had failed. The other smiled.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"Perfectly well," Gryde said coolly. "You are Walter Cradlestone, the Oil

and then to pour out for good. But as for quantities!"

"I don't want quantities," said Gryde; "a small supply could suffice for me, and the cruder the better. Don't suppose I've come along here to run a rival syndicate. I've got an invention, and I want my own springs to work it. We know nothing about petroleum yet."

"I guess I do," Cradlestone said drily.

"You think so, of course. All you rich men are so amazingly egotistical

"I'm not thinking of oil as an illuminating power, but as a healing factor."

"Pooh. Every schoolboy has heard of vaseline."

"Granted. But if you put 'crysoline' to them they would be stumped. And crysoline is going to be one of the healers of the future. Got a bruise about you?"

Cradlestone pulled up his sleeve and displayed an ugly-looking mark on his arm.

"Pinched in a bit of machinery," he said. "Black, isn't it? And a good opening for your crysoline."

By way of reply, Gryde took a small bottle from his pocket. Inside the bottle was some jelly-like substance with a blue-grey green tinge. With the tip of his finger he applied a small portion of this to the wounded arm.

"Now pull your sleeve down," he said, "and forget all about it for a minute or two. So you think I am going to drop my money here?"

"I'm absolutely certain of it."

"Then you're as absolutely wrong, for the simple reason that I haven't any

money to drop. And I don't mind making you a small bet that I shall find what I want. Now will you oblige me by pulling up your sleeve again?"

Cradlestone did as desired. To his amazement he could see no trace of the dark bruise. The cut remained, but all the discoloration had vanished.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "I should like to know how that was worked."

"Crysoline," Grydesmiled. "Petroleum jelly *plus*—What do you think of it?"

"I think there's a mighty big fortune squeezed into that little bottle of yours. I'll give you—"

"Twopence-halfpenny for a million," Gryde laughed. "You'd like to buy the universe and sell it in shilling tins, *you* would. My secret is not for sale, sir."

Gryde was not to be shaken. He returned to the hut whistling.

"I've drawn the feather over his eye," he thought; "he won't suspect anything now. But unless I am greatly mistaken, Cradlestone will sing a different tune ere long. And Heaven help the man who comes to gratify his curiosity here!"

CHAPTER II.

A DARKNESS that could be felt brooded over the desolate flats around the Cradlestone estate. Walking amongst those open shafts was a matter attended by personal danger. But Gryde passed along fearlessly, leading Chasemore by the hand.

By means of a simple yet ingenious arrangement Gryde had got rid of the risk. From the hut to the dry shaft where operations were about to be commenced a length of twine had been attached. To follow this was perfectly easy.

"Why this extraordinary secrecy?" Chasemore grumbled.

"It is absolutely necessary," Gryde responded. "We are strangers in a wild place, amongst a reckless and ignorant set of men. As you remarked on a previous occasion, my business is no business of yours. But I don't mind telling you this: I am going to use your machinery to revolutionise all industries

of this kind. It would mean the saving of hundreds of hands yonder. If I am found out our lives are not worth a day's purchase."

The fluent lie satisfied Chasemore. He suffered himself to be led along until the head of the shaft was reached. He trusted himself implicitly to Gryde.

"You have conveyed all machinery to the foot?" he asked.

"Everything; and a nice task it was. I had to take the stuff a bit at a time so as not to incur any notice. But it is all there now, including the petroleum necessary to start the motor. I shall have to carry you down on my back."

Chasemore naturally demurred to this proposal, but there was no other way; and, as Gryde pointed out, otherwise the contract on the former's part would not be completed.

"There is really no reason why I should put you to this trouble a second

time," said Gryde, in conclusion. "If your machinery is as simple as you say it is, I ought to get the hang of the whole thing in one long lesson. Come on."

The descent was indeed a perilous undertaking. In the first place the

"Thank goodness that is over," he panted.

Chasemore said nothing. He could see the faint glimmer of the lantern before his sightless eyes. Then Gryde climbed half-way to the lift again and



"CHASEMORE PROCEEDED TO PULL A LEVER"

shaft was dark as Erebus, and to find his way from one cross-beam to another with a dead weight on his shoulders tested Gryde's nerves and strength to the uttermost. Trembling violently and aching in every muscle, Gryde at length reached the bottom.

drew a curtain across the shaft. No prying eye was intended to see what was going on there.

"Now we can make a start," Gryde said, cheerfully. "I've unpacked all the boxes. Perhaps you will tell me where to begin."

Considering his infirmity, Chasemore proceeded to do so with marvellous lucidity and point. A touch of his fingers was sufficient to show him what was required. Gryde watched the curious, compact little machine being built up as a child elucidates a puzzle. Within an hour the thing was completed. Chasemore's fears were now merged with his enthusiasm.

"Now then," he exclaimed, "light the petroleum lamp. In a few minutes the pressure will be full upon the drill. If you require the tunnel made to be lined —"

"I don't require anything of the kind," Gryde interposed. "The rock is too solid to render anything of the kind necessary."

"In that case we can dispose with the more complicated part of the machinery. You see the drill can be forced forward or drawn back by this thread, which is practically endless. As to the rest, the motor is compressed air, but air compressed in a form and strength never before known. Place the drill in any spot you want it: I am ready to begin."

Gryde forced the head of the drill against the side of the shaft in the direction of the Cradlestone derrick. Chasemore proceeded to pull a lever.

"You have the twelve-inch bore on," he said.

"I think it will be necessary," Gryde replied. "You keep to your part of the contract."

Chasemore shrugged his shoulders. It was all the same to him. As the machinery began to work, a flexible, hollow steel tube attached to the base of the drill began to expand as it ran off a reel. With marvellous force the drill revolved, screaming and smoking as it cut its way into the solid rock as if it had been decayed cheese. With a feeling of something like fascination, Gryde watched the process. At the end of an hour he looked at the index on the reel. Chasemore had not in any way exaggerated. Over thirty feet had been bored away.

"Are you satisfied?" Chasemore cried.

His face was aglow with enthusiasm. Gryde expressed his entire approbation.

At this rate within a few days his project would be accomplished.

"You have fully earned your money," he said.

"That is good hearing," Chasemore replied. "And now, as I have no particular desire to risk my neck down this hole again, I had better show you how to work the thing. An apt pupil like yourself will pick it up in no time."

By the time daylight began to creep out of the mist, Gryde was perfect. He turned down the petroleum lamp, and the machinery lapsed sullenly into silence.

"We must get back," he said; "it is nearly morning. A little carelessness on our part and all the labour will be lost."

An hour later and both lay fast asleep on the floor of the hut. Night was turned into day for the next week. And whilst Gryde worked in secret like a mole underground, Chasemore dreamed of the fame and fortune awaiting him when once the twenty thousand dollars were his.

Gryde was puzzled and perplexed. Angry lines criss-crossed on his forehead. After all the months of care and trouble expended, it looked as if all his plans had failed at the crucial moment. And yet he could discover nothing wrong in his data or his drawings. To make the matter no longer a mystery, Gryde had worked out to a mathematical certainty his ability, with the aid of the drill, to strike the great Cradlestone Oil Spring at a point where it entered the shaft. The calculations showed the length and direction of the boring to an inch. And once this was done, more than half the oil—the whole of it, perhaps—would flow into the new channel.

The moment had arrived. Like some uneasy, grimy demon, Gryde stood by the side of the machine, listening intently. Three feet more and he must be into the distant shaft. He checked the speed of the engine.

Another ten minutes, and he would hear the result. Once the open was found, the drill would fall spent and useless on the other side. This would

be the signal that the task had at length been successfully accomplished.

The seconds dragged on: Gryde could hear the beating of his own heart.

"Pshaw!" he muttered; "I've been slaving away at this thing till my nerves are out of order. I never realised I had any before. And yet the moment is exciting enough in all conscience. If the drill does not—Hullo!"

The drill suddenly plunged forward, tearing the tube almost to pieces. The distant shaft had been pierced. With a breathless eagerness Gryde wound the coil reversely. Then he waited for the in-rush of oil.

It came, but only with one spurt, and then stopped. Gryde was equally puzzled and astonished. He knew that he was deep down in the spring. Why, then, did not the oil flow? A little cogitation solved the problem.

A syphon was required to start it. The up-rush of air drove the petroleum back to its own old vent. If the derrick on the far side could only be stopped for five minutes! After that they could run their pumps as long as they liked.

"Only partially successful," Gryde muttered. "If I could only close that derrick, it then would only be an explosion of—ah!"

A brilliant idea flashed into Gryde's nimble brain. Without further ado he climbed out of the shaft and took his way to the cottage. Chasemore was just beginning to stir uneasily after his night's sleep.

"Well," he asked, "have you been successful?"

"I have and I haven't," Gryde replied.

"I've reached the spot, right enough, but unfortunately I came upon a vacuum—an underground cave, probably. Therefore the drill drops into water, I expect. If you could rig me up some kind of infernal machine that I could push into the vacuum with the drill I may manage. I want a time torpedo. Can you do it?"

"I've got the materials, right enough, in one of my boxes yonder," Chasemore



"I HAVE YOUR MACHINE READY?"

said thoughtfully, "and, given one thing, I could make you a nitro-cordite package enough to blow up a town."

"And what is the one thing you lack?"

"Machinery to fire the percussion."

"What kind of machinery do you require?"

"A common American clock would do as well as anything. Or, to make a still more handy parcel, I could manage much better with a watch."

Gryde promptly took his watch from his pocket. It was a valuable gold chronometer of English make, and would have been cheap anywhere at a hundred pounds.

"Take it," he said; "the difficulty is soon overcome. "When will it be ready?"

"Not before sundown, if I am to run no unnecessary risks. Shall I make it half an hour?"

"Say an hour. I shall have to carry the thing to the shaft?"

"Yes; and you must lower it down carefully. If it should happen to fall in a certain direction I should lose my twenty thousand dollars."

Gryde nodded. He was half-dead for want of sleep. He fell heavily upon a pile of blankets in one corner of the hut, and was asleep instantly. When he came to himself again the lamp was alight on the table, and Chasemore was bending over him.

"I must have had a long sleep," Gryde said.

"Thirteen hours without a motion. I have your machine ready. Will you eat?"

Gryde hastily swallowed some food. On the table stood a square box about some six cubic inches. Outside the intense darkness had fallen once more. Gryde was eager as a schoolboy to be off and test his deadly toy.

It was fairly early yet, and a gang of men were just leaving work. Gryde could discern their ghostly forms in the distance, and the knowledge that life would be spared filled him with a certain satisfaction. He was not sorry when at length the infernal machine was safely in the boring and being gently pressed forward by the drill. Presently the latter ceased to go forward, and Gryde knew that the deed was done.

"Ah!" he said with a shudder, "it's like dancing on a volcano. I'll stay here and see the result. If it fails, I must abandon my enterprise."

He waited. The seconds seemed to drag like hours. Had the machine gone wrong? Gryde wondered. He turned from the opening of the boring where he had stood listening intently, and this movement saved his life. Hardly had he done so when a mighty rushing wind came driving along the pipe carrying stones and chips of rock before it. The force of the blast whirled Gryde from his

feet, and as he fell heavily to the ground a fragment of rock struck him with stunning force.

For a few seconds Gryde lay there unconscious. When he came to himself again he was floating on a seething, boiling stream of petroleum which came pouring from the pipe with a roar like that of a veritable Niagara.

Gryde had been successful. The force of the explosion had turned the current of the big spring, and the adventurer was struggling for life in the volume of his own riches. The oily mass rose with alarming rapidity, Gryde floating upwards with it. There was little or no room to swim then; he could only tread like a dog, and fight to get to the cross-beams.

When his strength was, to all practical purposes, spent, Gryde succeeded. He managed, by an effort of his iron will, to reach the surface, and for a little time he remembered no more. When he opened his eyes again it seemed as if day had returned. And yet the great sheet of flickering light before him had not the steadfast glare of sunshine. Gryde tottered to his feet and looked around.

Reaching far into the midnight sky not far away was a large pyramid of flickering flames. Its roar drowned the cries of the dancing demons around. Gryde had little trouble in guessing what had happened. He had tapped the lower depth of the petroleum while the rest had been fired by the explosion of the infernal machine. It might be weeks before that acre of blazing cloud was damped down.

"I've done it!" Gryde cried exultingly. "I've got all the oil, and they will have none; and they will have to come to me for terms. They can buy me out if they like—indeed, I shouldn't know what to do with the stuff otherwise—but not a penny under four million dollars do I take for my property. And when one comes to think of all the trouble and worry I've had to go through, the money's worth it."

Gryde strode back to the hut in a curiously triumphant frame of mind. Chasemore was asleep. This was a



"I'VE DONE IT!"

pleasant surprise, because it enabled Gryde to get rid of his petroleum-soaked garments and destroy them. All Chase-more subsequently heard was that the experiment had been successful, and

that they were to proceed by to-morrow's stage on the first part of their journey to the South.

"And then," said Gryde, "you shall have your money."

Chasemore was too satisfied to ask any further questions.

In the morning Gryde was early astir. He did not feel entirely at ease until he had dispatched Chasemore off by the coach. There was no idea of defrauding him of his money. Nobody over at the wells had any idea that Gryde had a companion, neither was the latter anxious to have the fact blazoned on the house-tops.

"Something detains me," he said. "I will pick you up at Bedford. Wait at the hotel there for me, and pay for your requirements out of this bill."

Hardly had the cloud of dust caused by the coach subsided, when there came towards the hut the visitor Gryde had expected. The latter was quite easy in his mind, Chasemore could never by any means guess the truth.

Cradlestone's face was a study in suppressed passions. The millionaire was mad with rage.

"You scoundrel," he cried, "how did you manage it? O, you know precious well what I mean. I had a great mind to shoot you in your tracks."

"I have my revolver in my hand behind me," Gryde said quietly. "I expected some such folly as this, and that is why I waited. I have only taken advantage of a little geological knowledge, which but for that explosion yonder would have been useless. It is the fortune of war. A little time ago you had the oil and I had the hole, and

now the positions are reversed. If you can prove that I have done you a wrong you have your remedy."

"I can't prove it," Cradlestone said sullenly.

"But you *may* get a jury to believe that I dug a hole a quarter of a mile through the granite with a toothpick," Gryde smiled. "Or you might pump my shaft and find something unique in the way of machinery. I'll sell it."

"Ah, I suppose you would require half a million——"

"Four million dollars cash within a week, or it goes elsewhere. You came here to make terms: those are mine. And all the time you are smiling in that superior way you are thinking what a fool I am for my pains."

"Four million dollars is a lot of money."

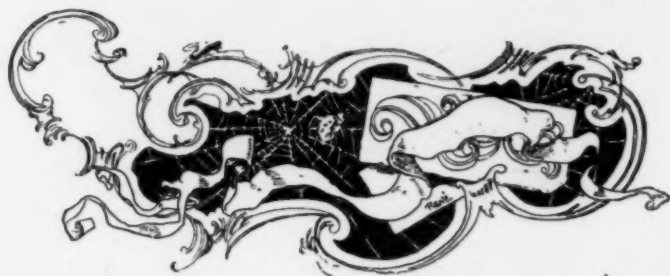
"And a ruined concern like yours is worth nothing."

"Very well. You shall have your price. If you can contrive to see me, say, this day week, at our New York office, we can arrange the matter. I can only hope you are not going to take so much money out of the country."

Gryde smiled meaningly.

"No," he said, "I am going to try my luck on Wall Street. You need not laugh. Your smart brokers will not get the best of me, I promise you. I shall do them."

"As you have done me, if I only knew how," Cradlestone muttered. "Good-day."



The New Year's Card of Japan

WRITTEN BY EDWARD F. STRANGE. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

THERE are few things more characteristic of the Japanese than their love of small ceremonies. If a coolie finds to his sorrow that it is necessary to publicly abuse his neighbour, he performs the unpleasant operation almost courteously, and with curious terms of respect. And this widespread habit of politeness naturally finds for itself many outward and visible signs other than those of mere language, the giving of frequent presents and the formal exchange of good wishes on particular occasions being perhaps the most noticeable.

For the latter purpose, the leaflet decorated with some artistic



FIG. 2.—ITCHINSAI



FIG. 1.—KADOMATSU

device and an appropriate poem was in use among the Japanese for nearly a century before Early Victorian sentimentality had evolved those terrible productions which filled the dreams and scrap-books of our childhood. But instead of having been mere fugitive travesties of art, they remain to this day the highest achievement of the process employed in their making.

The Japanese name *surimono* means literally "something printed"; and, given the finest craftsmanship of printing, together with, as a rule, a subject calculated to display it at its best, there is really little more to be said. The sheet, varying in size from about five to eight and a-half inches in height, was as a rule nearly of a square shape—a form unusual in Japanese art. It was printed from wooden blocks, a



FIG. 3.—GAKUTEI:

separate one being used for each colour, but with certain important differences in the working. For instance, the colours were mixed *on the block* for each printing, and arranged by hand so as to secure gradation when required. Then, instead of using a press, the printer laid the paper—slightly damped, by the way—on the upper surface of the block, and rubbed off an impression, sometimes with a circular pad called the *baren*, sometimes, in order to obtain a special quality of relief, with the hand, the knuckles, or even the elbow. In addition to ordinary (but delightfully blended) colours, metallic dusts—as of gold, silver, or bronze—were used; and almost always a “blind printing,” or embossing, by means of which a pattern was simply impressed on the

paper without the use of colour of any kind.

These prints were not generally sold. They had, as a rule, a personal interest, and were often the autograph work of the sender. Nor is this to be wondered at, for in a land where all writing was done with the brush held painter-fashion, and where the highest achievement of art was the charm of the calligraphic line, it was easy for any educated man to make his own design; and, by reason also of another common branch of culture, to write his own verse thereunto. In Kyōto, as a matter of fact, it was rather the fashion to send to one's friends autograph drawings only.

Although in Japan New Year's Day is the great festival of the year, and has naturally called into existence the largest number of *surimono*, it is important to remember that the sending of them was by no means entirely limited thereto. The Japanese have for many years understood thoroughly the principle of the club, not using that institution as a means of recreation, but as a pleasant mode of intercourse among friends interested in the same pursuit. So we find *surimono*



FIG. 4.—GAKUTEI:

exchanged in commemoration of the meetings of societies of poets or art-workmen of various crafts. Again, the adoption of a son, a change of professional name, a recovery from a dangerous illness, a birthday, or any special function or event, was often marked by the issue to friends, relations or patrons of an appropriate device in this manner; and the almost inexhaustible folk-lore of Japan, together with the graceful symbolism which the Buddhist and Shinto religions have given to its people, afforded a means of most easily attaining originality in the selection or treatment of a subject.

In the early days of the art, the poem, afterwards to become almost an essential, was frequently omitted, and of this the print by Koriusai (Fig. 1) is an exceptionally fine example; the falcon and the pine-branch are well-known symbols of strength and long life respectively. This print was made about 1765 A.D., and in the original the embossed lines still keep their strong relief.

Another design dependent entirely on its symbolism is that by Itchinsai



FIG. 6.—HOKUSAI



FIG. 5.—HOKUSAI

(Fig. 2), a specimen of an obsolete method of the Yenshu style of formal flower arrangement, in which cut leaves were wired to the required plan instead of the natural growth, as at present used. This, with the ewer and scissors, is an emblem of good luck for the New Year, and is in date about thirty years later than the last example. The methods of arranging flowers have, it may be noted in passing, been curiously systematized by the Japanese, who have elaborated them into definite schools—one would almost say of philosophy—with professors and literature complete.

Similar in purpose is



FIG. 7.—HOKKEI

Fig. 3, a representation of Oshikiō, one of the Chinese sages—the holy men of the Buddhist religion—with his crane. This also is a New Year's card emblematical of long life, and it is an unusually good example of the work of Gakutei, the friend and pupil of the greatest of Japanese artists, Hokusai. Gakutei Harunobu, the best known of the artists who devoted themselves to any extent to the designing of *surimono*, flourished at the beginning of this century. In the beginning he seems to have been a literary man, whose association with Hokusai led him finally into art work. This may give a personal suggestion to the subject of Fig. 4, which was

made for a society of poets, and represents the portrait of one of them—perhaps the artist himself—surrounded by his books and writing materials. Gakutei is especially distinguished for the richness with which he endowed some of his best compositions. They are the very luxury of the printer's art; gold and silver are lavishly interspersed with the most harmonious colouring, cunningly heightened by relief-printing in such a way as almost to give the whole the effect of a bas-relief of extreme delicacy. His work has not the breadth of some nor the refinement of other colour-printers of



FIG. 8.—SHUNMAN

Japan; but for bringing out every possibility of the process it is unexcelled. Fig. 12 is also a New Year's card by this artist.

Hokusai (A.D. 1760—1849) himself made many *surimono*; in his earlier days they were of small size and fine charm, in the manner of the old artists. As he grew in years his style developed—perhaps led—that of his contemporaries. To this middle period of his life belongs the circular device shown in Fig. 5, a poet and his lady-love playing with a monkey in the season of spring-time. Fig. 6 is a characteristic sketch of the half-legendary, half-religious Hotei, one of the Seven Gods of Good Fortune, with the lucky-bag that gives him his name. Hotei was the especial favourite of children—who are represented as playing with him in every conceivable manner, and with little respect for his semi-divinity. His bag contained



FIG. 10.—HANZAN

the *takara-mono*, or precious things—a hat of invisibility, the lucky rain coat, the inexhaustible purse, and other like treasures dear to the remembrance of children all the world over; and, with certain differences, one cannot help associating him just a little with Santa Claus. He is said to have been a Chinese priest of the tenth century, and to have replied to all questions as to his occupation, "that he awaited the coming of a friend," and that his bag contained all things! One day, says the legend, a priest came to him and said, "Wherefore came you from the West?" (India, the cradle of Buddhism). Whereupon Hotei, making no answer, stood upright, and vanished.

Fig. 7 is an example of the work of another of Hokusai's best-known pupils, Hokkei. It is a New Year's card, and represents a young lady on the verandah of a tea-house overlooking a harbour wherein rides at anchor a large Japanese junk, decorated with flags. The safe arrival of the ship is symbolical of the good fortune just about to fall on the recipient, and on the right of the design the pine branch is again introduced as an emblem of longevity. By Hokkei also is the curious print (Fig. 13)



FIG. 9.—KUNIYASU



FIG. 11.—NIHO

of a Chinese mythological hero feeding a tame dragon.

A curious, semi-religious feeling is shown by the specimen (Fig. 8) chosen to illustrate the work of Shunman (Toshimitsu). A youth in ceremonial robes is standing on a table upholding a sacred lamp, in the glow of which appears a vision of a great Chinese temple and the landscape beyond it. The interpretation is difficult to a European, and it is possibly an example of that mysticism which so often crops up in Oriental matters.

In Fig. 9, Kuniyasu, one of the best pupils of the great colour-print designer, Toyokuni, has chosen a subject which would appeal most strongly to the tastes of the common people—a combination of a Chinese sage, one of the Forty-seven Rōnin, the heroes of the great story of self-devotion which is almost the first told to a Japanese child, and Urashima, the Rip Van Winkle of Japan.

As example of other classes of subjects, we reproduce in Fig. 10 a sketch of two of the wandering street musicians of

Japan, by Hanzan (c. 1845). These will be noticed more for the realistic impressionism of the drawing than for any other special quality. Fig. 11 is a typical specimen of the landscape in snow so dear to all Japanese artists. It is by a little known man, Niho, who was perhaps a poet. And lastly a view of Lake Biwa (Fig. 14), by Hiroshige: an uncommon and effective treatment of a simple but well-selected subject. Lake Biwa furnishes eight of

the classical landscapes of Japan as the Tokaido, the great road from Tōkyō to Kyōto gives Fifty-three; and these have formed the theme of innumerable artists and poets. Here, however, we have a reduction of one almost to a mere symbol. It is, indeed, recognisable as of

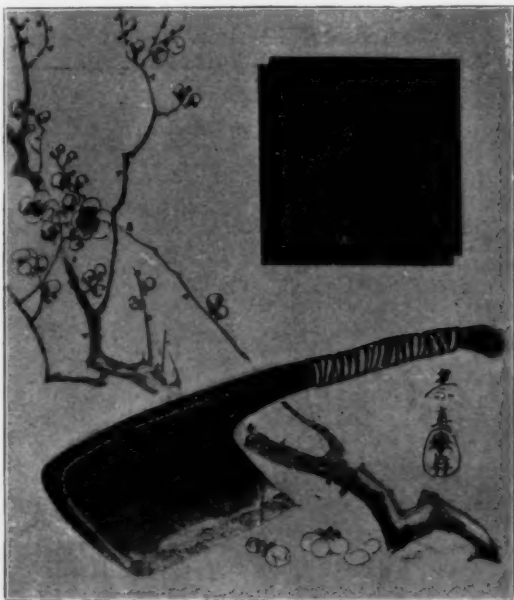


FIG. 12.—GAKUTEI



FIG. 13.—HOKKEI

the Eight Views; but for the sake of his process and his composition the artist has omitted all but the distinguishing sign: a significant matter which may, perhaps, suggest that the apparent simplicity of Japanese art is due in no small measure to an excess of symbolism for which European critics have scarcely yet given it full credit.

This practice is a common one in other branches of Japanese art than that with which we are now dealing. The designs on lacquer, for instance, often form parts of the poetical idea suggested; two or three pregnant words being sufficient, with the picture, to convey perfectly the complete thought. So also the earlier *surimono*, which, as has already been pointed out, were dependent frequently on the design alone, though later ones have the poem, as a rule, written in its entirety.

Perhaps a word may in this place be devoted to the poems themselves. It will probably be a surprise to many to learn how completely poetry has entered into the lives of the Japanese; and the importance of the part it has played in their history during more than a thousand years of authentic record. The old chronicles are full of quaint and tender little verses made by the great men and women of Old Japan; and these find

new significance when applied to the circumstances of a private friendship in modern times. As a rule the poems are of five or seven lines only, and rely—like all the best of Japanese pictorial art—on the gem-like presentation of a single thought rather than on the elaboration of a story. Thus when Prince Hayabusa Wake fled with his young wife from the wrath of the Emperor, and escaped only by hiding in the herbage on Mount Soni close to the messengers sent to kill him, he made the following poem, which has been preserved to this day:

Even this mountain,
steep
As a ladder,
When I cross over it
With thee, my love,
Seems like a restful
couch.

Every nook in Japan is teeming with legends and old histories of this kind; and the luxury of suggestion which need only be half-expressed is a commonplace among its people.

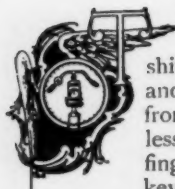
The *surimono* has not hitherto been collected to any great extent in this country, in spite of the attractions it offers to the lover of good craftsmanship. Our illustrations are reproduced, with permission, from the fine series in the possession of M. Tomkinson, Esq., and those at the National Art Library, South Kensington Museum.



FIG. 14.—HIROSHIGE

From Beyond the Window

WRITTEN BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT. ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. COLLINS



HE last chord of Grieg's "Einsamer Wanderer" shivered away into silence, and Bellemontagne rose from the piano with a noiseless, caressing flick of the fingers across the shining keys. He took up his glass from the table and emptied it, nodding lightly to me across the rim; and the clock on the mantelpiece tolled out eleven solemn strokes.

"Good luck, Bazarac," said my companion, taking up his candle, "and good-night. I leave you to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in. For me—the idea is charming, but not attractive. *Bon soir!*"

He waved his cigarette gracefully in the air and sauntered slowly towards the door. As he went he looked back. "Last New Year's Eve," he remarked thoughtfully, "I woke up in the middle of the night. I heard a sound—I listened. A piano was playing—my piano—very softly. I imagined myself dreaming, and went to sleep again."

He paused to snuff the candle delicately with the tips of his fingers.

"Well?" I queried.

"Well—I slept. Next morning there was a string broken in my grand."

"But what broke it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing. I have told you what I heard. Ghosts? O, possibly. For me—I do not believe in them. There is, I suppose, a story—there are always stories—and fools."

I heard his footsteps ascending the stairs to the whistled accompaniment of—I blush to record it of a promising musician, but the fact remains, and the fact was—"Her Golden Hair was Hanging down her Back." I went to the door and called after him.

"Bellemontagne!"

"Yes?"

"I know what broke that string."

"Ah! you always had a vivid imagination."

"You had been hearing Rosenthal and trying Power—with a capital P."

A boot arrived suddenly from the upper regions, and an unruffled voice answered sweetly:

"Then I will try it now—with a capital B! May you have a happy night with the ghost."

I laughed, and returned to my arm-chair and the contemplation of the smoke from one of Bellemontagne's cigars. I heard him moving about in the room overhead, still whistling. Then all sound ceased save the sobbing of the wind in the chimney and the occasional noise of footsteps in the street.

It was a small house in a lonely little French village to which Bellemontagne had retired for purposes of study. His idea of study, as far as I could define it, consisted in earnestly doing nothing for as many hours out of the twenty-four as possible, with arduous intervals of conversation and refreshment.

The room in which I sat had two windows, one looking into the street—the other upon a strip of garden, ice-bound, silent, haunted by the ghosts of frozen flowers. In the middle of it stood a big mulberry tree, with a broken rustic seat falling in rotten strips about its roots. I went to this window now, and drew up the blind. Pale, frosty moonlight was streaming across the garden, filtered through the twigs of the mulberry tree. As I looked, I remembered that a name was carved upon what had once been the back of the seat, now green and slimy with age. I had forgotten what name it was, and, at the moment, a sudden curiosity about it seized me. I lifted the

latch and stepped out into the frozen garden, closing the long window behind me.

The snow felt hard and crisp beneath my feet; the cold air was like the touch of an icy hand upon my face. I walked across the lawn, leaving a track of footsteps behind me. The sky above was of a pale, clear blue, and it was very light—though not light enough to see the object of my search. I lit a match and found the name—Gérard—cut deeply into the wood on exactly the place where I had expected to see it.

I blew out the little flickering jet of flame and flung the match into the snow. The red wood hissed faintly, and then grew black; and at that moment the bells for midnight mass began to rock and clatter in the grey stone chapel beyond the dead river.

I stood listening, looking back towards the lighted window of the room I had left; and as I looked I saw a dark figure rise from the shrubbery by the gate and slip cautiously across the snow towards the window on which my eyes had been fixed.

Of course, I very naturally concluded that a burglarious attack was impending. I waited until the figure had nearly reached the window, and then called out. To my astonishment the man, whoever he was, paid not the slightest attention to my voice, but crept on cautiously to-

wards the house as though he had not heard me.

I hesitated for a moment, and then followed him. As I neared the window I was amazed to hear the sound of a piano, played very softly, and my first



"I LIT A MATCH AND FOUND THE NAME"

thought was that Bellemontagne, intending a practical joke and hearing me go out into the garden, had stolen downstairs and begun to play. I was mistaken, however.

The man was leaning against the window-frame peering into the room. I came behind him and looked over his shoulder. His back was towards me, and I only caught the dark outline of

his side face and a mass of tangled hair which showed beneath his hat. It was an old hat, and his clothes were shabby—I noticed a ragged hole in his sleeve. But I did not spend much time in examination of this midnight prowler, for my attention was attracted to the

man sat in my easy-chair with a book in his hand, and at the piano, which stood between him and the window, a woman in a white dress was playing softly to herself. The lamplight fell on her fair hair and on the delicate mauve ribbons which looped up the soft folds of her dress. Her head was bent over a music-book, which she held on her knee with one hand, whilst with the other she

fingered pianissimo chords among the keys.

For a moment nothing disturbed the quiet scene. The man before me pushed one hand beneath the cover of his coat, and I noticed that his arm trembled against the warm radiance of the interior. Then the occupant of my chair raised his eyes suddenly from his book. It was evident that he saw the figure at the window. His face whitened, and an expression of the most agonised horror grew in his dilated eyes. It seemed to me that a cry rose to his lips, but only to be checked. He glanced at the woman at the piano, and was silent. She appeared perfectly



"PEERING INTO THE ROOM."

room. For an instant I thought I must be dreaming, or else that I had strayed into some other garden—though I knew that this was impossible, for behind me stood the mulberry tree, and above me the familiar irregular lines of roof and chimney cut across the faded sapphire of the sky.

Yet something very strange had certainly happened. When I left the room it was empty: and now the figure of a

unconscious of anything unusual, and hummed an air to herself. I could hear it through the insecurely fastened window.

All at once she ran up a scale and stopped on a high note; and suddenly a loud report rang in my ears, and a clatter as of broken glass, confused strangely with something like a shriek—or was it the rising wind? For an instant I leant back against the wall, deafened and be-

wildered; and when I recovered myself the room was empty—my book lay where I had left it, on the arm of the chair—the rays of the reading-lamp fell peacefully on the square red pattern of the table-cover—the piano was closed, and the music-stool vacant.

I opened the window and went hastily into the room. There was a sound of hurried footsteps overhead, and in a minute or two Bellemontagne appeared at the door in dressing-gown and slippers, and blinking sleepily at me across the brightness of a lighted candle.

"What has happened?"

"Did you hear anything?"

"Hear anything? *Mon Dieu!* It was loud enough to wake the dead."

"What was loud enough?"

"How should I know? It sounded like a pistol-shot. You have not been practising suicide?"

"No. I went out into the garden, and when I came back a man was standing at the window, and two people were in the room—a man in that chair, and a woman at the piano."

"A woman?"

"A woman in a white dress with mauve ribbons. She was playing, and then there was a great noise, and I found myself leaning against the wall. The room was empty."

Bellemontagne set down his candlestick on the table, and gazed at me with puzzled eyes.

"It is very strange. And I heard the piano, too," he added to himself.

"So did I. And, Bellemontagne—there is a name carved on that seat out there, a name I seem to have heard before in connection with some incident I can't recall."

"What name is it?"

"Gérard."

The pianist's face changed a little.

"Gérard! Good heavens! It is certainly very strange."

"Who was Gérard, then?"

"He was an actor who ran away with his manager's wife. And the manager followed them and shot her."

Then I, too, said "Good heavens!" and we were silent.

The clock ticked placidly on the mantelpiece; the pleasant firelight danced and flickered gaily on the hearth, as though all unconscious of the ghostly tragedy which had been played before it a few minutes earlier. Suddenly Bellemontagne went across to the piano and opened it.

"It was the first C above the line before," he said. "I wonder if it is broken again?"

He touched the note—there was no answer. Subsequent examination showed that the string had snapped as clearly as though cut with a knife.

All at once Bellemontagne uttered an exclamation: "What is this?"

He held it up. . . It was a knot of mauve ribbon!



A Peep into a Franciscan Friary

WRITTEN BY C. SCOTT DAMANT. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



NOT only for our personal salvation are we called; God wills that we go throughout the world." Such was the dictum of St. Francis of Assisi when early in the thirteenth century he started his great Order of Preaching Friars, and for nearly six centuries the followers of St. Francis have literally gone throughout the world, spreading the light of Christianity amongst the heathen, and in many cases meeting with martyrdom as their final reward on earth.

The Order of St. Francis has, in the course of time, been split into several detachments, differing slightly in matters of discipline and dress, and of all these detachments or branches the Observantes are the strictest in their adherence to the rules of their founder. Among other things an Observante, once he is professed, is not allowed to possess or even touch money. His habit contains no pocket where he could secrete cash, his handkerchief being kept where Tommy Atkins places his—up his left sleeve.

Now the old rhyme runs:

"When a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be funny."

But the French Government have for some time past essayed that humorous feat with the result that Franciscan establishments have been sold up and their inmates scattered. The action is not to be commended on the score of consistency, when it is remembered the French Re-

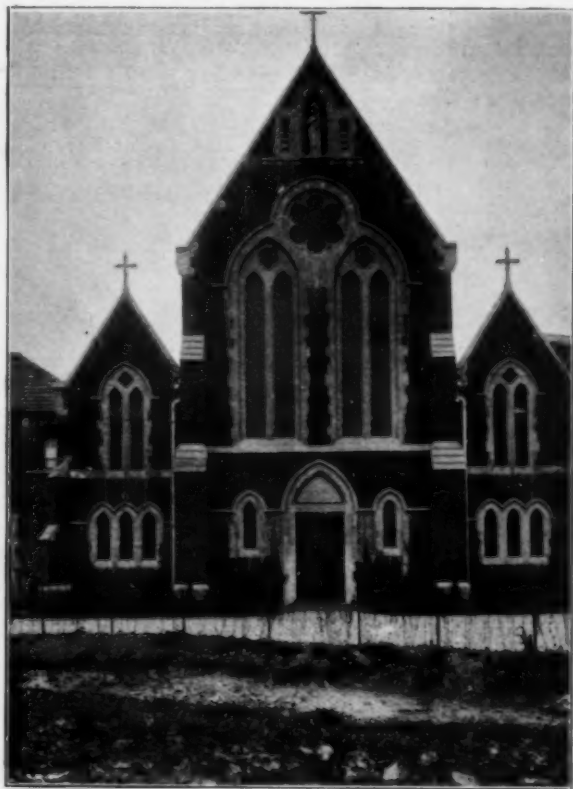
public claims for its motto the legend, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, but it comes as the last of a long list of measures directed against religion in France which have gradually increased since the atheist faction first gained the upper hand there in 1880. Good nuns have been turned out of schools where for generations they had taught, gentle sisters of mercy expelled from hospitals, religious orders both of men and women taxed quite beyond their means and forcibly disbanded.

Naturally no Order has felt this harsh treatment more than the Observantes, and many have fled to Spain and some to Canada, where the *Pax Britannica* ensured them tolerance and safety. Others turned their eyes towards England, and at that juncture a generous friend came forward in the person of the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, who offered to build them a Friary and church at any place approved of by Cardinal Vaughan. The offer was gladly accepted, and the Cardinal fixed upon a spot at Woodford, which, although only nine miles from London, is most charmingly situated on the confines of Epping Forest.

An old country residence, with all the land around it, was purchased by the Duchess, and in May, 1895, the foundation-stone of the church was laid with much pomp and ceremony by Cardinal Vaughan, as shown in our illustration; the two clerics acting as deacon and sub-deacon in attendance on the Cardinal, and standing just behind him, are Franciscan friars. The very tall priest holding his Eminence's mitre is the Rev. Philip Fletcher, M.A., well known in Catholic circles as the founder and master of the Guild of Ransom, and socially as brother to Sir Henry Fletcher, the popular member for the Lewes divi-

sion of Sussex. The Cross-bearer is Father Miller, then in charge of the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill, now Provincial of the Oblates in England. Immediately next to him stands Canon Scoles, the architect of the church. Another Franciscan friar and some acolytes complete the group.

have been provided by the Duchess, except the sanctuary lamp, which was presented by Count Torre Diaz; and the crucifix on the high altar, which was given by Mrs. Van Zeller. The "Stations of the Cross," fourteen views representing scenes in the passion of Our Lord which are always found in a



EXTERIOR OF CHURCH (WEST FRONT), ENTRANCE TO FRIARY
ON LEFT, THE DUCHESS'S HOUSE ON RIGHT

Building operations progressed rapidly after the laying of the foundation-stone, and the church and Friary have now been finished some little time, but a wall has yet to be built round the premises in lieu of the existing fence.

Of the church, little need be said. If it is comparatively plain outside, its interior is beautiful and devotional in appearance. Practically all the fittings

Catholic church, are at Woodford made of painted terra-cotta in bas-relief, and cost in all £200. The side altars are all admirable, that of the Sacred Heart (of which we give a view) being enriched with an exquisite altar cloth worked by the Duchess in a manner that would more than do credit to an expert professional art needleworker.

At the back of the high altar is the

monk's choir, which connects the church with the Friary. The west end of the church is connected by a private entrance with the house already referred to, which, having been enlarged and renovated, is used by the Duchess as a residence for a considerable portion of the year. On the sunny afternoon in July when the writer visited Woodford, her Grace was entertaining a party of lady friends. The lady friends in question, it may be stated, were some of the aristocracy of

A Catholic woman who dared to set foot in the Friary proper would, *ipso facto*, incur excommunication; a friar who allowed such desecration would incur the same penalty. In only one instance is this rule abrogated. The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle is, on certain days in the year, allowed to go over the place she has built, and even to take a friend with her. This is a most unusual concession and was obtained direct from Rome.



LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF CHURCH BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VAUGHAN, MAY, 1895

Whitechapel and the *élite* of Spitalfields. They had in some cases brought their babies with them, and were evidently thoroughly enjoying themselves.

To most people the Friary, from its very novelty, is of more interest than the church, and in being permitted to go over it the writer enjoyed the advantage of being one of the sterner sex. Women are not permitted to cross the threshold. They are allowed in the portion set aside for guests, and in the little rooms wherein the friars interview friends and parishioners—but no further.

Probably the first impression every visitor has of the Friary at Woodford is its spotless cleanliness. The floors are all so clean that one might as well eat one's meals therefrom as from the plain deal table, entirely destitute of such a luxury as a cloth, which forms the principal article of furniture in the refectory. Attached to the refectory is the kitchen, with its clean, red-tiled floor. Close by is the workroom, where all sorts of tools are provided and much of the furniture used in the establishment is made. On the occasion of the writer's visit one of

the Brothers showed with simple pride a birdcage he had just fashioned in which to place a thrush he had captured in the grounds.

The lavatory, which is fitted up in accordance with all the latest requirements of sanitary science, has in addition a quaint trough wherein the good friars wash their feet—a very necessary arrangement when sandals are worn. In the laundry all the washing in the establishment is done, except the altar linen, which is sent out to a laundress,

many of the copes and chasubles are indeed wonderfully beautiful. The chalices, in gold and silver, are also worthy of reverent inspection. These things, being used for the worship of God, are of the best. When you leave the Sacristy and proceed upstairs to the cells where the friars sleep, then again poverty and simplicity reign supreme.

There are cells for forty friars, although at present nothing like that number are occupied. Each cell, which is destitute of carpet or of any orna-



INTERIOR OF CHURCH DEDICATED TO ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

so feminine aid is not absolutely eschewed even in this exclusive abode of masculine humanity.

The library already boasts of some 2,500 books—of a theological nature, of course. But secular literature is not quite banished, as copies of the current number of the *Daily Telegraph* and the local paper testified. A tasteful little altar is to be found in the Chapter Room, where conferences and spiritual meetings take place. In the Sacristy, which adjoins the monk's choir, some extremely handsome vestments are kept. Jewelled and wrought with fine gold,

ment, simply contains a plain washstand, a deal table, a chair, and a bed. The bedstead is made of two trestles, whereon three planks rest. The planks are covered by a straw mattress, and three blankets. On the same floor as the cells is the infirmary, the bath-rooms, and the shoemaker's shop where one of the Brothers makes the sandals worn by all.

The portion of the Friary set apart for guests is furnished quite differently, the bedrooms and sitting-rooms being most comfortable and well appointed in all respects. Nothing could better illustrate the absolute unselfishness of the

Franciscan Rule of Life than the contrast between the furnishing of their own apartments and of those they offer to others.

The Friary is flanked by a large kitchen garden under the supervision of one of the Brothers, who is to be con-

is none too much sent in, and then the kitchen garden supplies the bulk of the food. Moreover, no poor person is ever sent empty away. Any necessitous man, woman or child, Catholic or Protestant, may ring the Friary bell, state his or her case to the Brother who answers the call,



ALTAR OF THE SACRED HEART, WITH ALTAR CLOTH WORKED
BY HER GRACE THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

gratulated upon the healthy appearance of his potatoes, peas, and so on. The need of a kitchen garden is manifest when the rule not to touch money is remembered. No collection is made in the church, parishioners and friends sending their gifts in kind, not in coin. Consequently it sometimes happens there is a surfeit of good things; more often there

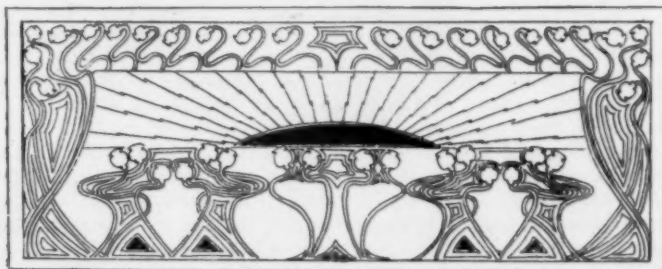
and receive through the *grille* a portion of bread and meat or cheese. If it were the last of the food in the Friary the poor applicant would receive it and the inmates go without. Occasionally last winter the good friars' resources were severely taxed; but the rule to relieve the poor binds the Order, and is religiously adhered to.

Now as to the life led by these Franciscan Fathers and Brothers. They rise, in the first place, at 1 a.m., and attend Matins and Lauds. They then return to bed, and rise for the day at 5, when they attend Prime and Terce. At 5.30 the Community Mass is sung, which all must attend. Afterwards, each of the Fathers says mass until 7, when breakfast is served. After breakfast the Brothers engage in their various avocations, the Fathers in study and parochial work until 11.30, when dinner takes place. At 2 p.m. Vespers and Compline are sung. The afternoon is spent in study and parochial work. At 6.30 all engage in meditation. Supper is served at 7.45, after which recreation follows until 9.30, when the silence-bell rings and all retire for the night. It must not be lost sight of that except during the short time in the evening devoted to recreation, the rule of silence is strictly enforced, no speaking whatever being permitted except under absolute necessity.

Of course, the district being a large one, and the Catholic population scattered, parochial work takes up a good deal of the Fathers' time. At first the sight of the friars, attired in their quaint, mediæval habit, dating as it does from the time of St. Bonaventure, caused considerable commotion, but the friars have already lived down any prejudice entertained against them. Now the Poor Clares, a religious Sisterhood who

likewise follow the rule of St. Francis, have also settled at Woodford, and actually rent a house from the Anglican vicar of the parish. They teach the girls and small boys belonging to the Mission. At present there is no proper school, but the Duchess, not content with all she has already done, has promised to build a school and parochial hall.

The Order of St. Francis, or Grey Friars, as they were once called, has given five Popes and over fifty Cardinals to the Church; it has added many illustrious names to the calendar of saints and to the long roll of martyrs. The Charterhouse and other stately buildings were built by the Order in England, and now after a lapse of three hundred years they have come back to this country to find that here, at all events, religious liberty is understood, and persecution for conscience' sake a thing of the past. All the French friars at Woodford evidence a lively gratitude to England for affording them a safe retreat after the cruel usage they have experienced in their native land. They demonstrated their gratitude on the occasion of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee by erecting over their gateway a large ornamental design showing the British Royal Arms in the centre, with "God Save the Queen" on one side and "Domine, salvam fac Reginam nostram Victoriam" on the other; while over all the Union Jack floated side by side with the Papal flag.



"The Last Time"

WRITTEN BY J. J. BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY O. ECKHARDT

"AND this is to be the last time," she said softly.

"The last time," he replied, not looking at her. "It could not go on for ever, you know; we would tire, and it is better to stop before that happens, isn't it?"

"O yes, much better, Phil, much better," she agreed. "Shall we have tea now?" she continued, "we are later than usual."

She rang the bell for boiling water. She never allowed the landlady to make tea for him. She laid the fringed cloth on the little table and placed it between them, and set out the quaint old china which he had given her a year ago when he began to become a constant visitor.

There was a plate of thin bread and butter, a dish of strawberries with the July sun upon them, and some cake—a special weakness of his which she had travelled west in the forenoon to procure. The flowers he had just brought her completed her arrangements.

Phil Denvers watched her silently, noting how quick and deft her fingers were, how gracefully she moved between the cupboard and the table. Her little rose mouth pursed so daintily as she surveyed her work, and her brown hair caught the gold glint of the late afternoon sun that forced its way through the dingy window. She never raised her eyes during her employment; only now and then the long lashes quivered. Perhaps she was a shade paler than her wont. The weather had been broiling of late, and the dressing-room at the theatre had been stifling these nights. An hour ago the temptation of her rouge-box had assailed her, but had been successfully resisted. She knew his ideas on such matters.

So Philip watched her; and if his lips were dumb, surely his heart was crying:

"O! Daisy, Daisy! if it were only possible!"

On the advent of the boiling water she spoke to the landlady.

"I shan't go to the theatre to-night, Mrs. Gubbs."

Mrs. Gubbs, whose bills had always been regularly and unquestioningly settled, bobbed her head and smilingly withdrew.

"This is awfully good of you, Daisy," said Denvers; "I know the risk you run in being off even one performance."

"I couldn't go when this was to be the last time," she said simply.

She poured out the tea, and the meal passed in idle talk, their own feelings being carefully avoided.

"Some more tea?" she questioned.

He was lying back in the easy-chair, and shook his head, handing her his cup. Somehow it slipped between their fingers, and the shell china dotted the floor with its fragments.

"I'm so sorry, Daisy," he cried.

"It doesn't really matter, Phil; it could never be used again." Her mouth trembled.

The "never again" pierced him.

"Daisy, come over here," he whispered.

She lifted the table aside, and went across and seated herself on the arm of his easy-chair. His hand slipped around her waist.

The window was open, and the screeching of bands of neglected children, mingled with the rattle and hum of traffic, rushed in upon them. They heard Mrs. Gubbs moving about in the kitchen, and from through the wall came the vamping of a harmony-forsaken piano. For a long time they did not speak.

He was wondering how he could ever have come to such a locality, to such a house—he, who had lived in luxury all his days, who had revelled in the little

refinements of his idle and wealthy society. He was wondering, too, how long it would take him to forget Daisy. There was a certain bitter-sweet satisfaction in breaking with her now; he was

interested him; moreover, there was a touch of the dramatic in "the last time." And yet he loved this girl, loved her as deeply as the cowardice bred in him would permit. His was not the cowardice

that trembles before the crash of cannon on the battlefield, but rather that which cringes before the pop-gun criticism of friends.

And she sat holding his hand against her bosom, and thinking what to-morrow would be like, and the next to-morrow, and all the to-morrows to come.

What a beautiful year had been the last to her—a white and golden flower set in the weedy garden of her life! And now the flower was to be wrenched from the soil that clung so lovingly around it, and the garden was to be given over again to the weeds. Not all, God help her! not all. The place where the flower had bloomed would surely be always sacred.

The man was the first to speak: "I brought you a keepsake, Daisy—something to remind you of me in a year or two when you have a better sweetheart."

"Don't, Phil, don't!"

"I got you pearls, dear, because I remembered you would

never take diamonds from me."

"Yes," she said, "diamonds are wicked; pearls are —"

"Pure," he finished for her, putting the bangle on her wrist.

"Phil," she whispered, stroking his



"THIS IS THE VERY LAST TIME"

going to do his duty, and he felt a sensation of pleasure running through the pain which he was giving himself. Perhaps it was the first time in his smooth life that he had ever run counter to his inclinations, and the novelty of it

hair, "you know it was not what you could give me that made me care for you. You know that, don't you, Phil?"

"Yes, I know, dear. O, Daisy, Daisy, don't you know that I care for you, too? Don't you know—O, Daisy, what am I to do when I can't see you any more?"

He felt her quiver within his arm, and a great sob broke from her. He drew her down to him, nearer, nearer, until she lay on his breast. Her tears were on his lips.

When she grew calmer she whispered, "Tell me something about the woman you are going to marry, Phil. Is she good, is she pretty?"

"People call her beautiful, and—yes, she is good, a very good woman, Daisy. So utterly good that I can never love her; so good that she can never care for me any more than she would for the beggar on the streets. She is a woman, dear, who goes about doing good—or trying to, anyway. Our marriage is to be this day week."

She clung closer to him. "Dear, I didn't ever expect you would marry me"—the words shook her—"but I always believed you cared for me. And—and—would it be very wicked if you came to see me sometimes after—after—not often, you know, but perhaps two or three times in the year, just to let me look at you and see—O, no, no! Phil, I don't mean it. Forget that I said it. No, no, this is the very last time."

He could do naught but crush her to him with endearments and kisses. Why had he been such a fool as to tie himself to Mabel? He knew he did not love her; all through his courtship he had not even once kissed her. Caress was impossible with such a saint. Ah, if he had but the courage to snap the engagement. And yet—his people, his friends, and himself!

Daisy was speaking to him again.

"Do you remember the first time we met, you and I, at the supper given by the Americans? Do you know, Phil, I've never been to anything of the kind since I met you. I've never gone out anywhere except with you. And do you remember on the river one afternoon

the week after, when we had tied the boat among the trees, how you lay and talked to me and told me how you thought a girl should live. Ah, dear, I have kept every word you said. I thought then that I couldn't bear to exist so quietly as you said a girl should; but after all, it didn't come so difficult, because, Phil, I did care so much about you."

"Darling, darling," he sighed, but she went on.

"Yes, Phil, you gave the little second-rate dancing girl a long sermon that day—no, don't interrupt; I know I'm second-rate; I can never be anything else. I don't love the work enough; I don't love admiration and applause enough. O, Phil, I have no room, no time, for any love except love for you."

She went on calling up memories of days by the sea and on the river, little suppers after the theatre, Sunday evenings in the dingy parlour. The time slipped past. He had intended taking her out somewhere to dinner, but they had both forgotten about food.

The dusk began to gather in the room, and the noise from the street lessened, but still she talked on softly.

Denvers spoke little. Caressing her he lay and listened and thought—and thought. A tempest raged in his heart. Every word she spoke, every memory she recalled, intensified a passion—a longing to give up all the world for her.

By heaven! he loved her, he told himself over and over again; he would always love her, the tender, lovable little second-rate dancing girl.

She was silent now, and he felt her arms tighten round his neck. His face was drawn down to hers, and she kissed him in an ecstasy of pain. "Phil," she moaned, "my darling Phil; the last time—the very last time."

He roused himself, holding her from him, his eyes locked in hers. "No," he said, shaking; "no, Daisy, not the last time. There can be no last time for us. My love, my love, I cannot give you up." But she looked at him, not understanding. "Listen, dear," he went on rapidly, excitedly; "we will go away at once—away from this false, cursed London,

where men and women don't know what love is; we will go away, and you shall marry me. O, my sweetheart, how little, after all, there is to give up!"

Her white face slipped forward and lay against his cheek. "Don't, don't tempt me so, Phil. I cannot do it; I cannot make all your life miserable."

"In pity, dearest, don't say it again."

But his heart was in flames.

"Daisy, you will, you must! We will go away at once—tonight," he cried; "the sooner the better." He thought a moment. "The midnight train for the North—anywhere away from here. Love is best of all, and love will guide us."

She broke into weeping, and he soothed and petted her as a frightened child. Ten o'clock came booming through the open window. He rose to his feet.

"Come, sweetheart, get ready. Don't take much with you, for you can get all you need to-morrow wherever we are. Come, we must go to my rooms first for money."

"Phil," she cried, "I cannot go with you to ruin you. Don't tempt me."

But in the end his words conquered her. Going to her room she attempted to remove the traces of tears from her face, and catching sight of herself in the mirror she wondered that one evening could age her so.

She picked out the quietest of her gowns and robed herself in it. In a few

minutes she rejoined him with a cloak and a tiny satchel.

"That's right, dear. I've left a note with money in it for Mrs. Gubbs," said Denvers. "Now, we must go, for there is little time."



"I CANNOT GIVE YOU UP"

They slipped into the street, where he hailed a hansom. He gave the man his address and seated himself beside Daisy.

During the half hour's drive westwards they spoke little, but their hands were tightly clasped one in another, and her hair often touched his cheek.

The hansom at last drew up, and Phil said, "I won't be more than ten minutes, dear. You will wait here for me, and then off for Euston!"

He rose to get out. The street was nearly empty.

"Phil, my Phil, before you go," she whispered, and he bent down and kissed her, saying, "You sweet little woman, your love is worth all the world."

Then he hastened up to his rooms to pack a bag and to supply himself with cash for the journey. There was no time to arrange about details; but what matter? Only to get away with his beloved.

"Euston, cabby, and hurry up!" he said to the man as he put his foot on the hansom step. "Well, Daisy, I haven't been——" But the place was empty. He battered on the roof. "The lady—where did she go?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but she stepped out just after yourself, and said I wasn't to wait for her."

"Go the way we came," cried Denvers, huskily. He felt a ghastly sickness creeping over him.

The driver urged his horse as ordered, through street after street, through which they had passed half an hour before, and then back again. Once more he turned his reeking beast, and they drove to Daisy's lodgings.

No, she had not returned.

"I will find her," said Phil to himself, as he paced his room in the dawn; "I will find her, if I have to search every nook and corner in London."

But he never did. Perhaps after the long, heavy sleep that followed all the misery and excitement of the night, he awoke and sighed to himself, "It is better as it is."

ARCADY

LITTLE maid of Arcady,
Arcady, beyond the sea :
Is your land so far away,
Farther than the East of Day,
Farther than the shores of Time,
Higher than my hope dare climb :
Is it all too far for me,
Heaven and you, in Arcady ?

The sunlit sea brings me your smile,
The breeze bears me your breath ;
And every wave that curls and dips
Is but the quiver of your lips
To give me Life or Death.
The sweet sea sings, the deep sea sighs,
The sun is shining from your eyes ;
I stretch my arms across the foam,
I seek your heart that is my home ;
I cry, and faint upon the sand,
You send a wave to kiss my hand ;
The whole world whispers lullaby,
And so I sleep, in Arcady.

Little maid of Arcady,
Arcady, beyond the sea :
Through the Dark and through the Day
Love at last has found his way ;
Soft I close my eyes and sleep,
And you come from out the deep,
Kiss and kiss my burning eyes,
Lull me into Paradise.
Let me dream eternally,
This is Heaven, and Arcady !

ALFRED SLADE.



WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY D. MACPHERSON

IV.—ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKING

*"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitant,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"*

THE conditions under which little children are forced to work to supply our necessities are appalling, yet the same environment, the same beggarly wage is the lot of the little ones and their parents whose daily labour consists of meeting the unceasing demand for luxuries. It is one of the many ugly results of modern civilisation that a woman, each time she buys a new hat or a new bonnet or elaborate trimmings for her dresses, is unwittingly supporting the manufacturers in their sweating of women workers, who are, therefore, compelled to call in the aid of their children; and the craze for "bargains," which is the chief characteristic of all feminine shopping, has been respon-

sible for more misery, longer hours of work, and the constant and steady fall of wages than any of the economic reasons so glibly advanced to account for the increasing poverty amongst the large class that supplies the shops and warehouses devoted to the sale of objects of feminine adornment. These shops and warehouses employ a great army of women, but upon whatever description of work a woman may be engaged the story is the same—hours of labour out of all proportion either to the value of the amount accomplished or to the wages she receives. The bead-trimming, for instance, which is now so fashionable and which may be seen glittering upon the gowns and cloaks of almost every other

woman, either in intricate patterns or in one of the many forms taken by "beaded," "passementerie" or "sequin" trimming, is paid for at the rate of *five farthings for twenty yards*; whilst fur-trimming and the making-up of the commoner kinds of furs into boas, or

and wherever "bargains" are cheapest, they are offered through the exploitation of the labour of abjectly poor women who must force their children to aid them in the day-to-day struggle with starvation.

But the lot of the artificial-flower



"THE SCHOOL BOARD INSPECTOR"

capotes or muffs, receives no better remuneration. Dress-making, whether the dresses be good or common, affords only a meagre livelihood, the ready-made gowns which are shown in drapers' shops rarely bringing the sewers more than two shillings or half-a-crown, a shilling for the skirt alone being considered a high price. The list is of a portentous length, but the application is the same,

maker is, perhaps, the hardest and the saddest of all those whose labour consists in supplying the trappings of femininity.

Artificial-flower making should be an art; it is a pitifully-paid slavery. In France a girl who elects to follow the industry, in the course of two or three years' training, is put in possession of an exhaustive knowledge of natural flowers

and botany. She is taught to imitate the work of Nature so accurately, so faithfully in foliage, in bud, in blossom, and in decay, that it is almost impossible to detect the artificial from the real. The English flower-maker, on the other hand, can, as a rule, only make certain portions of a flower, or perhaps one or two of the simplest kinds. She is taught to smudge aniline dyes upon pieces of cloth, silk, or calico that have been stamped with the shape of leaf or petal by machinery, and where the French operator lays tint upon tint with the greatest care, the English girl rubs a stumpy brush down the centre of a rose-petal and calls it "shading." Naturally, French artificial flowers command the highest prices in the market, the English caricatures being relegated to the cheaper shops where the demand is high, since they are ridiculously cheap and possess in colour all that they lack in verisimilitude.

The girls in our artificial-flower factories grow up into women, specialists in one or two processes, or in the making of one or two flowers. They marry, and the cares of a family soon prevent them attending the factory; but their earnings are necessary for the support of the home, and consequently they undertake to do the work away from the workshop. An increasing number of children, sickness, an idle husband, and all the evils that beset the path of the poor, in the majority of instances, speedily necessitate a larger income than a woman can earn alone, and gradually the little ones are initiated into the work, becoming in their turn specialists, and desperate fighters in the grim struggle for existence.

Every variety of flower is made in the sordid homes in the East End and in Southwark, the work being already stamped when given out from the factories or warehouses. Again the story is one of a few daily pence earned at the cost of feverish haste and the weariness of weak little fingers and of tired little brains. "Primullas," as the flower-makers call them, or primulas, are bought by the factories or middlemen at the rate of one shilling and threepence

per gross; cornflowers fetch one shilling and sixpence a gross, but as each of these flowers is provided with a bud, the so-called gross actually amounts to double that quantity. Roses fetch a higher price, making half-a-crown the gross, but violets are only three halfpence the gross.

It is inexpressibly saddening to discover that these reproductions of Nature—far away from the originals as they are in their blatant colouring and extravagant shape—should be made with such unceasing toil and in surroundings where the only knowledge that the little children have of flowers is gained from the caricatures that they make, day in and day out, of the treasures of the gardens and the fields.

Last summer a little girl of ten, who for the past two years had helped her mother to supply a large warehouse with countless gross of roses, was taken into the country for a short holiday by one of those admirable societies which are giving East End children glimpses of rural life and a few days' fresh air, both of which are too often unknown to the little toilers. On the morning of her arrival the child was taken round the garden of the cottage where she was to stay. She had never seen growing flowers before, and although her wonder was excited by the petals of the pansies—she thought they were "reel velvet"—and the scent of the pinks and the sweet peas, her eyes continually wandered towards a great rose bush that grew against the side of the house. It was one mass of blossom, and, her interest at last overcoming her shyness, she suddenly darted away from the lady who was showing her the garden, and ran to the rose tree. "These are much better than even mother can make," she said, rubbing the petals of an overblown blossom critically between her thumb and forefinger; "an' I don't believe my Aunt Sal, who is the best rose-and at —'s factory, could touch 'em. My! ain't they lovely?" Then she sighed regretfully: "I shan't ever be able to make roses like these 'ere. We ain't got no time to stick 'em together like this." She was silent for a little while, still



THE CHILD AND THE ROSE

rubbing the petals gently, and the lady took the opportunity of pointing out to her the perfection of Nature's handiwork. "Do you think as Gawd's riled with us for making them there roses so

bad?" the child asked anxiously. "Is is just lovely."

Poor little soul! She was utterly unconscious that she was expressing the tragedy of the lives of countless children

to whom roses and violets, and the floral wealth of garden and hedgerow only mean so many pence per gross, and hours of untiring work and application with numbed fingers and reeling brains. Young as she was, the brand of the worker who fights hourly with starvation had entered into her soul, and during the whole of her visit she could not overcome her awe and wonder at the beauty of the roses "as Gawd made."

In artificial-flower making the week's wages are perhaps a little higher than in the trades which have already been dealt with in this series of articles. One family known to the writer, consisting of a mother, grandmother, and three children aged respectively nine, six, and five, are able to earn on an average about eighteen shillings and sixpence a week. But their hours of labour are appalling. They all commence work at five o'clock in the morning, the children continuing with scarcely any intermission until nine o'clock at night, the two women working on until eleven o'clock. In these long hours they are able to make three gross of "primullas," or three gross of roses, or three gross of cornflowers, and on more than one occasion have made twenty-four gross of violets. "Some flowers is better paid than others," said the mother, "but you've got to take one with the other," and consequently when they are given roses by the middleman for whom they work they consider that they have been unusually lucky, since three gross of roses means seven shillings and sixpence for their day's labour—a day of eighteen hours! They provide their own dextrine, gutta-percha and gaffer's irons, and to heat the latter a fire must always be kept burning summer and winter. The expenses, exclusive of coal, are never less than sixpence; sometimes they are much higher, as certain flowers require more material. A loafing husband adds weekly sums to this bitterly-earned eighteen shillings and sixpence of from two to four shillings, but he cannot be relied upon to contribute anything to the support of his family, and his three children have to all intents and purposes taken his place as wage-earner. The

eldest child of nine is extremely delicate, but she takes the completed work to the middleman, whose shop is an hour's walk away; there she is frequently kept standing for three or four hours whilst the fresh work that she is to carry home is being stamped. As a rule "she is too ill to go to school," but she is never too ill to tramp through the streets in all weathers, or to take her part in the grinding labour of the family in which the two younger children also have an important share, for the average number of processes through which the simplest flower must pass is no less than twenty, and some of these the children accomplish entirely by themselves.

In addition to the misery and hardships entailed upon this family, and especially upon the three children, by these long hours, they suffer keenly at the hands of the middleman's forewoman, who is so utterly bad-tempered that she finds fault with every batch of work merely for the sake of finding fault and for the pleasure of exercising the authority she holds over these unfortunate people. Quite recently she refused to accept the whole of a large order of flowers that had been carried out by this family during a Saturday and Sunday—thirty-six hours' work—on the ground that the work was not properly done, and threw the many gross brought by the eldest child back upon the mother's hands, the children's names, of course, not being borne upon the books of the middleman. The statements made by these home-workers as to the actions of their employers cannot always be accepted without reservation, since they regard them in the light of natural enemies, and the verification of declarations made by the workpeople has been the most difficult as well as the most important part of the inquiries upon which these articles are based. However, in this particular instance, there can be no doubt as to the character of the forewoman, for the mother—desperate at the prospect of such a heavy loss—insisted upon seeing the middleman himself, and he passed and accepted the work without comment—work that his subordinate had con-

demned as badly executed. Had the decision of the forewoman gone unchallenged the three children would have been without proper food for several days, since the brunt of work or starvation always falls most heavily upon the little ones where there is a loafing and idle father.

And this is the story of thousands of

prepare the flowers for their intricate processes, and to resort to pitiful subterfuges to keep her children from school.

Fourteen hours' work a day would try the strength of the strongest man, but countless children—breathing vitiated air and living upon food that contains as little nourishment as it is scanty—uncomplainingly give these weary hours year



THE FOREWOMAN RETURNS THE FLOWERS

children. In this case the mother is kind, and "cleans her room when she has time"; but the needs of the family are even greater than her affection, and whatever she herself may wish, and however brighter she would make the lot of the three children under happier circumstances, she is compelled to wake the delicate girl of nine at five o'clock every morning, she is compelled to teach the child of five to twist the wires and

after year, to the labour that brings such a meagre, such a pitiful return. And the tragedy of it all is that the children see nothing unusual, nothing wrong in the bitter exactions made upon their tender bodies and fragile frames. It is the custom in their large world of pain and labour; and it is no uncommon thing to hear a mother say that a tiny mite, just able to walk, "hopes to be able to help in the work soon."



STUFF — AND NONSENSE.

BY
CLARENCE
ROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIME

"And much where we were in Twenty-eight
We shall be in Twenty-nine."

DO you remember that little poem of Praed's? It was written nine-and-sixty years ago, but it is quite as appropriate to the opening day of 1898 as it was to the first of January, 1829. With the pleasing pessimism of the writer, it suggests that the world goes round and round, but does not go forward; that the thing that

has been will be, and that, after all, one year is very much like another. And yet on this first morning of 1898 I am sure that many men have arisen with a secret hope that a new world as well as a new year has dawned for them. Though the distinction between December 31st and January 1st is a purely arbitrary one, there are, I imagine, few who do not feel, as they write 1897 for the last time at the head of their note paper, that Providence has given them another chance, that the curtain has been dropped on one scene, and that if that scene has gone poorly and with



FATHER TIME AND THE CARD HOUSE

but small applause, the next may prove brighter and perhaps save the whole play—in short, that if they are ever to live within their income, get up earlier

fresh date, a clean almanack and an unsullied book of engagements which cannot possibly contain the record of any missed appointment or wasted opportunity.

It is almost like starting life again with all your failures wiped out and only the resultant experience left. It would be ridiculous to determine on a reorganisation of life on, say, October 17th. The date kindles no enthusiasm, unless perchance it happens to be your birthday; and even then you miss the added stimulus of Society. A crowd, you know, is something more than the sum of its constituent individuals. And the consciousness that on this first of January you are surrounded by millions of people who are each and all determined to be better in the future than they have been in the past must certainly be of some assistance to you. Thus it is that New Year's Day makes an excellent spring-board for a plunge into a new life.



SILENUS AT THE SHRINE OF APOLLO

in the morning, give up smoking before dinner, drink less, work more, and live nobler lives all round, now is the time to begin. Nine men out of ten on this New Year's Day will be going forth with a grim resolve that their consumption of tobacco—which has increased and is increasing—shall forthwith be diminished. I wonder whether the tobaccoists notice any falling off of trade during the first week of each year?

There is, you must admit, something stimulative about a new year, with a

sense of peculiar exhilaration at the sight of the clean sheet before me. There are several points in which I do not completely satisfy myself; and as I write in late November I am conscious of innumerable blots upon the page of 1897. But when I come down to breakfast on New Year's morning it will be joyful to reflect that whereas my bacon had grown cold in waiting on many, many mornings in 1897, I have as yet been late for breakfast only once in 1898. And when I walk forth into the crisp morning air and fill my pipe as I go, my heart

To me New Year's Day brings without fail

will give a bound of pride at the thought that during the whole of this year I have not spent a penny unwisely, and have done nothing which calls for a blush. So far as 1898 is concerned, I am a man without sin. It is a pleasant feeling, and one to be retained as long as possible. Till lunch, if it can be managed; but you should lunch early.

The worst of it is that life is so horribly continuous. You cannot paste down the back pages and start your story on fresh lines; you cannot jump off your shadow and cut yourself off from your past. Even though you leave discreetly your hat and coat on the bank of the Regent's Canal and book for Klondike under another name, it is still yourself and no other man who bolts over seas. The very headache that we have on New Year's morning is the last legacy of the dead year, left as a parting kick for our convivial joy at its going.

And yet I would by no means counsel you to refrain from the making of good resolutions. Make them, even though you have no hope, no intention, of keeping them. It is a very healthy winter exercise, and serves to remind you once a year that you have some sort of an ideal self in your eye to which you would like to approximate; and that instead of being a year's march nearer home you have only been making a silly ass of yourself. The man who believes that he has reached his ideal of con-

duct is the man who has lowered his ideal within very easy reach.

Which reminds me of a recent divorce case which has caused ill-considered merriment. A lady seeking divorce from her husband, a temperance lecturer, proved that, in addition to other shortcomings, he was habitually drunk. Whereupon the more alcoholic among newspapers shouted in triumph over the fact that a temperance lecturer was a drunkard, while the teetotal organs deplored it. Now, would it not be more kindly and more reasonable to rejoice that a drunkard was a temperance lec-



"RETRO ME, SATHANAS"

turer. Of course, he ought not to be a drunkard; but surely he would have done much more harm if he had, like the average drunkard, invited his fellows to have a glass along of him. As it was, he murmured to himself: "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor!" and, having the best reason for knowing that drunkenness was an evil, he said so upon public platforms. We should respect him in

folk if our theories were no better than our practice—if we could not formulate a better plan of action than we are prepared to carry out. Plato, you may remember, held that the man who tells a lie knowing it to be a lie is in a far more hopeful condition than the man who tells a lie unconsciously, thinking it to be the truth. Similarly, it may be argued that the drunkard who knows

that inebriety is a horrible evil, and spends his sober intervals in persuading other people to avoid liquor, is certainly one degree better than the sot who has no ideas beyond self-indulgence.

Hypocrisy is, then, in a certain sense to be encouraged, for it is a little better than undiluted blackguardism. We will not encourage men to become inebriates, but when we find an inebriate who is also a temperance lecturer, we will rejoice at this small sign of grace. We do not want men to be burglars, but when we find a burglar who, like Charles Peace, is powerful in prayer, we will be glad that his

villainy is relieved by streaks of piety. We will continue to deprecate financial dishonesty; but instead of shouting "Hypocrite!" when a Jabez Balfour combines religion and philanthropy with the robbery of the widow and the orphan, we will welcome the proof that a bad man appreciates goodness and would like to be good himself if he only could afford it. For hypocrisy does not aggravate a sinner's offence; it is a redeeming feature. And the willingness of the spirit should be permitted to balance the weakness of the flesh.



S. H. SIMP

"AND THE DEVIL QUOTED SCRIPTURE"

that, slipping into the abyss himself, he had the unselfish impulse to warn his fellow-men off the edge.

People wrote of him, of course, as a hypocrite, and held him up to contempt. We do not treat hypocrites with sufficient respect, for in nine cases out of ten the hypocrite is simply a man who has set up an ideal which he cannot reach in practice; or, to put it inversely and unkindly, he doesn't practise what he preaches. Well, we should all be sorry

The Eccentricity of Lady Carristher

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD SAVAGE

LADY ADELA CARRISTHER, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Forres, was certainly a little peculiar. Her own world said that to name her eccentric was to put too fine a point on it; that she was as mad as a milliner; and that the walls of a private asylum would sooner or later give hospitality to her person. Lady Carristher, however, went on her own way, and very prettily she went it, as half the young men out of *Burke* were prepared to swear, and quite half of the half were eager to swear, vows of a graver and more lasting nature. But she would have none of the young men out of *Burke*, and that was precisely why their mothers, their sisters, and their female relatives to the third degree were all convinced that my Lady Adela was very, very mad indeed. Not that she was, really, only very young, and as headstrong as five generations of hunting forebears could make her. For she had a dear, dear uncle—the black sheep of the family, of course—and when he told her that a pedigree was a family upas tree, she believed him; when, further, he observed that a title was little more than a bundle of hereditary drawbacks, she clapped her two little aristocratic hands together, and laughed till the tears came. Now the Wicked Uncle of fact was not at all like the Wicked Uncle of fiction; he was a remarkably good sort, in fact, but he sapped his niece's class prejudices by lending her economic treatises, and by talking the strange tongue of the tub-thumping enthusiast. It amused him, he was wont to say in self-defence, and it wouldn't do Adela the least harm in the world; but it is a mistake to assume that anything won't do harm to a young, and pretty, and headstrong girl, and Lady Adela Carristher took most of his teaching for gospel.

They were out in the Park one day, Adela and the Wicked Uncle; it was quite the wrong time of day, and they had the Row almost to themselves. And the Wicked Uncle was just in the middle of telling Adela how well she sat her bicycle—a fact of which she was entirely aware—when unto them appeared a Youth, whose face loomed outward, as it were, from a thicket of untutored hair. The Youth had a soul above bicycles—that was why he usually contrived to get in their way—and he did not notice his friend, the Uncle, until they were close upon him. "What a charming man! Do tell me, Bunny, who he is," cried my Lady Adela, noting the Youth's elaborate bow.

"He? O, he's a great light down East—man with a mission—once kicked a hole through the bottom of a tub, and all the people cried, 'This is a god!' Smart young man, very; particular chum of mine."

"Now, Bunny, you are 'rotting' me, to use your own elegant phrase. You never can be serious two minutes together. He had the wrong shade of green in his tie: is he really a Socialist?"

"Honour bright; once carried a 'Death or Glory, and Down with the Police' flag. Got run in for something or other that day; jolly good thing for him, for his hair would have been creeping into his boots by this time if he hadn't been cropped at the State's expense. Objects to paying for a cut; says we want a free breakfast table and free barbers. Heard enough about him, or shall I go on?"

"No, thanks. I don't care what you say about him; he is a charming man, I think—would be at any rate, if——"

"Soap and water, eh?"

"Exactly. But they're very superficial things after all, and I want to know

him. I shall get off my bicycle here and wait till you bring him up to be presented. There's lots of time to catch him."

"Here, I say, Addy! Dash it all, don't you know—a bit—er—thick, isn't it?"

My Lady Adela leant her bicycle tenderly against the rail. "You said he was a particular chum, Bunny."

"So I did—er—but——"

"And your chums should be mine; you're great on the equality of the sexes, you know."

"Well, yes—only ——"

"Bunny, do you know what it means when I make up my mind?"

The Wicked Uncle glanced at Adela, and he saw a look in the tail of her eye that he knew quite well enough for all practical purposes.

"Lord, yes!" he responded. "I'm off, Addy. That's he, isn't it, gazing over the rails there? An easy-going man, a headstrong woman, and the deuce to pay. Confound my Socialist friend!" he muttered, as he went in pursuit.

The Youth was very sensible of the honour conferred on him, very eager to show that he wasn't. But he warned to Adela's sympathy, and he gave her a fervid exposition of his views. The Wicked Uncle early in the discussion decided that it made him tired, and fell to admiring the flower-borders; he was also praying that nobody out of *Burke* would chance that way, and wondering how he could have been such an ass as to give way to a girl's silly fancy.

"He's more in earnest than you, Bunny," observed Adela, as they rode home. She had left the Youth a liquid glance at parting, and he had repaired to the nearest bar to dilute it with gin; he didn't want the gin, of course, but he had no head for taking titled glances neat.

"Shouldn't wonder—has his living to get: makes a fellow serious, that sort of thing," responded the Wicked Uncle.

A pause. My Lady Adela was wearing a new-found air of purpose, not unmixed with the superiority which is hand-maiden to a purpose. "We are living in squalid luxury, you and I, uncle."

"Eh?—certainly; dashed squalid, if you ask me. We do wash now and then, though, don't we?"

"Now you are being brutal—sarcastic, you would call it—just because he's ever so much cleverer, and more poetic, and fuller of ideals, than yourself. For shame, Bunny!"

"I am ashamed, awfully, Addy," he said, with the most cheerful of grins. "Proceed. Squalid luxury was the last."

"Yes, and—the fact is, I'm *going to cut it*."

"The deuce! Addy, a joke's a joke, but I'm hanged if I see you any further on *that* road. You don't mean that you intend ——"

"To go down to one of those sweet, poetical homes for the destitute where everybody loves his neighbour dearly, and the drunkard grows sober directly he's been taught that useless luxuries are a tax on the commonwealth, and——"

"Phew!" observed the Wicked Uncle. "I said there would be the deuce to pay, Addy, and there will. I wash my hands of you."

"That's mean, Bunny, and not what I should have expected of you; but it doesn't make any difference. I'll fight you, and I'll fight the family, and I've got the address of the Home in my pocket; it's just off the Mile End Road, and we shall dine off baked potatoes from the barrow at the corner. O, yes, I have quite made up my mind."

Bunny cast about in his mind for some argument appropriate to the occasion: it was easy to see, knowing Adela as well as he did, that she had framed one of her immutable resolves. But no light came, and he had to fall back on feeble irony.

"Is the young man with the green necktie a resident at this particular Home?" he queried, fixing his glass a little more firmly in the left eye.

"O, yes, he is there, and plenty of others like him: they are all poets and things down there, he tells me; isn't it sweet of him to admit that the rest are as nice as himself?"

"Very; it says such a lot for 'em. So you've squarely made up your mind, Addy?"



"HE CONTRIVED TO GET IN THEIR WAY"

"Yes, squarely."

"Have you calculated the odds against you? Item, one Duke."

"Hard, but I can manage him."

"Item, a mother, several aunts, and three brothers."

"All tractable, if one only wearies out their patience. I shall begin, you see, by asking to be allowed to earn my living as a ballet-girl, and they'll look upon it as quite a victory if they compromise with me on the Destitute Home question. You're not against me, Bunny, are you, dear?"

"By Jove! no," cried Bunny the susceptible. "You're too clever by half. In you go and win, Addy; and when you get too dull for words down East, send for me to use language for you. I'll be delighted, I'm sure."

So Lady Adela Carristher did "go in

and win." The old Duke, when his daughter proffered her solemn request that she should be allowed to adopt stage-dancing as a profession, went nigh to choke himself with wrath. "Monstrous, child! Monstrous! You're a Duke's daughter, confound you!—and no one could guess it from your harum-scarum ways. A Duke's daughter, do you hear? Do you think I'm going to let every red-nosed loafer in town have the privilege of seeing you dance a *pas seul* by paying sixpence?"

"A shilling, dear, would be the least at any hall where I danced," said Adela gently.

"A shilling! That's good; upon my soul that's good! Lady Adela Carristher

to-night! Great attraction! A shilling will see you through if you don't care to pay more. Addy, you're a treat."

"I know so little about these things"—deprecatingly, with a pretty flutter of the eyelashes on the cheeks—"but is your language quite ducal, dear? Wouldn't something of this kind be better?—'Hence, avault, thou that dost shame thy house. Lost daughter of a blameless sire, wouldst thou drag down the name of Forres to the dust, where churls might kick it as they passed to toil.' More in that style, don't you think? But really, 'Addy, you're a treat' is a little too bald."

The Duke of Forres tried to look dignified, but failed; he was constrained to laugh outright. "Look here, Addy, what the mischief is your point in wanting to take up dancing? I'll give you an extra three hundred if you're short of pin-money; I'll—"

"It isn't that, dear. It's just the sheer fun of the thing I want."

The Duke hastily reviewed some of his own early tastes and wondered if modern theories of heredity were being proved in the person of his daughter. *The sheer fun of the thing*; it was sad that such instincts had not been confined to his sons. "Is there nothing else you would like to ask? Anything in reason I will give in to; you know that I hate to cross you," he said, tenderly.

My Lady Adela furtively wiped a tear away and came and sat by her father's chair with one hand on his knee. "Yes, I know," she murmured. "I've been thinking it all over lately, and I've decided that if I can't take my pleasures very gaily, I must take them very, very sadly to make up for it. Extremes meet, and I daresay I'll get as much out of it."

"Well, I'm glad it strikes you that way, Addy. It will be a lot pleasanter for the family."

"I want to lift the family, dear."

"Er? *Lift* it? You can't, unless you're aiming for the crown."

Adela looked like an early martyr; she managed a resigned pose admirably. "Not in worldly rank, but on the scroll of charity, dear father. Nobility is only

noble when it sweeps the gutters, as a very nice young man observed to me not long ago."

"My hat, Addie, but you don't mean to sweep a crossing!" cried the practical-minded Duke, roused out of all conformity to the rules of polite diction.

"Only metaphorically. You've heard of the Mile End Road, haven't you? Well, there is a haven of refuge there for the needy, the destitute and the crippled; I want to enter it."

"Which as, eh?—a needy, a destitute or a cripple?"

"As a worker: my money will go to the Home, my services to its inmates."

"Humph! sounds fishy—and rather thin for you; I can't quite see where you come in, Addy."

"I give the unearned increment, and I take the ennobling toil; a sweet exchange, dear, when one has swept the mind of its vanities."

"Yes, but, look here, child, isn't all this a bit sudden? First, a ballet-dancer, and then three days afterwards a sweeper of crossings—no, I mean, of vanities—or of minds, or something. To speak plainly, Addy, you're a trifle too versatile."

"Then you refuse me this, too?" A little tear trickled in at the left corner of her mouth.

"Not if you mean to cry. Go, and welcome, only don't be hurt if I laugh when you return at the end of a week."

"I wonder if it's wicked to humbug one's father?" mused Lady Adela Carriether, after he had left her. "Surely not; the end justifies the means, and it's lovely to think of being philanthropic, with a soft-eyed poet to show one what to do and how to do it. Only I wish," and she glanced round ruefully at the little evidences of squalid luxury which surrounded her, "I wish he cleaned his nails." She alluded, not to the Duke, her father, but to the poet.

On the evening of the day which saw her installed at the Home for the Destitute, the Wicked Uncle dropped into his club for dinner. Lord Ullsmere, a particular favourite of his, chanced to be dining there, too, and Bunny took his place opposite him. "Heard the latest

about Adela?" queried Bunny, in between two spoonfuls o' soup.

"Yes, worse lick. Why the dickens did you let her?"

"Couldn't help it, dear boy. Don't worry, she'll soon tire."

against us feeble people who sit in clubs and drink dry Monopole."

"Specious, I'll be bound—humph—why did I choose just Adela to fall in love with? It's hard—jolly hard, I call it. She's just that sort, you see," went



"HE APPLIED HIS MOUTH TO THE OPENING"

Ullsmere choked on a pellet of bread. "Any men in the beastly hole?" he sputtered.

"Lots. They wear marvellous ties, and they belong to the unbarbered brotherhood, and they are banded

on Ullsmere, chaotically; "they'll spout poetry and that kind of dashed tomfoolery to her, and she'll believe every word of it. Adela runs that way; she's as smart as paint in some ways, and yet she'll believe any rot that's going if it's

only told her seriously enough. Look here, I've cared for Addy ever since she was as high as this table, and I mean to go down in a hansom to what-you-may-call-it street and wreck that Home for the Destitute. Will you see me through?"

"Cheerfully, if you'll keep Addy out of the blow-up. I'm by way of Socialism myself, as you know, but when it comes to—— I say, Ullsmere!"

"Well?" queried the other gloomily.

"Can't we hit off something between us? Don't let's allow these beggars to have things all their own way."

"Don't see it quite. Addy, you know, has always had that crank for the *bourgeoisie*. You, or somebody, has trained her to believe that a lord is a fool, and a commoner a Galahad. She swears she'll marry an artisan one day, and, by George! I believe she'll do it."

Bunny held up his wine to the light and peered through it—a habit of his when unduly perplexed—and shifted the glass in his left eye. Then an idea struck him, and he smiled like a seraph of elderly proportions.

"Got it, my boy!" he chuckled.

Lady Adela Carristher found the first few days at her new abode pass comfortably enough. The poet whom she had met in the Row was bringing out a volume of "Verses to the Unvarnished," and he craved advice in the correction of the proof-sheets. The verses were certainly like Walt Whitman on a penny steamer, but Addy thought them wonderful; the poet's eyes, too, were fine, as he declaimed the best passages for her benefit. But the drunkards weren't nice, and the food palled after a very brief interval. Addy was in two minds whether to fall in love with the poet, by way of helping-on time. He had assured her, by indirect methods of proof which were incontestable, that he belonged originally to the semi-submerged fraction of the populace, and there was therefore no impediment of birth to stand in the way. But the two minds had not been fused into one before a unique experience offered itself. She was leaning out of her window early one morning, languidly watching the passers-

by, when a baker's boy came up to the door and knocked. Addy was never very long in making her resolutions, and she loved that baker's boy dearly from the start: he seemed too old to be a boy, too young to be very much of a man, and he was exceeding fair to look upon. It was better, felt Lady Adela, with a sudden democratic fervour, that she should marry a straightforward son of toil; the poet might yet, by means of his verses, win a way to the homes of squalid luxury, and that would be too hateful. And that the poet would pursue such a way if he got the chance, she felt certain. At any rate, it could do no harm to have the baker's boy up to share the breakfast for which he had at that moment brought the rolls. It was fitting that the workers should share the fruits of toil. She ran lightly down the stairs; the baker was slinging his empty basket on his arm, preparatory to departure. Addy noticed that he was attempting to prolong his interview with the girl who answered the bell, and this added flavour of *bourgeoisie* pleased her mightily. "To think," she mused delightedly, "that this boy with a basket"—an alliterative touch picked up from the poet—"that this boy may stride, in a few steps, from courtship of a servant to the wooing of a peeress: What a theme for my poet!" Addy was horribly proud of her birth still, though she never confessed it even to herself.

"Baker's boy," she said, softly, stepping to the threshold, "would you care to come upstairs and have breakfast with me?"

His eyes sought hers with a look that was hauntingly familiar, then dropped. He shuffled his feet uneasily, one over the other, and back again. He pulled a ragged forelock. "Thank you, ma'am, but I'm scarcely used to the ways of the likes of you."

"Foolish boy! If I ask you to breakfast, I ask you as a sister, as one who is truly your equal, in toil, in hardship, in ——"

"O, my!" sniggered the girl in her rear.

"Then bang me if I don't come!" cried the baker.

"Spoken like a man. That's right;

use your own speech, and eat with your fingers if you like. It's liberty hall here."

"You're doocid condescending, ma'am, and I likes yer," observed the baker, succinctly.

A second plate was laid in Adela's room. Boiled eggs, Finnan haddock, bread, butter, and coffee constituted the meal. My lady thought it a trifle inadequate—a hardship, in fact—but the eyes of the baker's boy grew round with wonder. "You'll pardon me, ma'am, if I tells yer I ain't had a reg'lar, square meal like this come three year last Christmas, when the dear old folks at home—what's dead now, saving your presence—spent the last of their little savings in a grand bust-up. It were a feed, that—a *beauty*! It makes my mouth water only to think of it."

"And the old folks are dead? Poor, poor boy. You're from the cuntry, I imagine, from your speech?"

The baker's boy turned his head, as if to smuggle away a silent tear; his very shoulders shook with the passion of his grief; Adela was most awfully sorry for him. "Yes—es, ma'am, from the country."

"You mustn't call me ma'am. Call me sister; it will sound more natural in this home of equality."

"Eh, but I daren't! Sure, it's a liberty I'd be taking."

"And liberty we all take here. Sit down and eat your fill, brother: you must be starving."

There was a napkin on Adela's plate, and on the baker-boy's. This was a little luxury which the new disciple of progress could not bring herself to forego. The boy took up his napkin, and paused irresolute; his eye sought Adela's, and again she was awfully sorry for him. Finally, he tucked it under his chin, and his hostess, watching him with a politely far-away—albeit curious—eye, noted for the first time that he was not so young as she had thought him; his chin, despite a recent shave, showed dark against the white. This was odd, in view of his fair hair, with its boyish curls. He took an egg from the stand and half raised his spoon. Then, seeming to think better of it, he made a little hole

in one end with a prong of his fork and applied his mouth to the opening. "From the country," he murmured apologetically, as he watched Adela neatly chipping her own egg.

"Of course," said Adela hurriedly. "I prefer them that way myself."

"Do you, now, ma'am?"

"Sister," she corrected gently.

"Do you, sister? P'raps you'm from the country yerself, and takes 'em as we does, warm from the nest."

"Yes, brother. What county do you come from? I've been puzzling to make out."

"From—from—Worcestershire, ma'am—sister."

"Ah! I never was in Worcestershire." The face of the baker's boy showed unaccountable relief. "Tell me about it, please."

The baker's boy did tell her about it—a good deal. He waxed eloquent on the topic of spring chickens, enthusiastic in the matter of Michaelmas geese, tenderly retrospective as he pictured the wattled tiles that overhung his parent's roof-tree. Adela retired into her napkin from time to time, but she declared at the end that he had a beautiful soul and a poet's eye.

Lord Ullsmere dined that night with Bunny, the Wicked Uncle. "Well, how did you get on?" was Bunny's greeting. "Ripping! I say, I had no idea poor Addy could be so easily fooled. I did it confoundedly badly, if you ask me, and she took it all down like milk. I'd no end of luck: just as I was trying to get the maid to tell me something about the dear girl's goings and comings, who should run down but Addy herself—Lord, but she's beautiful! You've no idea how—"

"No, I haven't, and don't want to have. Let's have the yarn."

"Well, she asked me up to breakfast and rotted no end about equality. I nearly pulled off my wig in touching a civil forelock; it'd have been all up with equality, you bet, if the wig *had* come off. But it didn't, and we went upstairs to breakfast. It's odd, if you come to think of it, how obvious our ways of



"'I'M THAT BAKER'S BOY'"

feeding are, and how hard it is to invent fresh ones. Napkin under the chin—that isn't very striking, eh? The old Johnnies at the restaurants do it. I pulled off a winner when it came to the eggs, though; what do you think I did?"

"Couldn't guess."

"Sucked them through a hole in the spout, by Jove!"

"They weren't hard-boiled, then?"

"No, as light as could be. I told you I had luck. But the accent bothered me most of all. I made a regular pot-pourri of all the dialects I'd ever come across, and once I switched on an Irish brogue by mistake. But, bless you, Addy never smelt a rat—asked me as

natural as could be what county I came from. It was a tight place while it lasted, but luck carried me through again: I thought of the sauce, don't you know, and owned up to Worcestershire. The dear girl hadn't been there, and I felt free as air when I had to romance about my dear old folk under sod."

"It's working, it's working," chuckled Bunny. "Are you invited to any more meals?"

"Yes, breakfast to-morrow. Say, Bunny, you've done me a good turn and no mistake. It gets one up horribly early, but what does that signify when Addy's at stake?"

"Not a red cent. You're all right,

dear boy. Ask me to the wedding, won't you, if Addy's people fail me?"

Some weeks later the baker's boy, having deposited his loaves in due course, was about to make his way upstairs with a view to one of the *tit-a-tite* breakfasts which had now become a recognised feature of Adela's day. He was confronted by a youth in a green tie. "Look here, my lad," said the youth, with a lofty countenance, "what the dickens do you mean by aspiring to the higher levels?"

"Upstairs you mean?" queried the baker's boy, with country sharpness.

"No, yokel, I mean to higher social levels. You breakfast daily with the lady on the first-floor front."

"Your pardon, young sir, but there are no ladies and gents in this quarter. It's the home of liberty, this 'ere is, and I'm as good as the lady in the first-floor front."

"This is childish, my lad, childish. Equality there may be, but limits there assuredly are. I beg you to return to your proper sphere, where you will doubtless be happier——"

"O, you're jealous, are you?"

The poet reddened. "I fear no foe——"

"In shining armour—exactly. But I'm late for breakfast already, and you must kindly let me pass."

"Not so!" cried the poet, in his finest manner. "I defend my lady's stair against all comers."

The baker's boy answered never a word, but he took the poet by the nape of his unwashed neck and kicked him into the street. My Lady Carristher was looking from her window at the moment, and she smiled to see her quondam ally's plight. "I have something to say to you," she said to her baker-boy when breakfast was over.

"Sure and it's meself will be flattered—curse—that brogue," he muttered, *sotto voce*.

"You won't be startled, or—or shocked, will you?"

"Not likely, ma'am—sister."

"Baker's boy, I love you—love you very dearly, very truly. If you have any

notion of things at all, you will take me in your arms and kiss me."

So the baker's boy did, and Adela found her democratic home within the strong arms of a son of toil.

It was the next night that Adela, the Wicked Uncle, the Duke of Forres and Lord Ullsmere all dined together in a private room at the Savoy. The Duke looked satirical, Ullsmere nervous, Bunny very well satisfied with himself. "I feel in a mortal funk," whispered Ullsmere to his comrade. "Adela means to own up to the whole business; I can see it in her eye."

Dessert was on the table when Adela coughed in a stereotyped way that betokened disclosures. "You are here to-night, gentlemen, at my invitation," she began. "I am very glad to see you here, because I have a confession to make. During the past few weeks I have been in the habit of breakfasting with a baker's boy who supplies our Home for the Destitute with loaves. I have grown to love that baker's boy, as being a very perfect gentleman, a gentleman of tender and loyal sympathies——"

"Here, Addy, this is going too far," sputtered the Duke.

Lord Ullsmere squirmed in his chair.

"In your turn, your Grace," said Adela, with dignity. The Duke sat down again. "Yesterday morning, in the cold hour of reason that follows breakfast as surely as day follows night, in the light of plain common-sense, I repeat, I proposed to that baker's boy, and felt his virgin kisses warm upon my lips."

Lord Ullsmere was trying to twist himself into knots. The Duke looked impossible thunders. "Good for you, chicken!" cried Bunny, enthusiastically.

She gave him a quiet smile of approval. "You, I was sure, would be with me in my struggle to elevate the East to the West, to place the gutter-snipe on the priceless chairs of squalid luxury."

"Hold hard!" interrupted Ullsmere.

"I'm no gutter-snipe."

My Lady Adela frowned upon him. "Silence, sir, till I have done. The marriage is at present dependent upon

the exigencies of the baker-boy's calling, but I do now most solemnly declare that, whenever he comes to claim me, I will be his forthwith by special licence."

With a mighty whoop, more suited to the prairie than to the decorous atmosphere of the Savoy, Lord Ullsmere rose to his feet. "I'm that baker-boy!" he cried.

Adela let her glass fall with a crash: she looked the outraged heroine to perfection. The waiter appeared at the door. "Did you call, sir?" he asked at large.

"Yes, Heidsieck," said Bunny, quietly.

The wine was brought and their glasses refilled. Adela lay back in her chair and laughed till her sides ached. The three men looked interrogation notes. "So you thought you had taken me in, little baker-boy?" she said.

Ullsmere collapsed.

"Addy," said the Wicked Uncle, "will you own up, honour bright, just when you first recognised him?"

"No, I won't! That is my own little secret, and I mean to keep it."

The Duke came slowly out of his perplexity. "You're like a will-o'-the-wisp, Addy; will you explain yourself a little more fully?"

"Yes, dear, even if I have to blush most unbecomingly in the telling. I was always in love with—with the baker's boy, ever since we were children together; but you were all so keen on the match, and I hated it. I tried all kinds of dodges to get away from my—my liking for—for the baker's boy, and at last I went down East. I had my chance there, and I took it. It would never have done to come back tamely and let you know how sick I grew of the democracy: so I just followed my instincts, as I couldn't have done a few miles further West, and I—proposed to the—the baker's boy."

"Fooled the lot of us, by Jove!" murmured Bunny, the Wicked Uncle.



PELICANS

Photo by H. C. Shelley

The Sunday Newspaper World

WRITTEN BY A. WALLIS MYERS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



UNDAY newspapers, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two, are essentially the working man's press. Ask a Battersea navvy or artisan on a Saturday night to give you a brief *résumé* of the week's news and he cannot; ask him twenty-four hours afterwards and he will tell you every important item in a quarter of an hour—he has read his Sunday paper after his Sunday dinner. It would be out of place here to deal with the question, often brought up by the Lord's Day Observance Society and kindred organisations, whether it is desirable to fill a man's mind on the Sabbath with a load of secular reading; suffice to say that the intellectual stimulus thereby gained is by no means small, and goes a long way towards improving that man's education.

The origin of this class of journalism dates back as far as 1801, when the *Weekly Dispatch*—then simply the *Dispatch*—was instituted by a Mr. Bell, who was an energetic though not over-capitalised printer in Bride Lane. Want of money on the part of the original proprietor gave an entrance to other shareholders, which, however, lead to difficulties, causing the appearance of three *Dispatches* in the field at one time—Bells', Kent's, and Duckett's; but the last two were short-lived, and Mr. Bell maintained his position. In those days the *Dispatch* was essentially a sporting paper with a great predominance of boxing matters; and we are told that the then editor, Mr. Samuel Smith, owing to some remarks which he had written, received a severe thrashing from a famous member of the ring. Passing shortly

afterwards into the hands of Alderman Harmer, the journal came rapidly to the front, many famous writers in those days, including Fox and Searle, being associated with it. In 1857 the *Dispatch* commenced the publication of its famous atlas, giving away a good map weekly for about five years, while the price was reduced from fivepence to twopence at the beginning of 1869, and to a penny in 1870.

A short time ago the *W. D.* was secured by a company, in which Sir George Newnes is the principal shareholder. Since then its progress towards recovery from bad times in the eighties has been noticeable. Several new features have been introduced—special attention being given to articles upon current events, fiction by popular authors, including George R. Sims, who writes a batch of a serial weekly, athletics and sport. The present editor is Mr. C. J. Tibbits, an Oxford man, who, after experience in various provincial weeklies, came to London as a free lance; then joined with the Harmsworth ring, and was associated during four years with that firm's extraordinary success. Mr. Tibbits was appointed editor of the *Dispatch* when the journal came into new hands, and under him the various changes have been effected, once again placing it in the forefront of enterprising weeklies.

The *Observer*, which was established soon after the *Dispatch* and which now claims to be the only newspaper published on Sunday containing the latest foreign news, has had a fluctuating career, and the mere fact that its present price is twopence makes it more or less a medium for the higher classes. Consequently the drama, racing, financial and society news are special features. Mr. Frederick Arthur Beer, educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is the

proprietor and editor, and has been since 1881, when he inherited the property from his father. Mr. Beer is a great traveller, and has seen practically all the



MR. C. J. TIBBITS (WEEKLY DISPATCH)
Photo by J. P. Scannell

world, visiting Khartoum just before the siege and gaining much information, which he afterwards published. His favourite pastimes, when not actually journeying, may be said to be racquets, golf and billiards.

In 1842 *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, now circulating over a million copies weekly, first saw the light. It was established by Mr. Edward Lloyd for the purpose of providing a cheap newspaper for the working classes, which should supply a means for discussing week by week the social and political reforms that were then agitating the political mind. The eight pages of *Lloyd's* first issue, containing 24 columns in all, could only then be produced for twopence in a laborious way. One side of the paper was printed at a time, so that each sheet had to be "laid on" and "taken off" from the machine twice, a process which, compared with the rapid machinery of the present time, meant the expenditure of much time, and consequently the loss of a considerable sale. The copies then had to be counted up by hand and packed into quires, the newsagents subsequently folding the single sheet. Now, under Free Trade, the public have for a penny the edition of *Lloyd's*, consisting of 24 pages and

144 columns, besides numerous illustrations depicting the principal events of the past week. Small wonder is it, therefore, that the actual sale of the paper each week averages at the present time 1,050,000 copies—a circulation which, of course, stands first in the field.

Lloyd's has had about half a dozen editors. Mr. Ball was the first, then came Mr. William Carpenter, author of several books, religious and otherwise. He was followed by Douglas Jerrold, who assumed the head after the failure of *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*. Jerrold was an able, conscientious editor, who manifested great pride and interest in the paper, and on his death, in 1857, his son Blanchard took his place. He was responsible till 1884, when Mr. Thomas Catling, the present hearty and hale editor, took his place. Mr. Catling, now fifty-nine years of age, is no novice at his work. He was sub-editor before he was editor, reporter before that, and printer before that. Consequently he has had a large experience in all departments, and even now he frequently supplements the work of his representatives by his own investigation. The story bears repeating of how



MR. F. A. BEER (THE OBSERVER)
Photo by G. W. Bradshaw

when Mr. Catling went down to the police-station on the occasion of a famous murderer being arrested, he witnessed the generous side of detective work. The murderer was brought in by two detectives, and one of them said: "Our

duties are fulfilled by bringing you here, but, before you go inside, try one of these: I know you'll like them." With that he pulled out his cigar-case, and the



MR. THOMAS CATLING (LLOYD'S)

Photo by W. and D. Downey

four sat together smoking and chatting about general subjects. The criminal, who was convicted a short time afterwards, seemed the coolest of the quartet. Mr. Catling possesses a large family, the eldest son of which, Mr. Thomas Thurgood Catling, is now sub-editor of the paper. An all-round journalist, he is quite ready to succeed his father when occasion arises. *Lloyd's*, with its immense size and circulation, requires an extensive printing stock, and these are to be found in Salisbury Square, at a building which is stated to be the house where Richardson wrote "Pamela" and where Oliver Goldsmith acted as his reader.

Closely connected in every way with the Sunday newspaper world was Mr. Henry Sampson, who, under the well-known pseudonym of "Pendragon," founded the *Referee* in 1877 in conjunction with Mr. Ashton Wentworth Dilke, a brother of Sir Charles Dilke. Previous to his formation of the *Referee*, Mr. Sampson was prominently connected with the *Weekly Dispatch*, for which journal, under the name of "Pendragon," he wrote a weekly sporting article. This article became so popular that "Pendragon" decided to start a paper of his own, and he, with Mr. Dilke as capitalist, started

the well-known sporting and theatrical journal which now finds favour with so many Sunday readers. It at once obtained a circulation of over 200,000, which number, it was only to be expected, came off that of the *Dispatch*. The sale increased rapidly, and prominent writers were added to the staff, amongst whom may be mentioned first and foremost Mr. George R. Sims, who, as the author of the weekly "Mustard and Cress," is so eagerly read—his pseudonym being the famous "Dagonet"; Mr. George Spencer Edwards, who was responsible for most of the theatrical criticism; Mr. H. Chance Newton; and Mr. Richard Butler, who now fills the editorial chair with so much distinction. Both Richard Butler and George R. Sims were previously connected with *Fun*, then in the height of its popularity, and it goes without saying that their removal to the staff of the new paper added in no small way to its initial success.

Up to 1886, when he travelled, "Pendragon" always wrote the "Sporting Notions," a feature of the *Referee*, which he started and which is now a special column in its pages. He was succeeded in this department by Martin Cobbett,



MR. RICHARD BUTLER (REFEREE)

Photo by Walery

who has contributed the "Notions" ever since. Mr. Sampson also formulated the "Handbook," another prominent feature, and wrote that column till his death in May, 1891, when the work was taken up by Mr. J. F. Nisbet, the first

editor of the *Morning*. Richard Butler, who assumed the editorship in 1886, after six years of "subbing," is a most fluent writer, and his weekly "Musical and Dramatic Gossip," under the signature of "Carodos," is recognised as matter coming from a man who understands his business. In collaboration with H. Chance Newton, the joint authorship appearing under the one name of "Richard Henry," Mr. Butler has written a whole shoal of plays, chiefly of the burlesque order: *Monte Cristo, Junior*, which ran at the Gaiety for a considerable time, may be mentioned as a sample. He commenced life as a printer with Sampson; then they both joined *Fun*, and afterwards the *Referee*. By simply stating that Mr. Butler has had no real holiday for twenty years, the amount of work which he has got through is conveyed. The politics of the *Referee* may be put down as Liberal Unionist, though they were strong Gladstonian previous to the Home Rule split. It issued its one-thousandth number last October, and for so comparatively young a paper its success is extraordinary.

Another Sunday newspaper of recent establishment which has come well to the front is *The People*, promoted in 1881 for the furtherance of Conservatism among the working classes. For the first ten years it made but little headway, but subsequently gained ground at express speed. The present proprietors

are Sir George Armstrong and Mr. W. T. Madge, who are respectively the proprietor and the manager of the *Globe*. *The People* deals with the news of the past week in a pretty extensive fashion, the size of the paper at present being 16 pages and 100 columns. The present editor, Mr. Thomas Carlisle, was erstwhile a military man, and served in India for eighteen years as an officer in the 75th Regiment, holding several staff appointments. During his sojourn in India Mr. Carlisle was a prolific writer for the Anglo-India Press, and his first knowledge of journalism may be said to have begun there. In 1873 he joined the editorial staff of the *Globe*, and just ten years later became sole editor of *The People*, a position which he worthily fills now. As an occasional author Mr. Carlisle has done good work, and his novel, *Judith Gwynne*, achieved no little success. *The People*, there can be little doubt, is eagerly read by the working classes both in London and the suburbs.

There are other London Sunday papers—notably the *Sunday Times*, which was established in 1822, and enjoys a good circulation, especially amongst football enthusiasts, and the *Weekly Sun*, a literary and political organ edited by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; but in giving the brief sketches of the most prominent, sufficient data is supplied for the reader to grasp the great progress which is being made in this branch of modern journalism.



The Fashions of the Month



FIG. 1

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

TULLE or crêpe-de-chine robe (Fig. 1) embroidered with gold sequins and trimmed with white satin ribbon edged with narrow black ribbon velvet. The bodice is quaintly draped with many folds of chiffon or tulle, and fastened by an antique brooch.—WORTH.



FIG. 2
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris


Fig. 2 represents the fashionable gathered or smocked velvet, which is now so much the rage. The bodice is *à la Russe*, and has a waistband of satin falling in two sash ends at the back or side of the skirt.—WORTH.

This handsome visiting costume (Fig. 3) has a skirt exquisitely brocaded in iris of a bold yet delicate pattern.



FIG. 3
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

The jacket, which is a modified Russian cut in the ubiquitous tabs, might be red with white revers; but, if this combination was too startling, dark blue might be substituted for the red. A lace cravat is a pretty finish, and the *tout ensemble* is crowned with a white felt *chapeau* trimmed with feathers and miroir velvet.—SŒURS CALLOT.



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FIG. 6
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris



FIG. 5
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris



FIG. 4
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

Quaker Oats
 THE EASY FOOD
 EASY TO BUY. EASY TO COOK.
 EASY TO EAT. EASY TO DIGEST.
 EASILY THE BEST.
 AT ALL GROCERS AND CORN DEALERS.

WARRANTED PURE
COLMAN'S STARCH
 USE ONLY
 BRITISH STARCH
 IT IS THE BEST.

DON'T COUGH
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 The Unrivalled
KEATING'S LOZENGES

BLACK & WHITE

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(BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. RENÉ BULL),

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SHORT STORIES, ARTICLES, DIALOGUES BY LEADING WRITERS.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Publishing Office: 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Dinner gown of old gold (Fig. 4), the Medici collar, epaulettes, and long stole of Irish lace. The bolero is of velvet of the same shade, embroidered with pearls, the sleeves and pouched corsage of any heavy lace, but the gown itself is cut *à la Princesse*, as

The drapery falls in heavy folds in front. A girdle of ribbon passes loosely round the waist and under the wattle folds at the back.—DOUCET.

Cloth costume (Fig. 7) heavily braided with silk galon, the bodice being pouched and fastened at the side with two large



FIG. 7

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

shown in the accompanying illustration.—SCURS CALLOT.

A soft silk costume (Fig. 5), the skirt trimmed with two rows of insertion, the pouched bodice being alternate rows of tucks and guipure insertion. The waistband is of steel passementerie fastened with a jewelled buckle.—PAQUIN.

Peignoir of crêpe-de-chine (Fig. 6) trimmed with three small ruches of chiffon and a deep founce of guipure.



FIG. 8

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

jewelled buttons. Small toque of violets and wings, and worn well to the left side of the head.—PAQUIN.

Evening dress (Fig. 8), the lower half of the skirt being accordion-pleated chiffon or tulle, the upper half and the sleeves being Cluny lace. The bodice is of draped silk in rather heavy folds, and trimmed on the left shoulder with a spray of flowers and clasped with diamond crescent.—PAQUIN.



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"THE INDIAN CLEFT HIM THROUGH THE SKULL"

(See "The Deeds of Michael Niel," page 374)

The Wife of Two

WRITTEN BY OLIVER LEAKE. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

CHAPTER I.

VERY soon after Maitland's marriage Carrington took a new house. Unmarried himself, and unsentimental, the several facts which go to the making of marriages—matter, and spirit, and circumstance—had never made that combined attack before which the stoutest bachelor must fall. He had travelled much; he had seen many women; he had helped to write chapters himself in the autobiographies of maids and wives and widows, after the manner of the great army of the unattached or loosely attached; but these chapters had been merely parts of other people's books. He was thirty, and had sounded life, but had never been the lead himself—gone down into the depths and come up into the light. This was Anthony Carrington when he came home to assist at the marriage of his old friend, Hilary Maitland, to Esther Brooke. Maitland, a robust person in those days, was very pleased with his capture. She had beauty, wit, and a sense of virtue which promised to more than atone for his own deficiencies, and produce a respectable average. She would look well in his house; she would make every man of his acquaintance envy him; she would be a delightful companion to him in his best moments; and that she should teach him her ideals was part of a recognised programme. So might it have been but for the fact that Maitland felt it necessary to ask to his wedding the man whom of all his friends he felt would most envy him.

Carrington, inclined at first to laugh at the lover's rhapsodies, reluctantly consented to officiate as best man, and hurried back to England for that purpose, arriving, indeed, only on the morning of the wedding. He found

Maitland in a state of nervous excitement, painfully anxious to have his acquisition approved, like a man who has made a plunge over purchasing a picture and waits a connoisseur's verdict.

"Wait until you have talked to her before you form an opinion," was his advice, "and then when you know her see if you don't envy me."

"I shall know her directly I see her," said Carrington, "and know whether I envy you."

The other smiled with easy indulgence. "You should get married yourself," he said, with the large-hearted indulgence of the man who has staked his future towards an unpaired humanity.

It was not until after the ceremony, at the reception in Grosvenor Gardens, that Carrington had any real opportunity to vindicate his character for insight. For a few minutes in a corner of the room, after she had come down in her travelling dress, in the midst of a few conventional speeches, the bride and the bridegroom's friend compared each other with Hilary's descriptions. Esther was pulling on her gloves, when she raised her eyes for an instant full to his. It was only a flash, but in that instant she understood what she had never understood before—that she had married a man she did not love, ignorantly and like a child, without knowing what love meant.

She dropped her eyes, but Carrington held her with his until she felt her strength and will going from her.

"Good-bye." She put out her hand like a shy girl. Maitland would have laughed at the notion of her ever being shy.

"Good-bye." Carrington bent over it an instant, and then she was gone, leaving him with the half of a secret

which seemed to be written savagely in every space around him; that here was a woman not wanting to be wooed and won, but his by the immediate law of

right and might—the woman he had come to think did not exist, and he had missed her path when it crossed his by a day.

CHAPTER II.

ESTHER was to Maitland what is commonly called a good wife. She fulfilled all the letter of the law relating to husbands and wives, but not the spirit, wherein lies all the difference between perfect and imperfect human relations. This inability to render up to him a thing which he did not understand was not in any degree because she would not, but because she could not. She did not attempt to teach him her ideals, understanding now that such transplanted growths never take to themselves any substantial existence. She was gracious, considerate, and beautiful. Realising how much she could not give him, she gave him the more generously what she could; and as this lower measure was his highest measure, on one side at least the marriage seemed entirely satisfactory. The fear which exists when one or the other of the contracting parties has a separate existence too sacred to be shared was his. For some reason which he did not understand, he stood in no little awe of his wife; but her supreme consideration and tenderness prevented this disturbing him to any inconvenient extent. For her part, she had a little dream-world in which she took herself apart at intervals to dwell.

She saw Carrington but seldom; intimate conversation with him she had none, but yet needed no telling that his wandering, desultory life was interwoven with hers in a manner inexplicable and dreary, but not without at times a certain exquisite delight. The futility of her present life, when weighed by the side of what she had just missed, seemed sufficiently patent, so she waited for her real life to begin. If she had not been mistaken in him, then the first move was his; if she was nursing an illusion, then she would be meting out to herself her own punishment. In the meantime, Maitland found her a complaisant wife;

he was envied on all hands to his great satisfaction; and though he sometimes marvelled at the times when her dreaminess deserted her and she was radiant and brilliant, he did not at all grasp the fact that these were the few, very few occasions when Carrington was present. Always distinguished and beautiful at these times she was transfigured. Joyous, full of high spirits, and radiant with vitality, she would for a period fascinate anew everybody who came in contact with her. Maitland's admiration used then to find expression in remarks to his friends.

"You should get married, Anthony. It's a desperate risk, but a fellow doesn't know what life is until he's taken the plunge. You won't find another woman like Esther easily; but it would rouse you up and make a man of you to feel that someone depended on you."

"One doesn't force the hand of one's fate," said Carrington, and then turned to answer a remark from Esther.

"You have been away? Where?"

"Who told you?"

"I knew."

"In Egypt."

"Are you going again?"

"Yes."

"For long?"

"England does not suit me."

"For long?"

"Until I can come back to stay."

"Why do you stay away so much?"

"I do not trust myself sufficiently at home."

She did not attempt to misunderstand, as a smaller person might have done.

"I shall pray that the gods watch over your wanderings. I do not think—I do not think you will be long."

"My wanderings never let me go out of sight of —"

"Of what—?"

"Of my image of you."

She raised her eyes to his. "This is the last time we shall meet like this. Are you never afraid of the future?"

"I have seen Hell, and I have seen Heaven; what have I to fear more?"

"Good-bye," she said; and softly added, under her breath, "I don't think I shall be afraid any more."

CHAPTER III.

IN the course of fulfilling such small requirements as Maitland asked of his wife, Esther, gave to him an heir. Carrington was abroad at the time, but came home, hearing the news, with a vivid sense of evil anticipated, though all accounts pointed to a speedy convalescence. On the day, though, when he arrived in England, it was to hear that fever had set in, that she had had a sudden relapse, and that same evening she died.

For a month Maitland was broken-hearted, his grief taking the form of passionate outcry to his friends against the hardness of Fate. In the first upheaval of trying to acquire new habits in which a wife had no part, he committed himself to extravagant statements as to the everlasting quality of his present sentiments, and this in not one but a dozen different quarters. As a

consequence, when time began to round off the broken corners, and the mental image of Esther evinced a tendency to



"SHE WAS PUTTING ON HER GLOVES"

grow faint, he found himself and his growing light-heartedness continually confronted by echoes of the despairing widower of a few months since. Some temporary embarrassment this caused

him, but nothing more; and it was counterbalanced by a developing conviction that there were many women in the world with whom it was possible to be happy without exercising that care over his lower nature which contact with Esther had required of him. To Carrington he turned in these days, because Carrington never confronted him with his past utterances, never lowered him in his own eyes, and never talked of Esther. Sublimely unconscious that the other man's care of him rested on the fact that anything which had once held Esther was sacred to her, he took Carrington's friendship as a tribute to himself, and drifted out again on to that placid stream of happiness from which his course could only temporarily be diverted. Carrington meanwhile permanently settled in England, was occupied over his new house, and a general belief became current among his friends that he was meditating marriage. On Campden Hill he found the place he required—a small house, snugly ensconced between two of much greater pretensions, but leaving no doubt as to which of the three was the most comfortable. It was an old house, with quaint doorways and wainscotting, and rooms on slightly differing levels, reached by flights of two or three stairs. Of course it was imperative that its furnishing and decoration should be in keeping. Carrington, endowed with leisure, money, and fastidious taste, took ample time over this department. He drifted round the Continent and country, buying in odd corners such things as pleased him, a certain common-sense with which he was plentifully endowed saving him from falling into either of the errors of turning the place into a museum, or crowding it with bric-à-brac. When in the course of time it was finished there seemed to be nothing lacking but a mistress, and if at any hour of the day or night the woman it lacked had walked into it, she would have found no one thing lacking to ensure her instant convenience and comfort.

Maitland, from his greater intimacy, remarked this first. Pulling himself up short one day in front of a picture in the

library, he relapsed into an unusual thoughtfulness. "That was one of poor Esther's favourite pictures."

"Yes!"

"I believe she would rather have liked the little place—a bit too dingy and quiet for her, though. She was never satisfied without society and excitement, and you're not a very gay chap."

"No," assented Carrington, "I'm not a very gay chap."

"Is it true, what people are saying, that you're going to get married?"

"I don't imagine you will ever see a mistress of this house; but that's a matter one does not dogmatise about. A man says he will never be married and there comes an instant imperative knock at the door. He swears a woman shall be his, and the front door slams on his hopes. He turns philosopher, and the painfully gathered philosophy runs out of his life like sand out of an hour-glass."

Maitland strolled over to the fire, lit a cigar, and tried to look sapient.

"I daresay you're wise; marriage is a queer game, as queer if you win as if you lose. You're best not taking a hand, and you're really the last person in the world who ought to marry."

"Yes," said Carrington, interrogatively. "Why?"

"Because you would never marry the right girl—the girl who would make you happy; and the girl you would want to marry you would make miserable. I've been married and I don't speak idly, and you remember Esther—as good a wife as any devil could hope to be blessed with—yet I know now, when I am quite candid with myself, what is the best that marriage means."

"And it means what—disillusion?"

"Disillusion. It means you gain a great deal, but you lose just as much. It means that you are happy at times, and at times you long for the old free days. It means school days again, with the holidays and the prizes; and you are lucky if the prizes and the holidays keep you from remembering the drudgery."

He got up and stretched himself like a well-warmed, well-fed cat, and was about



"BOWED TO AN IMAGINARY HOSTESS"

to subside into a vacant chair opposite Carrington, when the latter interposed.

"Try this chair," he said. "You'll find it more comfortable."

Maitland looked round the snug room—at the firelight, at the book-lined walls, and then at Carrington, with his dark hair, early streaked with grey.

"This sort of life, I suppose, just suits you. It's too bloodless for me; but then our temperaments differ. After all you have everything you want but the one thing you think you want. Take my advice, and let well alone."

As time went on and the little house in Cornwallis Place knew no mistress, it

seemed as though Carrington had laid his friend's advice to heart. He went out more into society; he gave little dinners, and entertained a select circle of friends. You might be sure of meeting at his table, not the latest lion, but people who had something to say, and could say it well, for the reason that they knew it well. On Sundays he went for long, lonely country walks and river trips, and time as it went on seemed to forget, to leave him untouched, so that he grew younger, not older. Meantime, a few little peculiarities about the house began to gain for it a curious reputation. No servants, in the first place, would stay there except the two Indian importations who had long been Carrington's steadfast bodyguard. Precisely why this was, no one realised; but it was understood to be not remotely connected with the manner in which household orders were issued, and with curious occurrences in occupied rooms. One general phrase, however, sufficed to cover such vague phenomena. Cornwallis Place was said to be haunted, and its master mad. Stories of this nature, once started, began to develop to an amusing extent. Faces were seen at windows, mysterious figures were said to enter with silent latch-keys. Everyone knew there was a sort of Blue-beard's Chamber in the house, into which not even the Indian servants dared penetrate; and the imperturbable Carrington was subjected to much chaff and questioning.

"I'll tell you what it is, you fellows," said Burgoyne, one night when a small party was dining in Cornwallis Place—Burgoyne had just gained a commission in the Lancers, and was inclined to be rowdy—"we'll have the ghost to dinner to-night. Raal, bring another chair."

The Indian looked inquiringly at his master, who leaned back, smiled, and nodded. With scarcely a moment's hesitation the chair was placed at the head of the table. Carrington sat upright in a second, and watched it fixedly. "The fact of the matter is," said Burgoyne, "this dog of a host of ours has been making fools of us."

"Shame!" came in chorus down the table.

"It is with diffidence I break the news to you which he has so long withheld, but all this time he has been deceiving us. Gentlemen, our worthy host is married, and his wife is kept immured here, that the world may not know her."

Renewed cries of "Shame!"

"Raal," Burgoyne called across the table, "will you tell your mistress we wait her pleasure?"

The native smiled gravely, and glanced at the empty chair.

"When a man does not introduce his wife to his friends," continued Burgoyne, now fairly launched on a speech, "there are only two possible explanations. He may be either ashamed of her—Gentlemen, I ask you to put that suggestion on one side, as casting a reflection on our host's taste—or he may be jealous of other eyes resting on her. Gentlemen, that is a reflection on us. So to-night, my friends, Mrs. Carrington will honour us. Maitland, the door."

Throughout all this little extravaganza Carrington never moved, but he was the first to rise to his feet as Maitland, falling into the spirit of the joke, flung open the door, and bowed to an imaginary hostess. Then with a laugh places were resumed. But that dinner-party was not as others at Cornwallis Place. A restraint was on the company; the talk was confined to better-ordered channels; a spirit of seriousness was in the air, and no Mrs. Carrington, had she been present, could have been offended at any topic or chance remark. And then a strange thing happened; the little farce at the beginning was almost forgotten, only the vacant chair stood as an empty reminder, when, suddenly, there was an instantaneous pause in the conversation; no one knew who started the movement, though each accused the other subsequently; but all the men with one accord and one impulse rose to their feet, and Carrington himself, stepping forward, opened the door for the imaginary exit. "It's as well to see a joke out," he said, as he took his seat again. "Raal, bring the other cigars."

This dinner-party was not forgotten, nor was the fantastic idea allowed to die



"TRY THIS CHAIR"

Mrs. Carrington had her place at many a succeeding ceremony, until the circumstance came to be looked upon as most commonplace and ordinary, and its omission would have excited more comment than its practice. Each everyday event had a period when it was a marvel, and the mythical Mrs. Carrington was speedily an every-day event, merely an outcome of Carrington's queer ideas; for it was soon forgotten that the original ceremony was started by the young lieutenant in the Lancers. But be this as it may, the idea soon became familiarised in other directions with all who went to Cornwallis Place. If Carrington was discovered sitting in the library, there was always the empty chair opposite, which no one thought of taking. At the theatre or opera it was long afterwards remarked by Maitland that, somehow or other, Carrington always had a vacant seat beside him, taken, as he once explained, "for someone who had not put in an appearance"; and when he went out for his river and other expeditions it never even occurred to anyone to volunteer to accompany him. His home was not a bachelor's home; his ways were not a bachelor's ways. The flowers about the place bore the touch of a woman's hand; a woman's influence was felt directly you entered the door; and Carrington was not an effeminate man. Always you expected to see someone with a shimmer of silk and diamonds come through one of the rooms, or to meet on the stairs some slight, lithe figure, or to see a portrait come to life; anything, indeed, which could bring a couple of mocking, dancing eyes to ask how in the world anyone should think it possible that Carrington could exist without a woman in his world.

"I wonder," began Maitland once, "are you such an enigma as we used to think you?"

"Everyone is an enigma," said Carrington sententiously.

"I know; but you seem to me merely a man who has shirked life and its responsibilities. You were made to worship something, and you worship—what? Nothing. You were born with a lot of queer ideals about women, and

about men, too, I daresay; consequently, for fear of getting black, you touch nothing, and never know the luxury of a thorough good wash. You would appreciate a good woman just because she was good, whereas I should appreciate her because I know what a very bad lot a vicious one could be. Of course, marriage is a risky game, but a man's a coward who doesn't dare risk damning himself, and you're not a coward; but if you can damn yourself and pull yourself out of hell first, that is the best time to get married; only don't make the woman try to pull you out; don't go near her until you're clear, or she'll presume on it afterwards. I shall expect to see your wife before the year's out."

Carrington stirred the fire thoughtfully. "It's all right as far as I am concerned. I've been in that hell. Once I thought I would like to know what was best worth having in life, and I found it was the most expensive thing they keep down there, for the devil brought me the bill to pay, I remember, before ever I looked at what I was buying; but I squared the account at the end of a few years, and then I just knew. There are a lot of women in that hell, and there's a lot of hell in a few years. Do you think I'll pass my marriage exam.?"

"You'll do," said Maitland; "I shall expect to see her before the year's out."

The year drew to a close, but the only event of any particular interest which it saw was Maitland's second marriage. He broke the news to Carrington one night, who sat himself down patiently to hear about the new divinity's virtues; but Maitland had little to say.

"It's no good, Anthony, I've tried; but life isn't worth a hang without a woman about you, and how the devil you stand it I don't know. It's not good for man to be alone; and though Eve wasn't a very convincing argument to the contrary, it certainly isn't good for this particular person. Because I made one mistake—O, I can see now that my marriage with Esther was a mistake. She never understood me, and I suppose I never took the trouble

to understand her. But that's done with——"

"That's done with," interposed Carrington softly.

"Because I made one mistake there's no reason why I should make another. Anthony, old fellow, I'm going to be

where at the back of me. I daresay you think me a brute, but is one to chuck up happiness for the sake of sentiment?"

Carrington held out his hand. "Leave the sentiment and go for the happiness. It's only fools who play with the one,



"IT'S BEEN A GOOD TIME, HASN'T IT?"

happy, and that's the only thing worth a rap."

"The only thing, and the only difficult thing."

"I'm talking Scripture to-night; but there's something about the dead past burying its dead running in my head. Well, there's a good old graveyard some-

and it's only the strong who know what the other may mean; and I am not going to call you a brute, because the biggest fool of all is he who lets the past bury its dead in front of him. I wish you joy."

And so Maitland took another wife, and found life well worth living. Car-

rington did not go to the wedding, but went for a long walk over the Surrey hills; and after dinner Raal, entering the library, saw him sitting opposite the empty chair smoking a cigarette, and carried word to the servants' quarters that the master seemed very pleased to-night, and that the gods must have smiled on him.

After this, the vagaries of the owner of the little house in Cornwallis Place ceased much to trouble society. Something newer arose to excite interest, and the questions as to whether he would or would not marry, whether he was or had been married, faded into the unimportance of all past events. His friends had a tendency to drift away from him; even Maitland, in his new married life, found little time to keep up an intimacy which it had always rested with him to keep up, for Carrington ran after no man, and never courted a friendship, least of all this one in particular. So it came about that except when his wife was away—for Maitland was a man who had no idea that either his wife or himself should be surfeited with each other's society—except at such times, the two friends rarely met; but then he invariably came round to talk over old times and expound his philosophy of life. The same order, the same ceremony, pervaded the place as in the days of the famous dinner-party, when the imaginary hostess was introduced. "Do you remember that night?" he asked, one evening before dinner. It was some three years subsequently.

Carrington did remember it very well.

"Burgoyne must have been a bit on—indeed, I think we must all have been a bit on. What a long time since it all seems; and the place still wants a mistress, though the odd thing about this place is, you know, that it does not look like a man's house, but I suppose that was what inspired him. Every room has an air about it—an air as though a woman had just walked through it. I always expect that door to open and someone to come in and apologise for being late, and, do you know, it would seem so much what I had been

expecting that I don't think I should be even surprised."

He was about to drop into a chair when Carrington's great boar-hound rose from under it and growled at him ominously. "It's odd how the Grand Duke always objects to my sitting in that chair. I remember he protested last time."

"Dogs have queer fancies," said Carrington. "I daresay they see things in their strange heads that we don't see; but come, we'll go to dinner."

"And we'll ask Mrs. Carrington to join us, just for the sake of old times."

Half mockingly Maitland took the lead and went down the staircase as though with his hostess on his arm. Turning half way down he looked over his shoulder at Carrington. "I say," he said gaily, "do you think my wife would see the humour of this?"

"Humour!" said Carrington. "Lord! I wonder do you see the humour of it?"

That was the last time they dined together. Long before opportunity arose for another of Maitland's periodic visits Carrington was taken seriously ill with a prevalent form of fever. A man of robust physique, to whom any form of illness was a thing almost unknown, the disease laid hold of him, ravaged him and brought him to death's door in a disastrously short space of time, leaving him, when the crisis was past, too shattered to rally, even with the strongest will in the world. A man of varied acquaintance, he had possessed but few friends, and this illness served to emphasize the fact. Told that the end was near, he asked to see no one, but lay contentedly awaiting an event which it had never occurred to him to fear. One man, and one only, hearing of his condition, came to see him before he died, and that was Maitland. He arrived but just in time. In the earlier stages of his illness, Carrington, wearying of his bedroom, had insisted upon having a bed made up on a great divan in the library; and here, in the room where he was accustomed to sit with him, Maitland found him now, conscious only at

fitful intervals, staring into vacancy, and with one transparent hand stretched out into a chair by the side of the extemporised bed. Maitland, about to seat himself here, was stopped by one of the Indian attendants, who had nursed their master with unremitting care. With a half laugh which seemed strangely out of keeping in the place, he remembered the old superstition, and, giving in to the whim, seated himself on the foot of the divan to wait for a moment of returning consciousness. It came, after a long interval, with a muttered word which riveted Maitland's wandering thoughts: "Esther."

Instantly Maitland's fancy flew back to the old days of his pride in his first wife, to the impalpable screen which, from the day of his marriage, had made her inner life a temple into which his ruder nature could not penetrate. Carrington stirred again, feebly lifted his hand from the chair, looked at it and closed it with a nervous tension. "Dear Esther," he said softly; "it's been a good time, hasn't it?"

Then for the first time he seemed to see the awe-struck Maitland, and the sight brought back a glimmer of his old self. "Hallo, Maitland! It was good of you to get away; I thought you were shooting. Isn't it strange! the humour of it: you and Esther. You said you saw the humour of it."

Maitland leaned forward and tried to speak, but had no words; he only saw Carrington take his hand from the chair and carry another forgotten but familiar hand to his lips, while a slight figure he had once known so well leaned forward from the chair to implant a long kiss on a face from which the light of life was passing. For one instant he took in the picture—Esther—with one hand resting on the boar-hound's neck, with the other in Carrington's, the while she bent over him with a look in her eyes of supreme happiness which had never been his prerogative. Then he rose and walked in dazed fashion from the room, away from a scene where his presence seemed not merely irrelevant, but a wanton desecration.

IN FEBRUARY

THE ice-floes crash and grind upon the tide,

A keen North wind strikes with the chill of steel—

The city, with pale lamps—in mute appeal—

Sits silent, yellow-eyed!

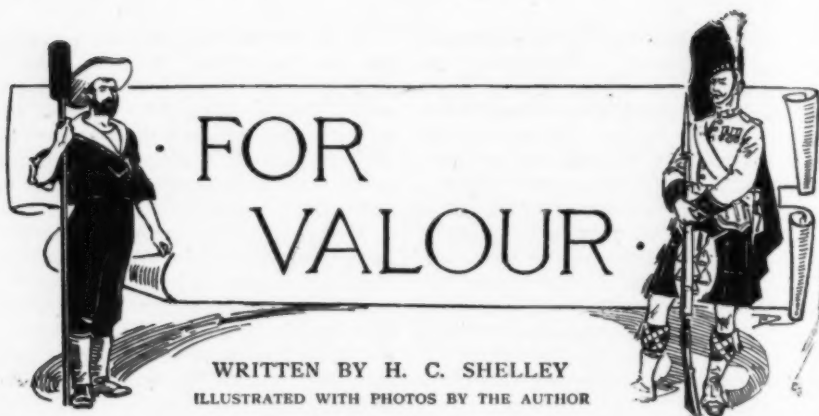
What time is this, dear heart, of love to sing?

Yet shall a white rose for thy feast be found,

One rose—that, spite of Winter iron-bound—

Lives for thee till the Spring.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.



NEARLY thirty years ago Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton conceived the idea of making a collection of war medals "to prevent the entire disappearance of honourable decorations



COLONEL THE HON. H. F. EATON
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

granted for good service, which might occur through death of owner, accidental loss, or sale." The idea grew with what it fed upon, and eventually embraced a design to gather together such an array as would illustrate the war medals of Great Britain from 1650 to our own times.

That no meagre harvest has attended Colonel Eaton's assiduous labours may be inferred from the magnificent collection which he has loaned temporarily to the museum of the Royal United Service Institution at Whitehall. It may be that there are one or two other col-

lections as large, that the series is not wholly complete, that the friendly rivals of Colonel Eaton can boast a little over the possession of unique specimens not to be found in his cases; but there is probably no collection in existence which covers so wide a range or is so thoroughly representative of British heroism. And as with the medals so with their owner. Colonel Eaton has a profound knowledge of his subject; he talks with ease and interest on naval and military engagements alike; he handles a multiplicity of bewildering dates and names with unflinching precision; he relates, with a soldier's en-



SPANISH ARMADA MEDAL

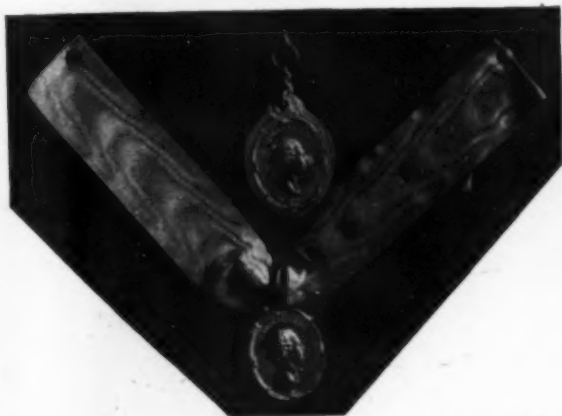
thusiasm, the valiant deeds, whether of private or officer, which won the decorations now in his hands.



MEDAL FOR DUNBAR

The oldest medal of the collection undoubtedly has some connection with

an engraver named Simon, who had been instructed by the Parliament to journey to Scotland and secure an accurate drawing of the "effigies" of the Lord General for the medal which was to perpetuate the issue of that grim struggle. Cromwell was surprised to receive such a visitor; thought he had come "a great journey about a business importing so little"; suggested that one side of the medal should bear a picture of the Parliament and the other that of an army, with the motto "The Lord of Hosts" above it; and, in any case, begged as a favour that he might be



CULLODEN MEDALS

the stirring days of the Spanish Armada, but just what connection it would be rash to say. It is known that Elizabeth caused a medal to be struck to commemorate the overthrow of the Spanish forces, but the decoration appears to have been imitated in many forms. What is certain of the specimen reproduced is that it is not a modern imitation, for it is figured in a book on medals which has itself attained a venerable age. The reverse is adorned with a tree on an island, and the truly British motto of "Dangers themselves cannot affect."

It is an easier matter to relate the fortunes of the Dunbar medal. Four months after the rout of the Scottish army, in September, 1650, Oliver Cromwell was waited upon at Edinburgh by



DAVISON'S NILE MEDAL

spared "having my effigies in it." No doubt the Parliament thought their



BOULTON'S TRAFALGAR MEDAL

Lord General too modest; they took his hint for the reverse, but carried out their own idea for the obverse,



MEDAL STRUCK FOR INDIAN CHIEFS

merely adding the words which had been the battle-cry of Dunbar. One other reminiscence of Scottish warfare may be noted ere passing to the wider field of foreign conflict. The medal of Culloden recalls the final efforts of the Stuarts to regain the English crown; and the obverse, with its bust of the Duke of Cumberland, connects it with a



NEW ZEALAND VICTORIA CROSS

memory which lingers resentfully in many a Jacobite song. The medal was struck in gold and silver, the former—of which some fifty were distributed—being shown attached to the ribbon in the photograph. The silver replica was never issued.

Both the medals commemorating the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar owe their existence to private patriotism and generosity. In those days the British Government had not yet realised even the utilitarian value of bestowing such rewards for the gallantry of its soldiers



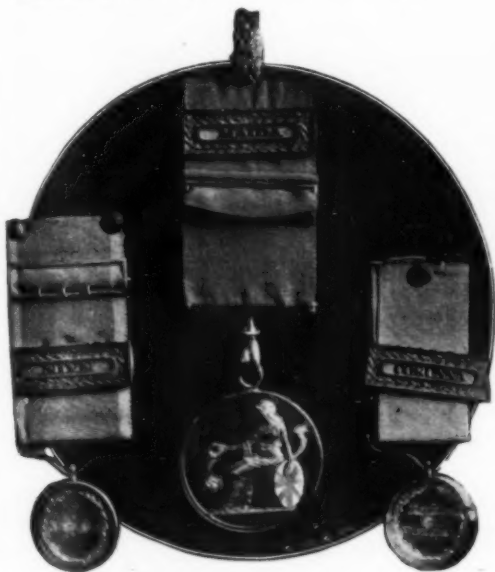
D.B. STAR

and sailors; that was a lesson that Waterloo was to teach. But the valour which won those sea-fights of deathless memory did not fail of recognition. The medal which celebrates the victory of the Nile was the gift of Mr. Davison, Lord Nelson's agent. On the reverse, illustrated in the photograph, is a picture of the British Fleet sailing into Aboukir Bay; on the obverse a bust of Nelson, with the words, "Europe's Hope and Britain's Glory." Nelson's bust figures again in the Trafalgar medal, while the opposite side bears the historic signal of

that day. It was provided by the liberality of Mr. Boulton, whose application to the Government for permission to strike it was immediately granted. One was given to every sailor who bore arms that day on board the British Fleet, and a copy in gold was presented to Nelson's family.

Among the medals difficult to classify is that presented to Sergeant John Harris, of the Royal African Corps. It had its origin in the days of George III., whose bust it bears, and appears to have been intended primarily as a decoration for

colonists and the home authorities when the cross was first issued, but peace soon prevailed and the decoration is still



PENINSULAR MEDALS

Indian chiefs who had rendered service to the British Government. This particular specimen, however, was won on the West Coast of Africa, where Sergeant Harris, in command of a gunboat with one gun and eleven men, captured a Spanish brig of eighteen guns.

Not many people are aware that New Zealand has a Victoria Cross of its own, and even Colonel Eaton has never seen one worn. But the order has existed since 1869, and its articles correspond to a large extent with those of its more famous namesake. There appears to have been a little friction between the



PENINSULA GOLD CROSS

to be won. Only about a score of men possess it, the last having been given in 1883. Like the more celebrated V.C., it carries with it a pension of £10 a year for life. Somewhat similar in form is the C.B. star bestowed upon military Companions of the Order of the Bath.



GENERAL GORDON'S MEDAL

Some of the most valuable medals in Colonel Eaton's collection owe their existence to the "glorious frequency of

a gold cross bearing the names of the actions in which he had taken part.

We shall never know all the facts connected with General Gordon's medal. The material is only common lead, but



TURKISH GOLD MEDAL FOR 1801

victories in the Peninsula" during the years 1808-9. At first two gold medals of different sizes were instituted, the larger being reserved for general officers and the smaller for field officers. But heroes were plentiful and medals became inconveniently numerous. As a way

out of this unusual difficulty it was ordered that when any officer asserted himself in bravery for the fourth time his medals were to be exchanged for

probably the faithful followers in Khartoum for whom he had it struck valued it none the less on that account. The specimen in Colonel Eaton's collection was given him by a brother officer, who in turn received it from a native of the city in which Gordon met his tragic fate.

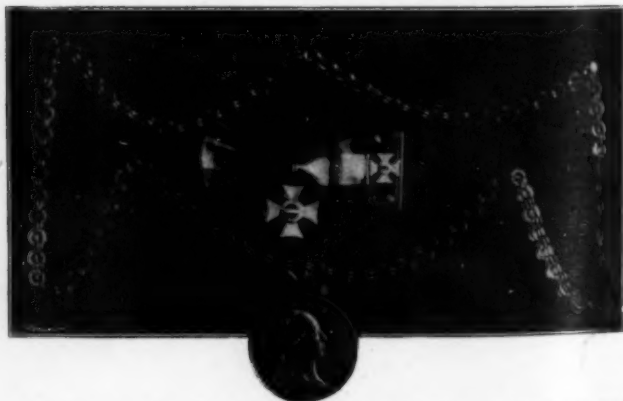
It is pleasant to know that British pluck has its admirers in foreign lands, a fact which is convincingly illustrated by the medals which have been bestowed on our soldiers and sailors by foreign



MEDAL WORN BY ONE OF THE MEN WHO BURIED SIR JOHN MOORE



THE WAR MEDAL



MEDAL AND CHAIN OF VILLIERS-EN-COUCHE AND ORDER OF MARIA THERESA

Powers. Let two illustrations suffice. The first may be seen in the reproductions of the Sultan of Turkey's gold medal for the Egyptian war of 1801. This was issued in three different sizes, but in each case the metal used was gold. The other example of foreign



RECORD ARRAY OF CLASPS

decoration introduces us to the most valuable medal in the collection, the gold medal and chain of Villiers-en-Couché, and the Order of Maria Theresa, given by the Emperor of Germany to eight British officers. It was only as an after-thought that the latter Order came to be bestowed, the Emperor being at first under the impression that it could not be conferred on foreigners. The medal itself is unique, being restricted to the eight British officers.

Special interest attaches to the accompanying specimen of the war medal, commonly known as the "Peninsula



MEDALS OF THREE BROTHERS

Medal." It will be found that the ribbon is hidden with crape, its owner, Quartermaster Charles Weston, having attended the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. A short time afterwards Weston himself died, and his medal remains to-day exactly as he wore it when he followed his chief to his grave. Another medal recalling memories of a historic funeral is that which belonged to Private J. McLean, one of the men who took part in the burial of Sir John Moore.

Several medal collectors have wept



HERO OF FIFTY-TWO FIGHTS



MEDALS AND ORDERS OF LIEUT.-GENERAL
SIR C. F. SMITH

tears of sorrow over the fifteen clasps which adorn the decoration of Private James Talbot. They thought they had done well to secure specimens with thirteen clasps, but here is one which



MEDALS OF SERGEANT JAMES MUNRO

goes two better than their ambitions had ever reached. It is a record for the British Army. And then there are the medals of the three brothers Hardy, all of whom served in the 7th Foot. One brother claims fourteen clasps for his share, and the other two thirteen apiece. Corporal John Wilson, too, appears to have annexed more than his fair portion of honours; but when it is remembered that he took part in fifty-two engagements, no one will grudge him the eighteen clasps—six to each medal—which were given him by the officers of his regiment.



MEDALS OF SERGEANT-MAJOR CULLEN

Colonel Eaton can show many interesting groups of medals belonging to individual men. Those of Lieutenant-General Sir C. F. Smith include the Cross of St. Fernando of Spain, a K.C.B., and the Sultan's gold medal for Acre. The latter medal was given in bronze to the sailors and marines of the squadron commanded by Sir Robert Stopford; but the recipients were not greatly impressed with the honour. Many protested that they did not intend wearing "the Sultan's farthing," and in the end the medal descended to the base uses of a canteen token!

Crazy Madge

WRITTEN BY EDWIN PUGH. ILLUSTRATED BY G. GRENVILLE MANTON

I.

A MAIDEN sat in a field of wheat making a garland of wildflowers. It was the fall of the day, and the sun was nearly done with its long business of setting. Gaunt fingers of shadow pointed toward the glaring harvest moon across the sleek hills. The maiden sang as she played with the flowers. Her black hair stole a tint of burnished red from the western sky; the moon blanched white her wistful, elfin face. Her dress was coarse and disordered: one thin, sharp shoulder shone white through the meshes of her locks. She shivered at the cold kiss of the insidious night, and her voice drooped to silence. She rose and looked around vacantly. The unfinished garland slipped through her slack fingers and lay forlornly in the harsh stubble.

A sudden gust stirred the long corn, and borne on the breath of the wind came a far-off whinnying. The maiden looked, and saw advancing toward her over the precious harvest a milk-white horse. It approached slowly, dragging its tired feet through the rippling wheat. It carried an empty saddle; a long, scarlet cloak trailed over its flanks. "Deary, deary!" cried the maiden. "What havoc in the crop!"

She ran down a path to meet the horse. It stopped at the sight of her in motion and half turned, as if afraid. She kept on, and still it stood in that attitude of indecision, looking at her. She came up quite close to it, and then it began to make away from her at a half walk, half trot. She clapped her hands, but the horse went on at the same pace as before. And now, with the critical-eye of a rustic, she began to admire its noble proportions. It was no drudging beast from a farm, but a fine blood-mare with flowing, silken mane and tail. The maiden fol-

lowed it across the field, drawn on by curiosity. A certain dread grew in her as she realised the significance of the empty saddle and trailing cloak. A gap in the hedge was reached, and the horse jumped wearily through. It stood in the next field looking back at her, and she quickened her pace. She was within a yard of its streaming tail when it began to shamle off again. Across three fields it led her on, and then suddenly it stopped in the shadow of an oak.

It stood nosing a black figure on the ground, and when the maiden came up she found a man lying prostrate. He was unconscious. His head rolled restlessly from side to side, and he was raving in delirium. About his brows a bloody cloth was bound, and the red of blood stained his lace ruffles at neck and wrist. He lay upon his broad back, with his young, white face upturned. The maiden knelt on the damp earth and gazed with compassion into his agonised eyes. She shed tears at the sight of him, so strong and so helpless. The warm drops fell upon his cheek and glittered there.

She got up from her knees, and taking his hat, which lay upon the ground beside him, went to a brook close by for water. She laved his face and hands and wiped his dry lips. He strove to emerge from the mist which clogged his senses, and muttered a woman's name which was not hers. Then he began to sing—hoarsely, brokenly:

"'It's a gay, gay world!' sang the bold bravo,
'It's a gay, gay world!' sang he;
But the maiden sighed at the Martintide:
'It's a sorry, sorry world for me!'"

Pass the wine, dog! Health to her!—to HER!" He laughed. "S-sh! Hark!" And he listened.

There was a ruined, forsaken barn not fifty yards away, and the maiden gazed

toward it, reflecting; for it was cold on the grass, and misty outposts of night were creeping up from the east. She raised the wounded man in her arms, and carried him painfully toward the barn. The horse followed with meek, drooping head. It was a heavy burden for so frail a maiden, but she struggled on bravely, and presently had him safely housed within the riddled walls. With some old sacks she made a bed on the broken floor. The horse stood without, contentedly cropping the grass. She fetched the trailing red cloak and spread it tenderly over the wounded man. Then she sat down, cross-legged, beside him, and watched whilst the full darkness came down.

II.

THE maiden was nicknamed Crazy Madge, and she was very mad, for she lived aimlessly. Whilst others strove in the shadow of a morrow unprovided for, she culled the flowers of to-day and wore them on her heart. Her madness had surprised the secret of happiness which sanity pursues vainly. Her unconscious philosophy might have expressed itself thus: To-day is for those who live in the present, and to-day is the longest day; to-morrow is for those who live in the future, and to-morrow never comes. Crazy Madge was a creature of instinct. She had grown up in a small village under the eye of a widowed mother, and she knew nothing of a life beyond the limits of her experience. But as she sat beside the wounded man in the forsaken barn, something new was born in her. Her heart thrilled with a proud consciousness. She had found her man.

He was sleeping now. She had removed his bandages, and washed the horrid wound disfiguring his brow. The moon was high in the sky, and still she sat there watching him. If she thought vaguely of fetching skilled aid, her jealousy crushed down the thought. She could share her ministrations with no one. He was her man, hers only!

Night passed and the day opened like a pale flower. She felt no weariness

nor cold, despite her long, lonely vigil. She watched the rose-light of the morning mounting on the old stained wall, and her heart sang in her breast like a joyous bird. The wounded man stirred in his sleep. She put out her hand and touched him. He opened his eyes and looked at her. His delirium had passed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Madge," she answered.

"And who is Madge?"

She touched her breast.

He smiled, and then a look of fear killed his smile. He rose slowly on his elbow.

"Lie still," she said. "I—I will take care of you."

"You will not give me up?"

"I will never give you up!" she said, fervently.

"Where is my mare?"

"She is sleeping on the grass outside."

He breathed a sigh of relief.

"How came I here?"

"I found you lying under a tree, out there," pointing toward the sun. "Your dear horse led me to you. And I carried you into this barn."

His eyes grew wide with astonishment.

"You carried me!" he cried. "How could you carry me? Someone helped you?"

"No," she said, "I did it alone. I was so sorry for you."

"Does anyone else know I am here?"

She shook her head.

"Tell me all that has happened since you found me."

She told him. He listened in silence, and when she had done speaking he smiled again, for he had found out already that she was Crazy Madge.

"No one must know that I am here," he said. Then, struck by a sudden thought, he added, "My mare will be seen."

"O!" cried Madge.

"There is room in here for her too. I will go and bring her in."

"No, I will go," said Madge.

She hastened to lead in the mare. She found that in her absence the stranger had risen to his feet. He was leaning against the wall with his hand to his head.

"Help me to lie down again, sweet Madge," he whispered. He swayed toward her and she caught him in her arms. Very tenderly she laid him down upon the ground and spread the cloak over him. He closed his eyes in a half swoon. She hung over him pityingly, and kissed him on the lips. Greatly startled, he opened his eyes. He smiled at her. She met his gaze boldly, innocently, and smiled in answer. "Give me your hand,

said. "Does that make you afraid of me, Madge?"

"Why should it make me afraid of you?"

"Do you know what a highwayman is?"

"I have heard, but I forget," she answered. "It is so easy to forget."

"A highwayman is reckoned a very wicked fellow, my Madge."

"And you are a highwayman?" she laughed.



"THE MAIDEN KNELT ON THE DAMP EARTH"

my little sweet Madge," he said. And she gave him her hand in full trustfulness.

III.

FOR three days the wounded man lay beside his horse in the old barn, and a widowed mother mourned for a daughter she thought dead. The barn had an evil reputation as the haunt of godless spirits, and its queer trio of occupants stayed hidden there, snug and unmolested. On the third day the wounded man revealed his identity to Crazy Madge.

"My name is Robbie Debarre, and I am what is called a highwayman," he

said. "A highwayman lives by robbery and violence."

Madge stared at him with vacant eyes. "But you are good," she breathed.

And he laughed, and left her firm in that fond belief.

"But, Madge," he said; "what will happen to you when I go away? Have you a home and kin?"

"I shall go with you," she said, smiling.

He gave her a quick, keen glance, and was silent.

"I shall go with you everywhere," she said.

He pursed his lips, and his brow was dark with trouble.

"I have been told," said she, "that there are wonderful places beyond the hills. I should like to see them with you. And it will be so far away, no one can get at you to do you harm."

"No," he said, absently.

"It will be sweet," said she. "Yesterday, as I walked back from the town, I was thinking——"

"You saw no one who knows you, Madge? You are sure?"

"O, yes," she said; "no one knows me in that town. I do not live there."

"No one followed you?"

"I looked to see."

"They asked no questions at the shop where you bought our food? You did not gossip?"

"No. You said I must not talk, and I did not."

"That was right," he said.

She prattled on in her crazy fashion, and he sat listening moodily to the sound of her voice. He had intended leaving her that night; but now, though he held to his intention still, he was sick with self-reproach. Her irresponsibility angered him. He realised with a pang that into his hands was committed the conduct of a life outside his own, and the awful nature of his charge mastered his soul with fear. He was afraid to carry forward the burden of his strange trust; he dared not to lay it down. And she sat smiling at him foolishly, and he sat cursing her and pitying her and fearing her.

The day merged slowly into night. Debarre groomed his horse and loaded his pistols. Now he was again resolved to leave the barn and Crazy Madge that night, yet he could not bring himself to the act. The hours were passing and still he lingered. Madge sat watching him with the face of a happy child.

He went to the door of the barn and looked out. The night-sky frowned upon him, and the wind was hoarse with threatening. He slowly drew his mare after him by the bridle. Madge got up from the floor and walked beside the mare.

"Go back!" he said harshly.

"Where are you going?" she asked. He could not see the timid doubt of him

that shone in her eyes, but he caught the quaver of her voice, and the vague anger that he felt against her swelled and beat in his throat.

"Go back!" he said again.

"Where are you going, Robbie?" she cried, and her voice was quick with fierce alarm. She put her hand upon his sleeve. He shook her off.

"Robbie! Robbie!" she screamed, clinging to him again. "You would not go away and leave me, Robbie?"

He could have cursed her, but his voice was strangled in his throat. He led the mare forward swiftly, and tried to vault into the saddle, but the arms of Madge were round him.

"Robbie! . . . O, my deary! . . . Let me come too, Robbie!"

He shook her off, and swung himself into the saddle. His heavy boot struck her face, but she clung to him still, and he saw a dark stain on her white cheek where his spur had cut the flesh.

"Robbie!"

Her hands clutched desperately at the pommel of his saddle. She had lost her foothold, but she clung to him still. Slowly, as the horse gathered speed, she swung over until her face was turned upward.

"Robbie!"

She tried to reach his hand to clasp it, and in the attempted act she lost her grip and fell. He looked back once, then bent his face close over the horse's neck, and was off at a hard gallop across the loose soil.

The wind roared hoarsely after him.

IV.

FOR awhile Madge lay prone. The prying wind ran riot over her, tossing her hair with a boisterous hand, lifting her torn, bedraggled skirts, flouting her and buffeting her. The darkness of the sky was broken up, and a kindly moon shone down. She came to life again in a land of rigid shadow. The country lay about her, stark and wan. She got up painfully, and looked around with dazed senses. Then the knowledge of her loss came home to her, and she shrieked aloud.

"Gone . . . gone!" she wailed, and her voice rang shrill to the ends of the dead world.

She looked in the direction he had taken, and she listened for the sound of his horse's hoofs. There was only empty silence, and it smote her with despair.

doors to stare at her. They rubbed shoulders and pointed and laughed. Some tried to stop her, but she beat them off with fierce words, and they fell back. As she went she repeated to herself her lover's name, "Robbie! Robbie!" and soon it seemed that all



"HE WAS OFF AT A HARD GALLOP"

"Robbie! Robbie!" she cried, and ran weeping up the path of the moon.

All night she walked or ran, and the dawn met her, haggard-eyed, still in quest of her lover. The sun came up and mocked her. Wearily she pressed forward; she passed through a village, and the people came to their cottage-

Nature echoed her voice and was crying after him. About noon she fell fainting for lack of food in the dust of the high road, and when she recovered sense she was in a little, dim-lit cottage, with an old man bending over her. The old man gave her meat and drink and kind words, but he asked questions, too

and Madge was frightened. She feared the old man, and seizing a propitious moment, escaped suddenly through the open door of the cottage and fled away up the road. She looked back once when she had gone a great way, and the old man was standing with his withered hand arched over his eyes staring after her.

On and on between the prim green hedges Madge held her dogged way. Toward evening she came to a little lane of trees, and then, at last, she sat down to rest. "I must think," she said. She passed her hand across her brow, but no thoughts came. The birds were twittering drowsily in the trees and some bells were ringing out her lover's name across the countryside.

"He will hear the bells and come back," she said, and she waited there for him until she fell asleep.

In the morning she was aroused by the singing of birds. Her body ached and her brain throbbed wildly. The country seemed to toss and shiver, under her gaze, like a stormy sea. She had been dreaming, but now her dreams seemed more probable than this reality of numbing pain and sick giddiness. She went slowly down the side of a great hill and entered a small town. The stones of the streets were stained faintly crimson by the early sun. The people stared at her, but she was used to that, and heeded them not. She kept on her way, and was presently out in the open country again.

The hedges were heavy with nuts and berries, and she ate of them as she went along. The pain of her body abated, and her heart gained strength as the day waxed.

"I will find him," sang her thought. "My man Robbie!"

Through the long, dusty hours of the afternoon she held on her way. Hills rose and fell before her; forests opened out and closed; landmarks that were small in the distance grew big and then small again. It was dusk when she entered a great town, the streets of which were filled with heavy shadow. Out of the shadow, grim hungry faces stared at her and jeered. Children plucked at

her gown and ran screaming across her path. The women looked into her eyes with scorn. She wandered into a barren market-place and sat down beside a well. She sat there, whilst the darkness gathered, empty of all sensation save weariness. Many came to the well, drew water, and departed. Still she sat there, listlessly.

An uproar arose and she saw a great crowd descending the hill toward her. Torches flared in the crowd and the smoke of them rolled up across the sky. She started to her feet and stood gazing. The crowd approached swiftly, and before she could run she was in the heart of it. She was rudely pushed and jostled. The noise and confusion stunned her. Over the shoulders of the people she could see the top of a coach and nodding horses' heads.

"What is it?" she asked, clutching a gaunt arm.

"It's Robbie Debarre," someone answered.

"Robbie!" she whispered, and the heart within her leaped for joy.

"Robbie the rumpad! They are bringing him home to gaol."

She fought her way shrieking to the very wheels of the coach, and through the murky glass of the window she caught a glimpse of her lover. He sat in a tangle of shining irons, talking and laughing with two iron-faced men.

"Robbie!" she cried.

The laughter died from his face at the sound of her cry. He half started from his seat, and one of the iron-faces started, too.

"Robbie!" Madge cried again.

Then he saw her. She stretched out her arms to him and fell fainting in the crowd.

V.

A LONELY old spinster, creeping painfully out of her door to look after the howling crowd, found Madge lying in the roadway. Near by stood some men in idle helplessness.

"Bring her into my cottage," said the old spinster. And Crazy Madge was carried in and laid upon a bed and tended and restored to life. But it was



delirious life that flamed in her eyes and fired her limbs with restless energy. All night she lay tossing in feverish pain, and at the dawn a doctor was summoned. He bled her, prescribed rest, and departed with an air of benediction. Madge lay moaning and raving on the bed. For many days she lay there, pouring out her heart in a shrill torrent of words, and the lonely old spinster sat beside her, watching and listening. It was red autumn when Crazy Madge recovered full consciousness. Life burst upon her once more on a tempestuous, storm-riven night. She awoke and saw the old spinster.

"Better, dearie?"

"Where is he, my man Robbie?" whispered Madge.

"You must not trouble your poor heart."

"Where is he?"

"You shall see him when you are well again."

"ROBBIE! MY MAN ROBBIE!"

"What have those iron-faces done to him?"

"They have not harmed him."

"You would not lie to me?"

The old spinster shook with dread as

she renounced all hope of Heaven, and answered, "No."

"But where is he?"

"He is far away."

"Will he let me go to him?"

"He cannot escape you if you will wait. You must get well, and then I will tell you how to find him."

"I cannot wait," said Madge, as hereyes roved round the room. She struggled to rise, but the effort exhausted her, and she fell back gasping.

"Why, dear, you must have patience," said the old spinster.

"It is so hard to wait," sobbed Madge.

But she waited ten days. The old spinster told her that she must eat to get well, and Madge ate ravenously, though all food was abhorrent to her. Whenever the old spinster was not looking, Madge tested her slowly returning strength. At the end of a week she could walk across the room, and then it only remained for her to make her escape. She knew that the old spinster wanted to hinder her from joining Robbie, and for that she hated the old spinster.

One night, very late, the old spinster had gone out to cut a turnip for their supper. Whilst she was gone Madge ran out of the cottage, laughing in triumph, and betook herself up the road toward the twinkling town. A man lurched past her in the gloom and Madge accosted him.

"Have you seen Robbie?" she asked.

He leered at her. "Robbie? D'ye mean Robbie Debarre? He as stole from the rich to give to the poor, Heaven bless his soul!"

"Where is he?" cried Madge. "He is my man."

The fellow laughed aloud and gripped her shoulder. "See yon hill?" he cried, pointing toward a creeping eminence.

"It has a white cross upon it."

"It is no white cross, but two roads meeting. Where they meet you will find your man. But hasten! for there are other birds who love him now."

She needed no speeding on her way. She ran onward, crying out her lover's name. But the hill seemed to recede from her, and her strength began to fail. She wept despairingly and wrung her hands, standing there in the lonely country with only the cold stars above her and the darkness around. O, it was a bitter night, and cruel was the tongue of the wind across the world! She said "Robbie!" quietly, as if his name made a prayer, and pushed on once more.

She came to the foot of the hill and began to mount it slowly. The moon was shining on the mist in the valley below, and the myriad yellow eyes of the sleeping town twinkled up at her. She came to the top of the hill where the two roads met, and she called aloud to her lover.

"Robbie! my man Robbie!"

Something creaked above her head, and she turned and saw a hideous black thing outlined darkly against the deep sky. A dangling horror swung between earth and heaven, twisting in the wind. It had for her an attraction of repulsion. She moved toward it slowly. It leaped and lunged at her. She saw now that it bore resemblance to a human form. Closer she crept.

Suddenly her voice rang out to the watching stars. She fell at the foot of the gibbet and lay there motionless.

BEFORE that blessed Baby came,
Master Gentleman was his name.
Of course we planned his future life,
His school, his business, and his wife
(And how he'd learn to cut and drive).
But when the atom did arrive—
A Baby fit for Queens to kiss—
Master Gentleman was a Miss!

G. E. M.

A School of Physical Culture

WRITTEN BY GEORGE BELLINGHAM. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

BODILY perfection has been the desire and admiration of all the ages. Greek poets sang the glories of athletes, and the Romans crowned them with laurels.

In mediæval times a squire had to prove his prowess either upon the battlefield or in the tilting ring before he was awarded the spurs and dignity of knighthood, and even now that sheer strength is no longer a sufficient means wherewith to gain a livelihood as it was when contending nations paid highly for the services of broad-swords man or archer, a physically perfect man, with well-trained muscles and clean-set limbs, has a distinct place of honour amongst his fellows. That the training of the muscles of the body has a beneficial effect upon health has always been recognised, and

so long ago as the sixteenth century, Hieronimus Mercurialis, in a book written upon the subject and dedicated to the Emperor Maximilian, dilated upon the value of exercise as essential to the well-being of the body.

National sports certainly come within the meaning of physical culture, and in

countries where they are as numerous and as enthusiastically followed as in England the general standard of physical strength is high. But no game will give the body general perfection of form and

power, and these can only be obtained by systematic exercise. Systematic exercise, however, will not bring about the desired result unless it is of the proper kind, and much more harm than good may be done by untutored attempts to develop muscle, especially by the use of heavy dumbbells.

There is no better authority on the subject of physical training than Mr. Sandow, who has gained his enormous powers by the simplest forms of exercise and by methods entirely his own. He advocates the use of the lightest dumbbells, and at his



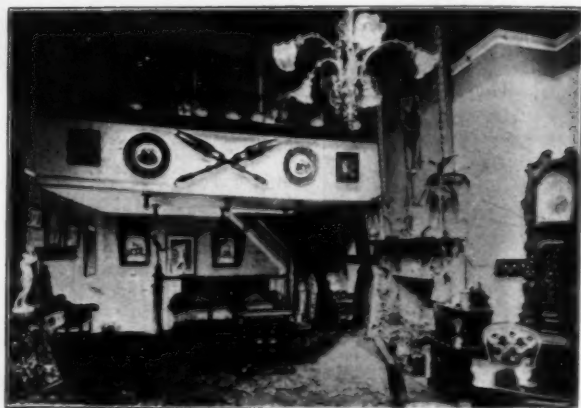
ENTRANCE FROM ST. JAMES'S STREET

newly-established School of Physical Culture in St. James's Street, that was once famous as the School of Angelo, the fencing master, the average weight of those mostly used is not more than two pounds. It is scarcely possible to believe that the human body is capable of great muscular development unless it



RECEPTION ROOM

is already possessed of natural strength until one has seen the result of a month's regular tuition under the Sandow system. Stooping shoulders become straight, flabby muscles grow hard upon the arms and legs and prominent upon the chest, the frame becomes closely-knit, and there



RECEPTION ROOM

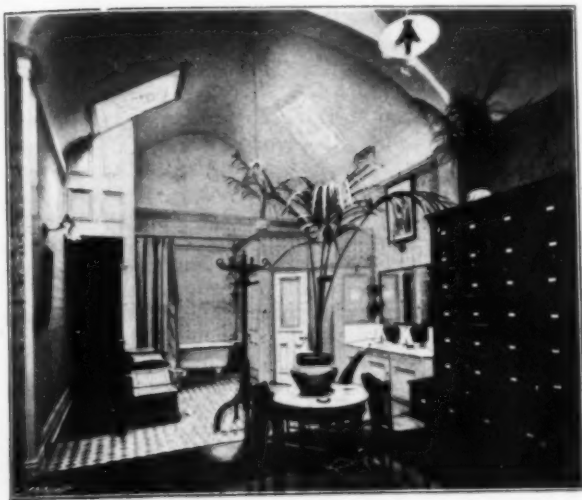


SANDOW'S CONSULTING ROOM

comes a springiness and lightness to the gait which speaks of strength and health.

The whole course of tuition takes place in a long and narrow underground room brilliantly lighted by electricity, its walls glittering with row upon row of steel dumb-bells, silver-plated. A band of instructors, whose fine

chests and massive arms are the result of Mr. Sandow's training, are busily engaged all day long in teaching a large number of pupils the various forms taken by this system—a system which has been adopted in the gymnasiums of the Army. At first the pupil is taught the proper use of the dumb-bells, to raise the weights in such a manner that each particular muscle of the arm is brought into play, the body meanwhile being held



DRESSING ROOM

perfectly erect. Every movement is gone through so many times, the instructor counting and giving directions, but before fatigue can set in the form of exercise is changed. A strip of red carpet is unrolled upon the parquet floor, and lying flat upon his back the pupil has to rise to a sitting posture and touch his toes with the tips of his fingers without bending his body. This does not seem a difficult feat until it is tried; but it is by no means easy of proper accomplishment until the muscles have become supple. This exercise strengthens the back, the number of times being gradually increased until the pupil can touch his toes twenty times without effort.

The next exercise develops and strengthens the muscles of the stomach. Here the pupil also stretches out his whole length upon the floor, face downwards, resting the weight of his body entirely upon his outstretched hands and

the tips of his toes. Then he has to raise himself by straightening out his arms to their fullest extent, his body meanwhile being kept straight and stiff, and lower himself until his chin touches the floor, the elbows outwards. Head and body must be kept in one line, the effort of raising and lowering being solely accomplished by the hands and arms. For a beginner this exercise presents even more difficulties than its predecessor, but it is marvellous with what rapidity the necessary

strength to support the dead weight of the body upon the hands is gained. Having gone through these exercises the required number of times, the pupil is next taken to one of the exercisers that are fixed at intervals all round the walls, and which are widely known as the Sandow-Whiteley exerciser. Consisting of two stout pieces of elastic fixed to the woodwork with two hooks, these exercisers bring every muscle of the body



GYMNASIUM



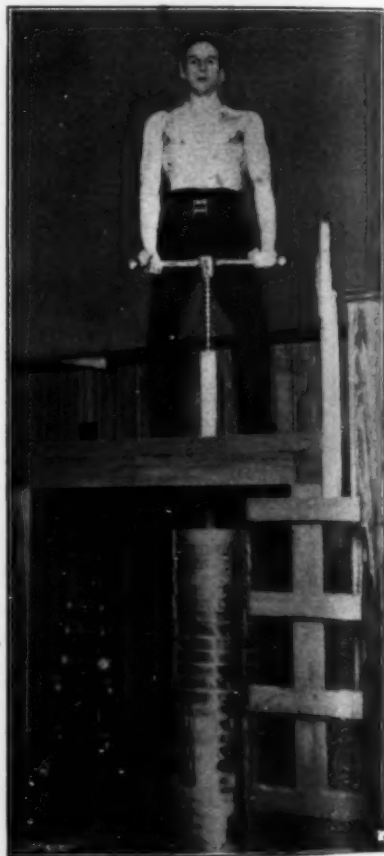
ROMAN PILLAR

forms are numerous, but every one is calculated to develop some particular part of the body; and one of the surest means of strengthening the legs is to stand at a given distance, and holding the two handles of the exerciser in one hand, draw both cords down without bending the arm until the handles are on a level with the thigh. The resistance of the body to the elastic is much greater than might be expected from a cursory examination of this clever invention, and a pupil is well advanced before he can accomplish this last movement to his instructor's satisfaction.

into play. Attached to each end of the elastic are handles, one of which the pupil holds in either hand. Standing some little distance away, he goes through a variety of exercises, the strain upon the elastic giving the necessary weight for the raising of the muscles. First he faces the wall, extending the arms, kept as rigid as possible, backwards and forwards,

afterwards repeating the same motions with his back to the exerciser. The

Such is the general course of tuition gone through by pupils of average strength. The course lasts as long as may be desired, but many become so enthusiastic as they find their physical strength increasing that they undertake forms of exercise that lead to a development of muscle belonging to the extraordinary. For such as these there are the Roman Pillar and a massive weight-lifting machine at one end of the school. The Roman Pillar is a tall column of iron with chains attached on either side, from which hang two padded circlets of leather. Mounting the pillar the pupil fits these circlets of leather close to his knees, and his feet resting beneath



TESTING POWERS OF WEIGHT LIFTING

a cross-piece, he lowers himself backwards until he hangs head downwards. Keeping his legs stiff, and his feet firmly braced beneath the cross-piece, he must now raise himself up solely by the action of his muscles, the body straight. This feat requires more than an average amount of strength, and after being practised for some little time results in an increased development of the muscles of the stomach, chest and back. When he can rise perfectly stiffly, without any side-movements or grasping at the chains that support his legs, a heavy bar dumb-bell is placed in his hands as he hangs head downwards, and by dint of much practice he is taught to rise with this added weight as easily as without. Naturally, the dumb-bell is light in the first instance, but its poundage is gradually increased.

The weight-lifting apparatus consists of a strong frame, from the top of which projects a cross handle. Beneath the frame are a pile of heavy metal discs with a movable bar running between them. The pupil stands upon the top of the frame, the number of discs that he raises by means of the handle, which he grasps in both hands, being arranged by the bar. In this case, too, as in all the exercises in the school, it is a question of hastening slowly; each disc weighs so many pounds, and beginning with only one or two, he gradually proceeds until he can lift as many as his greatest strength will permit, the exercise being closely supervised and most accurately arranged.

Standing in the centre of the room is an instrument consisting of two iron supports formed by an iron bar adapted for the development of those in whom particular muscles may be very poorly developed, or in need of strengthening for the ordinary course of exercise.

Seated upon a low stool a pupil with thin calves has each leg attached to one of the supports by a circlet supplied with thin, but strong, elastic cords. Holding the topmost bar with both hands, he opens his legs, and moving them sideways, brings them together again, the elastic—as is the case of the Sandow-Whiteley exerciser—providing the necessary resistance. This motion speedily brings the calves into evidence, and should the muscles of the neck be



EXERCISE FOR THE MUSCLES OF THE NECK

weak, a cap, fitted with similar elastic cords, that are fixed to the top bar, is placed upon his head, which he moves steadily up and down, stretching the elastic to its fullest extent. In this position a pupil certainly looks as if he were in a torture chamber, but the result soon makes itself apparent in the firm poise of the head upon the neck.

This school is the first attempt that has been made in England to develop the muscles of the body equally. A course of ordinary gymnastics practically means violent exercise, and whilst the

upper part of the body is strengthened by the use of dumb-bells and horizontal and parallel bars, the lower part, as a rule, is left to take care of itself. In the Sandow system, however, every motion has a direct bearing upon some particular muscle and again upon the body as a whole, for whilst individual muscles are in movement the exercises are so arranged that others are relaxed and left without strain. Starting with a complete

advocate of cold water as an aid to physical culture, winter and summer alike, and every pupil takes a cold plunge immediately his lesson is over. Over-exertion and violent exercise of any kind are expressly forbidden under the Sandow system, and the result of steadily working at the various movements is clearly apparent in the numerous pupils who occupy the instructors' attention. The system having been adopted by the

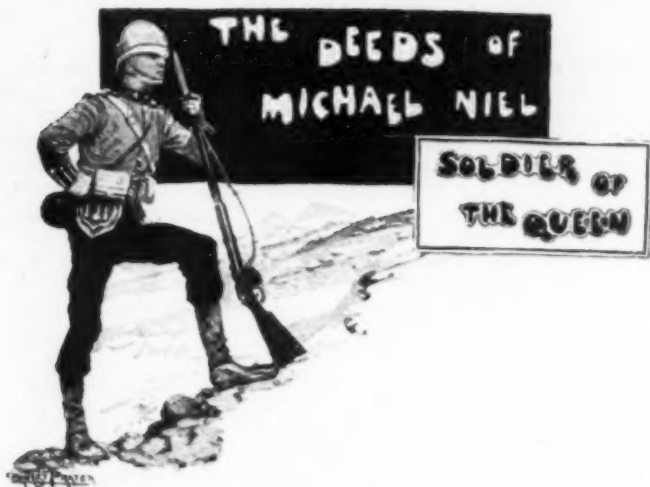


BEING PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER COURSE OF TRAINING

anatomical knowledge of the human frame the inventor of this system employs methods to the efficacy of which his own superb proportions are witness, and instead of the usual haphazard tuition, which aims for the production of muscle rather than general strength, his teaching is purely scientific.

When a pupil enters upon his course of training he is photographed nude in a specially arranged studio at the top of the house, carefully measured, his lung capacity tried by a patent and infallible method, and his rate of progress shown by measurements taken after every lesson and carefully recorded. Sandow is an

Army authorities, it is hoped that the Public Schools will follow suit; but at any rate it is Sandow's intention to establish other schools in London and the big provincial towns. This system, if taught generally to children of both sexes, would have a marvellous effect upon the physique of the nation; and if Mr. Sandow's present idea of a method of tuition throughout the country actually takes shape, the effect, as in the Army, will be as immediate as it will be lasting. Nothing could possibly be more simple than these forms of exercise, and nothing more beneficial both to figure and stamina.



WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

IV.—THE FLIGHT FROM KHANDARA

WHEN the last traces of disaffection had been stamped out in the Khokurie Valley, we of the Border Light Infantry were withdrawn from Fort Dufferin and our place taken by a Gurkha corps. They kept us at Quetta until the clouds had cleared altogether from the mountains, when we got the route for Mooltan; and there a ghostly Michael Niel, for the first time in six months, called his number on parade. Hardly had he recovered when my health broke down, and the doctor ordered rest at Simla. To Simla I went—Michael, of course, with me—and the first person I met there was Mrs. Tinspire.

I had known her only as the daughter of old Colonel Talbot, who was invalided from John Company service before the Mutiny; but the turn-out of her jinrickshaw, which passed my hotel as I was coming out, proclaimed it the property of a well-to-do civilian; and when, seeing me, she pulled up her red-breasted porters, called me to her and told me she was married, if I did not congratulate her, I expressed no surprise.

Of Tinspire I had heard before as the luckiest man in the Indian service, and I believed in his luck as, walking by the rickshaw, I glanced ever and again at its entirely pleasant contents.

Tinspire, to whom she had been scarce six months married, had come to Simla in quest of the residentship of Khandara, the capital of the Rhatameh hill-state. He had friends at Court, money in his pocket sufficient for entertainment on a not too modest scale, and a blameless if not very brilliant record. Above all he had his luck and Mrs. Tinspire, at the moment the most attractive woman in Simla. And out of Simla one never sees more than one at a time.

I gathered all this from her chatter, her charming bewildering chatter which threatened to turn my head, perhaps not for the first time. She made me promise to call on her, or rather should I say she made me beg to be allowed to make the acquaintance of her husband. At all events she left me eager to see her next day and imbued with a vague notion that she might be glad to see me.

When I wrote to Earle, who had the first letter I ever dated from Simla, her

name cropped up more than once. It appeared frequently in my correspondence about this period. I also wrote her Christian name "Chlotilde" on my blotting-paper, but this I was careful to destroy.

When I called Tinspire was there, a rather handsome man of five-and-thirty, whose mouth was firm in repose but opened weakly; she was very intimate with me in his presence, but on his being called away by a visitor with "G.C.S.I." on his countenance she grew formal and appeared almost to resent the tone of familiarity which her first manner had induced me to take. Nevertheless she condescended to make believe that she knew all about the business at Fort Dufferin, which she apparently thought to be in Burmah, and declared herself panting with desire to see Michael Niel.

"How delightful! A real, true Highlander!" she exclaimed.

"No," said I, "a Cork man."

She gave a little offended cry. "Surely the name is Scottish; but it doesn't matter. Do let me see him all the same."

I promised, and I kept my promise. Among the white oaks of Elysium we came upon Michael walking alone, as was his custom, his head bent slightly more forward than a drill sergeant would approve, but carrying himself otherwise with the air of a man whose fathers had long borne arms.

I signalled him to approach, and straightening himself up he stood to attention as I said to her, "This is Michael Niel."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed blankly, where I had expected a pretty speech. She seemed to be disconcerted by the severity of Michael's look, which may have been more intense than the regulation "Eyes front" demanded. Seeing she was embarrassed, I dismissed the man, but could not pick up the threads of our conversation again. At length she said with the suspicion of a pout: "You might tell your servant that, although he is a hero, he need not be rude to women."

She spoke without undue emphasis, yet I was afraid to pass the matter off

as a joke, suspecting the words of conveying a snub to myself. I said nothing then, bringing her home in all but silence, and received at parting a reprimand which was typical of her manner towards me.

"I'm sorry you found me so dull," said she.

"Dull!" I answered. "It was I who was dull."

"Well, perhaps you were," she admitted with stinging readiness. "But it was my fault. . . . I should have remembered the proverb."

"What proverb?" I asked, paddling to find my depth.

"About loving people's dogs."

She waited for the pressure of my hand, but went without returning it. Yes, I had been disappointed by her lack of sympathy with Michael, but that feeling was gone, as with one more glance where her rustling body had vanished I turned my pony's head fodderwards.

Trotting home, my thoughts were sweet, then bitter-sweet. They became almost entirely bitter when, slipping my heel over my nag's breech to dismount, a Chuprassie handed me a telegram. It was from Earle, and he only said "No weather-cocking," but the meaning was obvious, and I was angry with him and myself and Tinspire—with everyone but Chlotilde; and her name, turning to make sure that I had destroyed it, I wrote a second time upon my blotting-paper.

That evening I was to dine with an ancient acquaintance of my father's, a Bengal civilian, who, although long since retired from work, loved India too well to leave it, and had elected to end his days under the shadow of the hills.

I had not worn evening mufti since leaving England, and long rusting in a tin-lined case had not improved the appearance of my garments. Michael was still working at the creases when I went to dress.

I told him he had performed miracles, but he did not brighten at my praise as he was wont to do.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, for I always took more notice of



CRIST BATES

"THIS IS MICHAEL NIEL"

him than I had extended to Hopkins, my first servant.

"Not quite myself, sir, to-night, thank you, sir," he answered, looking up at me and immediately down again.

With much difficulty and some circumlocution, I elicited the information that Mrs. Tinspire had recalled to his memory the face of a woman who had played more than a little part in his life.

Whether this was his dead sister or not I had not the hardihood to inquire, but somehow received the impression that it was.

Mr. Nicholson, my father's former friend, gave me genial and even exciting entertainment. An old bachelor from skull-cap to slippers, he was astonishingly informed of all that had happened openly and secretly in India from the

first Afghan war to the last. He told me the name of the dragoon officer who called "Threes-about" at Chillianwallah, and a moment later, why our General in the last campaign was denied a peerage. One sentence was about Skinner of Skinner's, the next about Earl of Ours. He was particularly strong on the Mutiny, seeming to have intimate personal knowledge of the many giants of those days: Edwardes, Campbells, the Lawrences, Havelock, Napier, Outram, Nicholson—at the mention of his namesake, and it was frequent, he made mental genuflection—Toombs, Hodson, Rose, Franks, Grant, not forgetting the weaker vessels, Wilson, Walpole, Wheeler, and such others.

He was cynical about the women. I was inclined to pose as a misogynist, but he treated my ideas as those of a romantic youth.

"It's my private belief," he said, in the old man's mood of comfortable distrust in the future, "it's my private belief, and I've been here long enough to be able to judge, that the Englishwoman will be the ruin of India—the Englishwoman and the competition wallah."

I replied a little hastily that I ventured to hope that so far India had not suffered through me, although I was a competition wallah.

"Well," he returned, quite sharply, "it's nothing to be proud of if you are. As to your doing harm, wait till you're married or entangled with one of these man-eating ladies God sends to India. Bless my soul, you don't suppose that you can undo the work of Clive, and Hastings, and the Wellesleys and the Lawrences, and Nicholson, all in an hour? But if you don't heed me when I speak in general terms, perhaps you will believe me when I declare that I, if it were becoming to say all I know, could give you nineteen of the twenty cases where the feline propensities of women, English born and bred, have cost the Indian Exchequer thousands of money and the Indian Army hundreds of lives. Why, there was Lady Danegeld, at Meerut. You must have heard of her—if you have not, I shan't tell you. But this I will say, that if I know

anything of women, such another as Lady Danegeld is to-night sleeping in Simla. And she too is the wife of a competition wallah. Hussies and competition wallahs will be the ruin of India, I say again. I've been alive in my time, and I grant that hussies there must be; I still exist in an age called progressive, because it bustles, and I am compelled to admit that competition wallahs there must be. But this I say: Don't let the two be together. They breed folly if they don't go much further. Chain your competition wallah to his work, and put a stupid idiot who's a man to watch him and keep off the mosquitoes. You say you're a competition wallah, and I'm sure you're a very fine young fellow in your way, but you needn't tell me you're as good a man as that Percy Lowe, your father's first cousin, that blew himself, his wife and child, with the Rajirut magazine, into the air, rather than surrender his powder and shot to the Pandies."

I thought of Mrs. Tinspire, and I said that had I been in my cousin's place I hoped and believed I should have done the same. Mr. Nicholson looked at me very keenly.

"You might, my friend; but not from duty, only from passion—and you know it. This is the age of passion. Why, this very moment the Sepoy band is playing Wagner outside the mess-house!"

For all his kindness, Mr. Nicholson had a depressing influence on my state of mind. For some days I kept to myself, riding alone in the very early morning and devoting the greater part of the day to the study of my profession, leavened by the perusal of general literature.

Earle had recommended me to pick up some knowledge of mountain artillery, and sent me to call on his young brother, who was subaltern of the mule battery. But he talked of nothing but Mrs. Tinspire, and read me a lopsided sonnet apostrophising her as "Tigress haired with autumn gold," which I thought an inadequate description. He also confided to me that meeting her on Jakko twice the same day she had bowed both times. I suggested that the first

encounter might have slipped her mind, but he rejected this view as lacking probability.

When writing Earle I hinted casually that his bolt about "weather cocking" might have been shot nearer home; whereupon Earle, as he afterwards told me, addressed a remonstrance to his brother. But it came too late; for as the youngster was making eyes at Mrs. Tinspire during business on Prospect Hill he collided with the gun mule, which lost its balance, and rolled with him and his pony head over heels into eternity.

Mrs. Tinspire was greatly upset, and spoke of the catastrophe for a week. Her husband also was impressed by it. Thumping a polo ball about the gymkhana ground I nearly ran him down, and he told me he considered ponies to be treacherous, unmanageable brutes. Then he wandered on into references to the accident.

"The worst of my wife," he concluded, "is that she's too pretty."

I had a mind to say that was the best of her, but I listened further.

"You see," said he, "everyone's in love with her. Young Earle would have given the eyes out of his head for a squeeze of her hand. Fact, I assure you; told me so herself."

I wondered what he would say next, but preserved a respectful silence.

"It isn't her fault she's pretty," then he broke off suddenly. "Why don't you young fellows all marry and have wives of your own? Young Earle would have been alive now if he'd had a wife."

I was less confident of this than he, although I refrained from saying so.

"Come and drink tea, anyhow," he proposed, and as it was in keeping with my good intentions to be friendly with him, I consented.

To soothe his nerves I dismounted and walked up the hill beside him. This pleased him, and he discussed with some animation his chances of getting the Khandara billet, convincing me that he would have been the very man for the post if the Ruler of Rhatameh had been the director of a Cingalese tea company instead of the chieftain of a military

family and archpriest of a fighting religion.

Mrs. Tinspire already had one visitor, Bankes-Wingham of the Gurkhas, and took little notice of me. I was left to the civilian, who became more and more cordial. As I took my leave he whispered, "If I get Khandara you'll come shoot, won't you? I have promised Caloe to gun a little."

Stung by the woman's coolness I said I would. Next day in the Club I heard the words "Awful job," the formula with which most appointments are hailed in Simla, and knew that Tinspire, his wife and his luck had triumphed over all difficulties.

The Tinspires departed in state on their mission to the North, he reminding me of my promised visit, she full of the glory of scarlet lackies and guards of honour, with just a trace of regret for her leavings in Simla.

I went back to my regiment with half an eye on the Indian Staff Corps, which eye Earle compelled me to turn in another direction by dint of the least complimentary language I had ever addressed to me.

Some weary months of regimental work came and went, until on the eve of my next leave there arrived a missive from Tinspire saying that Khandara was a glorious place and asking when he might expect me. There was a postscript in his wife's hand, "*Do come*," and in Tinspire's again, "*Come soon*."

"Very flattering indeed," said Earle. "Pity you cannot oblige them."

"I intend to go."

"To the deuce your own way," snapped Earle, and avoided saying goodbye.

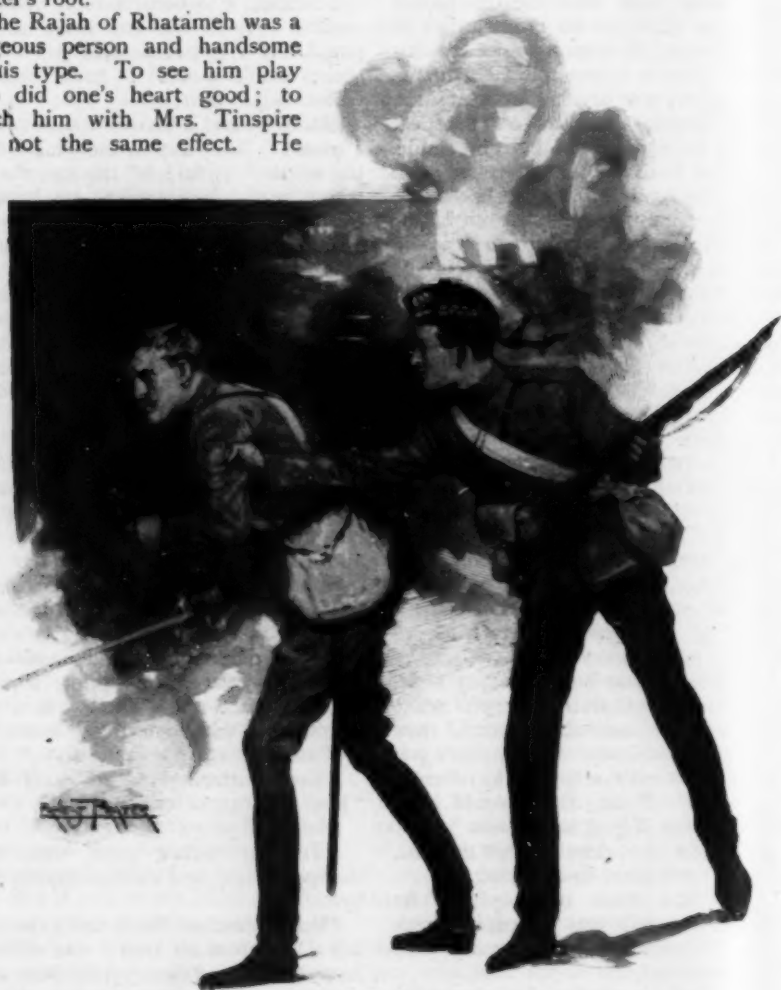
Michael neither liked the expedition, but a hint from me that I was willing to leave him behind changed his demeanour, and he worked with energy at the preparations for departure. It was a journey of many days from Mooltan to Khandara, and proved so costly that I half regretted the adventure ere well started. Quirke, Captain of the Punjaubees furnishing the Residency guard, who had been at Winchester in my time, rode twenty miles up the mountains to meet me.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"Not extra special. Fact is, Tinspire won't play polo, and the Rajah doesn't like it." And flippant as was this statement it nearly approached the matter's root.

The Rajah of Rhatameh was a gorgeous person and handsome of his type. To see him play polo did one's heart good; to watch him with Mrs. Tinspire had not the same effect. He

she was more circumspect here in Khanda-dara than she had been at Simla, doubtless surmising that the Rajah's methods of flirtation might not be purely European.



"LIE DOWN, SIR, OR YOU'RE KILLED!"

treated Tinspire with open patronage, for if the former pro-consuls had been lacking in Oriental subtlety they had at least the English virtue of manliness, and in this Tinspire was poor.

Mrs. Tinspire played Quirke against the Rajah, but very guardedly. Indeed,

For the present the Rhatameyan potentate tolerated Tinspire, and sought his advice about modern schemes of finance. He was anxious to float a loan for the ostensible purpose of improved irrigation. I imagine that had he obtained the money it would have gone on ponies,

jewels and decadent statuary. Tinspire told me he found the Rajah a very pleasant fellow, and was only flattered by the attention paid his wife. "Pity Rhatameh's a black," said he, as if he would have preferred a German prince.

Quirke again, though quite alive to the shortcomings of his civil head, found no fault with the lady. "Why have you and I no luck?" he would protest. "After all, Tinspire's not very fetching." I might have consoled Quirke by preaching him Mr. Nicholson's doctrine, but I only said "Just so." Michael's manner became very disquieting, and I was sorry I had brought him. Mrs. Tinspire would go miles out of her way to avoid meeting him, and when he and the Rajah chanced an encounter, they stared at each other like two savage animals, or rather as primitive humans who bore ancient hate. I have not the smallest doubt that Rhatameh would have handed Michael over to his velvet-clad Afghan executioner with all the pleasure in life, and that Michael would have liked to break the Rajah's head was an admitted fact.

Mrs. Tinspire was a perfect hostess; with me she was a charming mixture of the old friend, the young married woman, and the representative of England's social dignity. Had the pale sheen of her hair not kept Earle's sonnet in my mind, she might have bound me fast, without a word of direct encouragement; and, indeed, that she never gave me.

So the time passed till my holiday was almost at an end, and I might have escaped from that dismal episode which not only cost the lives of so many men, but nearly ruined my career, had it not been for my idle interference in other people's business.

Conterminously with the borders of Rhatameh lay another very tiny State, by name Tidah, for the good government of which Tinspire was to some extent responsible. The ruler of this speck of earth, probably counting on Tinspire's already notorious pusillanimity, had lately found occasion to misbehave himself, and turned a deaf ear to the British representative's complaints. Tinspire was, as usual, for pooh-poohing the

affair, a thing not very difficult to do at that distance from the centre of government, but Quirke, soldier-like, was eager to be up and doing. I incautiously backed Quirke's opinion when he proposed to go with the Resident and half the Gurkhas to put things straight; and Tinspire, who had a fatuous respect for my advice, gave way.

A little expedition was arranged, to consist of Tinspire, Quirke, and forty Gurkhas, with transport coolies and sufficient rations for three days. I was left in charge of the Residency; the only European there save Mrs. Tinspire, Michael, and Bankes-Wingham, who, having like myself come up to shoot, had twisted his ankle so badly that he could not stand up without support. He was half furious at being unable to accompany the force, and entirely delighted at the prospect of a long *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Tinspire.

He was justified, perhaps, in ignoring me, but not in forgetting the Rajah. Tinspire's army could not have covered their first league when Rhatameh appeared in his most splendid attire. I was so used to his presence in the house that Bankes-Wingham took me aback when hopping after me on his stick he cried, "You supposed to be in charge of the Residency, and you let that fellow come here and leave him alone with Mrs. Tinspire?"

I replied mildly that it seemed to please all parties but Bankes-Wingham, and, moreover, that as my junior in rank I could not allow him to take that tone with me. He was about to say something probably unpleasant when Michael doubled up to me, carrying three swords under his arm.

"Quick, sir! quick! the Rajah's taking Mrs. Tinspire away."

The jealous feeling which I had so long combated leaped to my head, and snatching a sword from Michael I danced through the passages to the drawing-room. There was no one there; but outside I saw the Rajah and his jemadar trying to force the woman on his pony. I leaped through the window at them, and as Michael, who was already on the spot, knocked down the jemadar, I tore

the woman from the Rajah. As she fell in my arms she whimpered, "I'm frightened! I'm frightened!" the first time I had known her moved.

The Rajah in unbridled passion swung at her and me alike with his scimitar, but Michael guarded the blow. With a furious cry Rhatameh vaulted on his pony and gave spur. As the animal bounded forward round the corner of the house, right in the path hobbled Bankes-Wingham. With a cry of delighted rage the Indian turned in his saddle and cleft him through the skull. Overturning the sentry in the stride of his steed, he raced out of sight. I turned out the guard, had the dead officer removed, and put every available man under arms. Two native messengers I dispatched after Tinspire to bring him back, and I attempted to wire down to Nepaul for troops, but found the communication already cut, so here again I sent messengers.

Mrs. Tinspire's spirits revived and sank at short intervals, but she did not behave badly. That the Rajah's brutality had frightened her was beyond denial, and yet knowing the part of heroine was one to become her, she tried to play it. Bankes-Wingham's death, as she did not see the body, hardly impressed her.

What defence was possible I prepared, closing all shutters and barring all doors. The day passed quietly, but we remained on our guard all night, as at intervals we heard the beating of the Rajah's war drum. About eight o'clock in the morning Michael roused me from a state of coma by saying that there were troops approaching. Hoping that it might be Quirke and his men, fearful it should prove the enemy, I made the troops stand to their arms. The approaching body turned out to be a not very formidable party of the Rajah's men, led by his youngest brother, who carried a flag of truce, a letter for me, and a fat, square parcel, apparently a large biscuit-box, wrapped in canvas and very heavy.

The Rajah's letter was short: "Leaving the woman, I give you safe conduct. Go, and go quickly. The thing I send

you is for her. If she wills it she can have many such."

I opened the box and found in it Tinspire's freshly-severed head.

I said no word, good or bad, but pointed to the flag which fluttered high above the Residency roof, and ordered the grinning envoy to be gone.

He could scarcely have borne back intelligence of what had passed, when a seven-pound shell from the Rajah's palace carried away the Union Jack and ushered in the worst hours of my life. We were not ill provisioned, and although so weak in numbers I could have asked no better luck than to command the wicked little Gurkhas, whose eyes gleamed when they scented battle. I gnash my teeth now when I think of that, the lost opportunity of my life.

Seeking Mrs. Tinspire full of the lust of command—I cannot write down here what passed between us. She had heard of the thing in the biscuit-box, and was sunk in the depths of terror. "Let us go," she said, and kissed from me my consent. I hoped my men would not obey the order, but they did. I swear I should not have obeyed such a being as I was then.

The retreat began, the flight, the scamper. Michael went on his knees to me, and I struck him. We ran away, she and I, with the Gurkhas at our heels jeering and cursing us, and Rhatameh's irregulars picking us off as we fled. In my arm I got a bullet, which I could have thanked for entering my head!

For twenty hours we held on almost without pause, and I felt not cold nor hunger, knowing only she was with me. At last, about dawn of the next day, nature flung us all to the earth, and lying where we fell, we slept.

Above the hideous, awful dreams, I felt the motion of being carried, but slept on and on until the roll of musketry wakened me from my slumbers. I could see little, for it was night-time, but all around me there was the crackle of rapid rifle fire.

Raising myself from the rude stretcher on which I lay, I put out my hand and found that my loaded revolver was

fastened round my left wrist, and that my naked sword lay near at hand.

My eye began to comprehend the dim outline of my surroundings, and I concluded that I was within the walls of some serai, and that the fighting

said Michael Niel. He himself was standing.

The braggart in me helped me now, and I answered no, telling him that he must lie down, not I. I could hardly make myself heard above the yell of the fire.

"I can't lie down, sir. The Sepoys are shaky as it is," he answered.



"STAMPED HIS HEEL ON HIS NECK AND SNAPPED IT"

was going on outside. Groping my way to where a gleam of moonlight pierced the darkness I found myself in the open, and in the midst of a perfect hail of bullets which spluttered and spat on all sides.

A strong arm seized me.

"Lie down, sir, or you're killed!"

"Lie down!" I shouted. "I am the one who must stand."

"Yes, sir," answered Michael with as much meaning as respect, and down he plumped.

He told me the position as far as he could make it out, how many men there were left to us, and the seeming strength

of the adverse party. The fire on this face of the serai was almost all too high to be searching, and only at long intervals came the groan of a stricken Gurkha. On the other hand, we knew nothing of the effect our fire was obtaining on the enemy, nothing except that we were not losing ground.

But suddenly the thing took an ugly turn. With its crisp, already familiar bark the Rajah's seven-pounder launched a shell which tore through half a dozen of the men on our side of the square and shrieked itself out in the darkness to explode some hundreds of yards in our rear.

This performance, repeated a second time, called from Michael the remark that it would not do, and I agreed with him.

Seized at once with the same idea, Michael and I cleared the serai wall and, dropping to earth, crawled as flatly as we could towards the quick-firing gun.

It sounds a braver action than it really was, for the enemy, utterly unsuspecting this form of attack, scattered panic-stricken when Michael and I leaped to our feet almost from under the wheels of the piece.

Only one man stood his ground, and him Michael closed with. The two struggled furiously, until Niel, flinging his enemy from him, stamped his heel on his neck and snapped it. The man's dying scream betrayed him as the Rajah himself.

Their cannon captured and their leader slain, the Rhatameyans did not stand up to us much longer. We be-

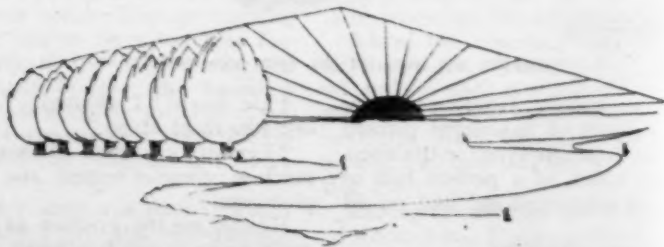
came the pursuers, they the pursued. Here and there they turned to make a stand, but each delay ended in sheer butchery, for the Gurkhas had heard of the fate of Quirke's force, which, checked by the men of Tidah, had been taken in rear and destroyed by the Rajah's followers, of whose hostility they had no suspicion. And a bloody chase the Gurkhas made of it as we hurried back in triumph to Khandara.

Not till I saw her banjo and fallals strewn about the pillaged Residency did I think of Mrs. Tinspire. She seemed so far from me now that I hardly cared when Michael told me she was safe. While we slept he had packed us both on improvised stretchers: her he had sent down homewards with the swiftest bearers, whilst me he had carried back towards the enemy, rallying the demoralised, but still battleful, Gurkhas as he went.

We held Khandara till relief came, and the troops coming up had little to do but chase stragglers and bury the dead. So the papers praised me for what I had done, and society lionised Mrs. Tinspire. But the Gurkha Subhadar told the truth; and there is not a man who ever saw India, if only from the bridge of a hired transport, but knows that I am not as good a man as the other Percy Lowe.

I found myself in Simla before the close of the year, and, much as I dreaded it, called on Mr. Nicholson.

I thought to be plunged in a sea of sarcasm, but he only said, when referring to the subject, "Lucky Michael Niel was no competition wallah."



A Discourse on Daffodils

WRITTEN BY E. SIXELA. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

FLOWERS, like other things, are largely dominated by fashion. Species which ten years ago were all the vogue, are to-day neglected, while every season sees new varieties which have their day and are forgotten. There are, however, some flowers which are always with us. What would life be without the rose, the lily, or the carnation? Such blooms as these are a veritable necessity, and while their annual presence is from time to time varied by fresh products of the gardener's skill, the parent stock remains as popular as of yore.

And there are flowers which have an even greater hold on one's admiration than the rose, the lily, or the carnation. This is the case with those blooms which come in at periods of the year when colour is scarce and flowers at a premium. Under this definition we may class the chrysanthemum, the violet, the Christmas rose and wallflower, and with, though far above, all these stands the narcissus or daffodil.

It would seem an absurdity to speak of a time when these flowers were not, but in the strict sense of the word the narcissi of to-day were unknown thirty years ago, and it is only, thanks to the persistence of an expert, that after being introduced they have gradually been

developed and aided in winning their way into public esteem.

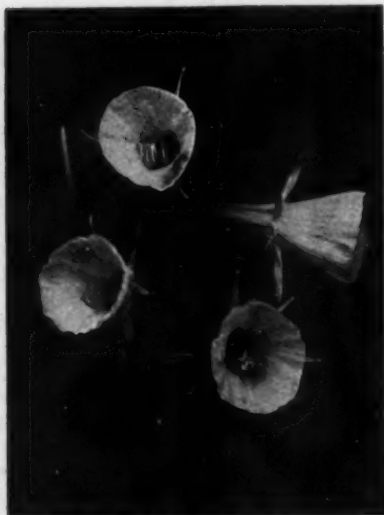
Botanically speaking the daffodil is an indigenous plant. Known as the *pseudo narcissus*, it flourishes in shady woodlands, choosing a loamy soil and multiplying rapidly. It is a small trumpet-shaped yellow flower with little to recommend it but its bell-shaped corona of pale yellow, and it does not take kindly to cultivation. It is like many other dwarf bulbs, a self-opinionated creature which chooses its own habitat and is impatient of restraint. But it is nevertheless the only species of narcissus native to this country, and the ancestor of the vast array of kindred blooms which to-day do such honour to its name.

In the sunny South the narcissus assumes far nobler proportions than with us, and one of its many species, *Narcissus Poeticus*, is among the commonest wild plants of the Italian uplands. Its beauties were sung by Dioscorides, and Virgil refers to it in unmistakable terms. Shakespeare made Proserpina drop the daffodils she had been gathering when seized by Pluto, though the Poet most probably had the fritillary in his mind, as this plant went by the name of the chequered daffodil up to the first classification of the narcissus family.



DAFFODIL, MRS. J. E. M. CAMM

The first enthusiast who took up the study of the narcissus was one John Parkinson, who in 1699 published his



DAFFODIL, SULPHUR HOOP PETTICOAT

work entitled *Paradisus*, in which there appears a very complete arrangement of the then known species numbering some twenty in all. Parkinson first drew attention to the subdivision of the various classes of the flower, and he appears to have taken special pains to distinguish between the true narcissus and the "daffi-down dilly."

The impetus given to the study of the daffodil by Parkinson's researches does not appear to have evoked any great interest in the species, nor did the far more recent experiments of Dean Herbert or Mr. Trevor Alcock achieve much more. Among the few horticulturists who took up narcissi as a hobby in consequence of the writings of these experts were, however, two gentlemen, each of whom achieved wonders by means of hybridisation, and established a number of new strains. These enthusiasts were Mr. Leeds, of Longford Bridge, and Mr. Backhouse, of Darlington, and the collections thus established attracted some attention among expert gardeners thirty years ago, with the result that an

amateur who had himself been studying the habits of the narcissus, one Mr. Peter Barr, waited his opportunity, and in the year 1870 purchased both collections outright.

Having thus acquired what was undoubtedly the finest collection of the species at that time extant, Mr. Barr set himself to make the most of his opportunity. He devoted his time and his money to cross-fertilisation and to the raising of new flowers, and his efforts met with marked success. Whereupon this expert began to exhibit his creations, and got laughed at for his pains. The new fancy daffodils, double narcissi, and scented jonquils were sent to one show after another with the same result. The visitors would be attracted by the mass of colour, and going up to the display would exclaim: "Why, they're only daffodils!" and turn away. The flower had not yet been found out, or its beauties discovered. And so for fifteen years did Peter Barr exhibit his beautiful flowers without recognition, nor did he receive any application for his bulbs excepting from a few fellow-enthusiasts.

And then came a change in the public taste. It began to dawn upon flower-lovers that there was something ex-



DOUBLE JONQUIL, ODORUS PLENUS, AND
DAFFODIL, SULPHUR HOOP PETTICOAT

tremely beautiful in the form of the fancy daffodil. It came to be realised that the flowers bloom at a time of year when blossoms are rare and colour scarce. And so people began to buy bulbs and cultivate the flowers for themselves, and the man who had called them into existence became inundated with requests for plants, until he bowed to necessity, and, enlarging his acreage, began to raise bulbs commercially. Peter Barr has joined the great majority, but he leaves a very solid monument to his memory in the firm he founded in King Street, Covent Garden, which is still managed by his sons, who, having been born and bred among narcissi, are probably the greatest experts in this flower, as they are undoubtedly the biggest growers of it.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to describe the existing varieties of the narcissus. There are upwards of a thousand kinds, and the number is being added to every year by the raising of fresh hybrids. The business is a gigantic one, and so keen is the desire among collectors, who may be numbered by hundreds, to possess the latest novelty, that prohibitive prices have to be put on new species in order to keep the demand

down to the supply. The production of a new daffodil is a lengthy process. The first result of crossing two flowers will



DAFFODIL, JOHNSTONI, QUEEN OF SPAIN

be three, four or five bulblets, which must be planted the following year and allowed to flower before the result can be judged. When the blooms arrive, in the second spring, they will be small, and it is only in the third year that their real merits can be judged. At this point the flowers are cut and sent to the Royal Horticultural Society's annual exhibition for classification and award; and if the judgment of the experts accords with the claims of the grower, the new strain is granted a certificate and added to the catalogue originally drawn up at the great Daffodil Conference, held under the presidency of Professor Michael Foster in 1884.

So soon as the arrival of a novelty is noted by the numerous amateur enthusiasts, the orders begin to pour in; but the growers cannot accept any orders, as there are only some half a dozen bulbs in existence, and these are required for the production of stock. The species having been certificated, it must, however, be included in the catalogue; and so the dealer puts such a price against



DAFFODIL, JOHN NELSON

the plant as is calculated to restrain the eager purchaser. And even after another year has passed the raiser will



DAFFODIL, BICOLOUR HORSEFIELDII
(White and yellow)

only have a score or so of bulbs, and he must keep the bulk of these himself. And so it happens that while the very choicest of well-established narcissi can be purchased for a few pence at most, the new species are sometimes figured in pounds. Thus, in a current catalogue which I have before me as I write, I note that a certain daffodil, yclept Fred Moore, the merit of which appears to be its great size, and which was awarded a special acknowledgment of merit so recently as April 27th last year, cannot be purchased for less than twenty-one shillings per bulb; while Golden Queen, another of this year's introductions, is priced at thirty shillings, and for those enthusiastic collectors whose means allow of luxuries, there is the Weardale Perfection, the finest existing daffodil, a recent introduction, which cannot be purchased for less than twelve guineas the single bulb.

The cultivation of the narcissus is of the simplest. The bulbs should be procured in the autumn and planted in a shady place two or three inches below

the surface. They like a fairly rich soil, but have a horror of fresh manure. To do the plants full justice they should be grown in the turf, a grass slope facing north-west being the ideal place. They do not require any special attention, but take care of themselves, and by a judicious choosing of different strains it is possible to ensure a succession of bloom from March to August. It is worthy of note that narcissi, the daffodil species more especially, are seldom cut for their blooms to the best advantage. The proper time to cut daffodils is just before the buds open. When in this state a large number can be packed in a very small space, and the flowers open naturally when the stalks are separated and placed in water. Open flowers do not stand the shock of being cut so well as buds, and they do not in consequence last as long.

Besides the very large trade in fancy narcissi, a trade which is still growing, and remains practically in the hands of the firm above referred to, there is a very large industry which has centred in the culture of the daffodil for the purpose of supplying London with cut flowers. The headquarters of this industry is in Scilly, where the greater proportion of



DAFFODIL, MADAME DE GRAUFF
(White tinted primrose)

the blooms sent to Covent Garden are raised, and the trade has assumed proportions quite startling in their extent. Thus no fewer than 30,000 packages of these flowers were dispatched to London from Penzance in three weeks of last winter, and of these 4,739 packages, weighing in the aggregate 27 tons, were received in London from Scilly on February 11th. Besides these huge quantities, large supplies are received from the cliff growers in Cornwall, and the nurserymen of the Channel Islands.

Daffodils are also grown by the acre in Lincolnshire, these coming in much later than those from the West, and a few of the market gardeners round London grow them under glass in order to obtain a winter supply.

Nor is the popularity which this flower has earned for itself restricted to this country. The appreciation of the daffodil has spread to the Colonies, and hundreds of thousands of bulbs are

annually exported to New South Wales and New Zealand, where daffodil exhibitions are held every year. And yet the Americans have not yet risen to an appreciation of the flower, which so far has not found any favour across the Atlantic.

The enthusiasts who have become collectors of narcissi are far more numerous than would be supposed. Their name is indeed legion, but among the most noted may be mentioned Mr. T. A. Dorrien Smith, the King of Scilly; Mrs. Morland Crofield, of Baycliffe, near Warrington; and Mr. C. W. Cowan, of Penny-cuck, Midlothian, all of whom own

collections which are famous.

I am indebted to Messrs. Barr and Sons, of King Street, Covent Garden, for the photographs of choice specimens in their collections which illustrate this article, as well as for much of my information on the history and culture of the plant.



DAFFODIL, HENRY IRVING

THERE'S never a wave upon Western beaches
Falls and fades to a wreath of foam,
But takes at the last a voice that reaches
Over the distance and calls me home.

And you, who love me, if you would know me
Come away to the Western sea,
The land that did make shall take and show me
Better than that I have seemed to be.

The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

IX.—REDBURN CASTLE

CHAPTER I.

QUITE a nice little sensation was caused early last season by what was known at the time as the Angela Love incident. Miss Love was a lady who had speedily distinguished herself upon the stage for her remarkable beauty, the daintiness of her pose, and the exceeding sweetness of her smile. Captain Love had been a prominent figure in his time, and when Angela found herself a penniless orphan, she took to the boards as the quickest and easiest way of making a living.

That she was absolutely no actress made no difference to her ultimate success. For the rest she was a brainless, utterly selfish little doll, with a fine talent for the pleading-pathetic branch of flirtation, and ere three months were over a dozen men were ready to cut each other's throats for her sake.

Conspicuous amongst Angela Love's admirers stood the young Duke of Redburn. Up to his twentieth year this young sprig of nobility had been nourished under the wing of a Puritanic grandmother in the seclusion of Redburn Castle, one of the finest and most picturesque residences on the Yorkshire coast. There was a fine vein of the ancient chivalry in Redburn's blood; he was raw and romantic, and once he made the acquaintance of Miss Love, he fell into her toils directly.

According to the quidnuncs, there was only one thing that prevented the lady from becoming Duchess of Redburn instantan. Redburn was poor for a duke, and the pretty actress had a fine eye for the substantial. Also, there was

another keen admirer in the person of Wellington Mills, a young millionaire whose parental millions had been dug out somewhere in the coal North.

Meanwhile it was a little difficult for Angela Love to make up her mind. By way of making matters secure, she hit upon the happy expedient of becoming engaged to both men at the same time—a profound secret, of course.

And equally, of course, the inevitable happened. A very pretty quarrel took place at the Flaneurs' Club without damaging the lady in the eyes of the two swains, the upshot of the whole business being a duel a day or two later with pistols on the sands at Trouville, in which fray Redburn lost his left arm. The next post after this Homeric contest brought letters to each of the combatants from Angela Love. She was very much annoyed, she said, at what had taken place, and being unable to decide between the two fiery knights, had solved the gordian knot by marrying Prince Doddlekin, who, incidentally, is one of the richest men in Europe. Princess Doddlekin is to-day a prominent figure in society and adores her Tartar husband, who, it is said, beats her upon times. Angela is the class of woman who always admires that kind of man.

Wellington Mills swore by all his gods to abjure the sex henceforward, and six months later led to the altar Lady Amelia Bulfinch, only daughter of Lord Lockland. On the other hand, Redburn took the thing far more to heart. He started without delay for the far West of America on a hunting expedition, leaving strict orders behind him that

no letters or papers of any kind were to be forwarded for a year.

All this was accordingly set out at length in *The Lyre* and *The Universe*, and for seven subsequent numbers the rival editors quarrelled over petty details, and agreeing upon one fact only—that the Duke of Redburn had really gone.

Few people followed this little romance with more interest than Felix Gryde. He had read something of it in a New York paper, and it had been his privilege to see on a Western-going express his Grace of Redburn with a small arsenal in charge of his man. Gryde had met with a nasty accident and was proceeding homewards to recuperate. With a swift change of plans, he at once joined the Western train and contrived to spend a day or two in Redburn's company. The upshot of this will be seen presently. Before finally leaving New York, Gryde posted to England a couple of letters copied from a specimen of handwriting in his possession which caused him infinite pains and trouble.

Nine days later he astonished and delighted Cora Coventry by a call. Most people were out of town by this time. Cora pined, neglected, scarcely knowing where to go. And now Gryde had changed the whole aspect of affairs.

"You are looking wretchedly ill," said Cora.

"I am ill," Gryde responded. "I want a thorough change—a big comfortable country house, a little shooting, and a bracing sea air. But all my capital is out ground-baiting at present, and I have no money to spare. Still, I can see a way."

"You always can," Cora murmured admiringly.

"A way to a few months in a grand old castle where we can fare on the best at no expense whatever to ourselves. You have a very pretty talent for playing a part, Cora, and you have also spent a year or two in America. Are you ready?"

"Am I ready!" Cora cried. "I am ready for anything to vary this monotony, and I can always rely upon you

where there is any real danger. What is your plan, Paul?"

As may be remembered, Gryde was Paul Manners to Cora Coventry.

"Extremely simple," Gryde exclaimed. "I am a wealthy American, Cyrus B. Coventry. I have of late made my pile in the States, and I have come over to see my sister. You *may* have a rich brother in the States for anything one knows to the contrary. So, on the whole, you had better remain as you are—if danger arises it will make the escape all the easier for you, as I will explain presently. Cyrus Coventry will call upon you to-morrow, properly dressed for the part, and you will receive him with open arms."

"Good!" Cora cried. "What fun it will be! And where are we going?"

"We are going to take Redburn Castle for six months," Gryde said gravely. "To-morrow you and I will go together to call upon the agents. Everything is arranged, and you will find the whole thing as easy as possible. What time shall you be ready?"

Cora announced that eleven o'clock would suit her perfectly, and Gryde departed. When he made his appearance the following morning Cora scarcely recognised him. He was American of the best type to the life; even his expression of face had changed.

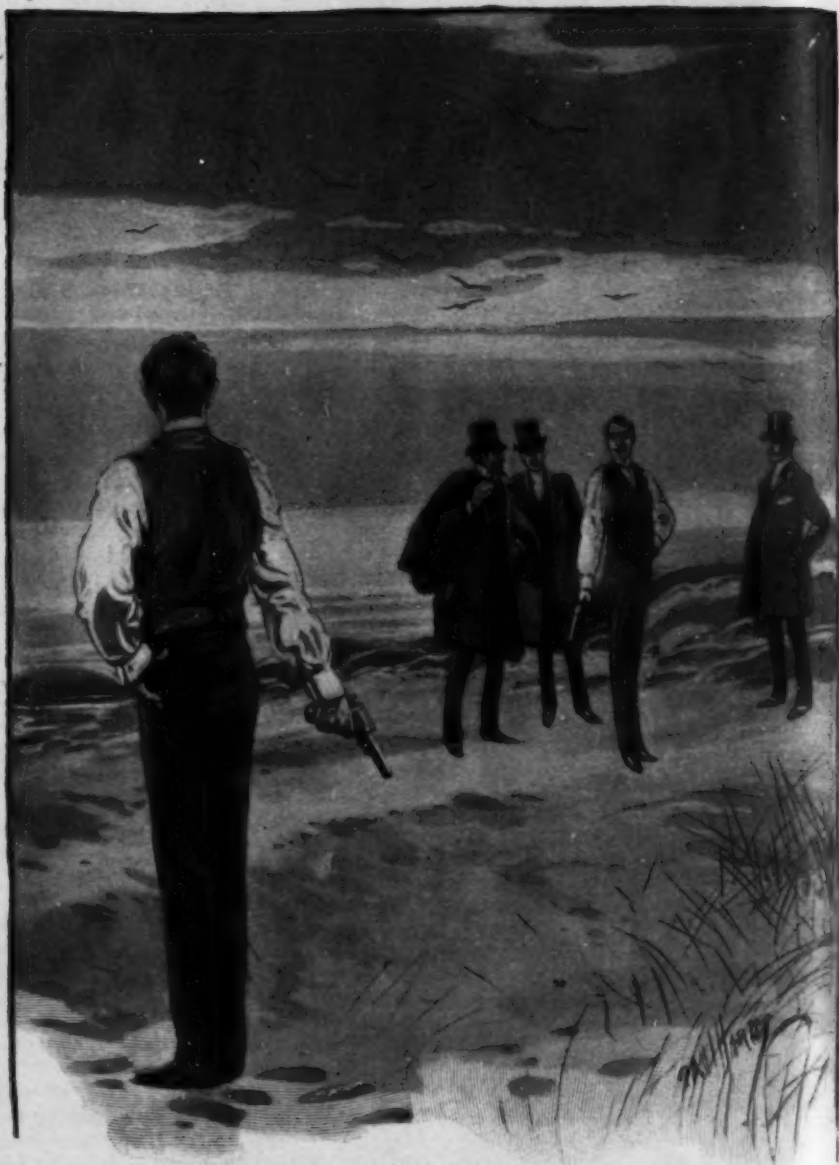
"Guess you are ready," he said with a slight drawl. "And you're coming along with me to fix up things with the Duke's agent. I've got a car outside."

Cora allowed herself to go with the tide, and a little later she and Gryde found themselves in Cheapside. In Ironmonger Lane were situated the offices of Messrs. Sutton and Co., in whose hands, more or less, all the property in England is manipulated.

In a careless, off-hand kind of way Gryde produced a neat card bearing the legend, "Cyrus B. Coventry, Langham Hotel." After a slight delay, he and Cora found themselves ushered up the stairs into the office of one of the partners.

"I expect you know my business?" said Gryde.

Mr. Martin Sutton took up a letter from his table.



"ON THE SANDS AT TROUVILLE"

"O, yes," he said. "I have been expecting you, Mr. Coventry. As you may have guessed, we have heard from the Duke."

"Guess I saw the letter written," Gryde responded.

"Quite so; therefore I need not read the same to you. His Grace tells me that he had made your acquaintance in New York, that you intended coming to England for some months, and further that you required a large house for the

term. I rather gather that you agreed to take Redburn Castle on the spot."

"Well, I guess I'm a business man," Gryde observed. "And I've heard of the Castle from one who has been a guest there. I made the Duke an offer for six months, and passed the cheque there and then. If I continue for another six months, I am to let you know, and pay the next cheque over to you."

"Absolutely correct," Sutton smiled. "You will like to take possession at once?"

"Just so. In consideration of the amount paid I am to have the run of everything: the cellar, the stables, in fact, the whole show. The staff of servants will remain, but they are to look to you for their wages, you also defraying the expenses of the house, minus legitimate housekeeping. Am I right, Mr. Sutton?"

"Absolutely, my dear sir, absolutely. I will see that you have no trouble this way. And when should you like to take possession?"

"Next Monday, if you can manage matters?"

"Nothing could be easier. I will send one of our staff to Redburn, and he shall explain everything to the steward and housekeeper. If there is nothing else——"

"There is nothing else, and I am wasting your valuable time. Good-day."

Cora thrilled with excitement. Swift has said that every woman is a rake at heart, and Cora possessed a native love for adventure. She knew perfectly well that she would have all the fun of an illicit incident capable of many opportunities without much risk so far as she was con-

cerned. Also she had perfect faith in Gryde. Whatever happened he would see her safely through.

Her eyes danced with fun as she met Gryde's gaze.

"It will be splendid," she said. "Paul, what shall we do next?"

"Lunch," Gryde said laconically. "I told the man to drive to Verrey's. In the next few days you will have plenty to do getting your traps ready."

A dainty luncheon was ordered and dispatched. Over the champagne Cora dilated upon the fun and enjoyment she meant to have. Doubtless, the county would call, and for once in her life she could play the great lady.

"I have fallen in love with your scheme, Paul," she said. "What a wonderful man you are!"

"More wonderful than you think," Gryde said with truth.

"Never mind that. There is one thing that puzzles me. Without paying, how did you get the Duke to write that letter?"

"I didn't get him to do it," Gryde smiled.

"Then how did you come to know it was there?"

Gryde smiled again as he refilled his glass. He paused a moment or two before he proceeded to gratify Cora's curiosity.

"These things are always so easy when you know how they are done," he said. "I knew all about that letter for the very good, simple and sufficient reason that I wrote it myself. Some people might call it forgery—we'll say manipulation."

CHAPTER II.

CORA COVENTRY'S sanguine expectations were not doomed to disappointment. *The Lyre* and *The Universe* proclaimed to all and sundry that the wealthy American, Cyrus B. Coventry, had taken Redburn Castle for a term, and then proceeded to quarrel, as usual, as to whether Coventry's pile had been made in hogs or oil.

On one point they both agreed—that Coventry was both extremely rich and

lavishly hospitable. This being accepted on all hands, it became no matter of surprise that the world of the North Riding of Yorkshire called upon the Coventrys.

Naturally, Cora enjoyed herself to the full. Being possessed of both brains and talent, she had no difficulty in passing with the real sovereign ring. Never before had the gates of Redburn Castle

been thrown open so widely; never had such lavish hospitality been known. The Coventrys lived *en prince*—as indeed they might do, seeing that the whole thing was costing practically nothing.

Needless to say, the millionaire tenant of Redburn Castle had the most unlimited credit so far as Metropolitan tradesmen were concerned. Then there were the Redburn cellars, gardens, and stables to fall back upon. By the time Christmas arrived, no more popular couple existed in Yorkshire than the Coventrys.

And now the whole county was agog with excitement. As if to crown their stay in the shire of broad acres, invitations for a dance had been sent out broadcast. At least a thousand guests were bidden; the great banqueting hall had been specially decorated for the occasion; a special train was to bring the supper from London. Gryde rather grudged this train; it was the one item of importance that required good money.

"Never mind,"

Cora laughed; "I don't suppose we have laid out two hundred pounds in cash all the time we have been here. Upon my word, when I look at the wonderful things here—the plate and the pictures—I wonder at your moderation."

Gryde laughed in his turn.

"So do I," he responded grimly. "Anyway, there is time enough for that. What a dramatic thing if the Duke were to turn up this evening."

Cora protested against any such awful suggestion.

"I should find a way out," Gryde said. "In fact, I am prepared for any emergency. The stage has been set for weeks past."

A large party of guests dined at the Castle, and about ten the rest of the fortunate ones began to arrive. In the grand old hall, as the clock struck twelve, they all sat down to supper. It would have been hard to imagine a more



"GUESS YOU ARE READY?"

brilliant or artistic spectacle. It will be a long time before Yorkshire ceases to discuss the night of the Coventry dance at Redburn.

A veritable picture in black lace and diamonds, Cora moved amongst her guests. Her mind was far removed from trouble or danger. As she sailed past an excited group standing in the great hall a chance word fell on her ear and held her to the spot. Just for an instant she swayed and would have fallen. Then she took her courage in

both hands. The danger was horribly real and tangible.

In the centre of the little group before her stood a brown, grim-faced man in evening dress. There was nothing terrible about him save the fact that his left sleeve, which was empty, was pinned to his coat. Cora's wits were sharpened; she knew without anyone telling her that this was the Duke of Redburn.

"Miss Coventry," said a gay voice, "will you come here? We have a surprise for you."

"Indeed, that is very kind of you," Cora responded with a gaiety wonderful under the circumstances. "I will be with you in one moment."

Like light Cora flew along the corridor towards the smoking-room. Then she literally fell into the arms of the man she was seeking.

"Cora," Gryde exclaimed, "what on earth is the matter?"

"The Duke," Cora whispered; "he is in the ballroom at this moment."

Gryde smiled. No muscle quivered. He betrayed no emotion whatever.

"Is that really so," he said. "Strange how perverse people are. He might have had the good taste to wait till to-morrow. Cora, can I trust you?"

"Where you are in danger," Cora replied.

"The danger is far less than you think, child. Did I not tell you that I had made special preparations for a contingency like this? And in any case, I have specially arranged it that you shall appear to have been an innocent victim. Go back to the Duke and profess to be delighted to see him. As so many of his own personal friends are here, he will not make a scene—indeed, he is far too much of a gentleman for that. The scene will be with *me*. And when he asks to see me, tell him as naturally as possible that I have been called away for a little time on business, and that he will find me in the small library writing a letter."

Cora nodded. Her faith in the speaker was implicit.

"Very well," she said; "but there will be no violence?"

"O, dear no. I have always, at least

nearly always, avoided that kind of thing. Run along, Cora; time is precious now."

As Cora passed along the corridor, Gryde darted upstairs towards his own room. The Duke of Redburn was still standing talking to his friends when Cora came up. There was a flush on her cheeks, a sparkle in her eyes; otherwise she betrayed no fear.

"Can you guess who this is?" a guest asked Cora.

There came a puzzled pucker in the white forehead, then Cora smiled and held out her hand.

"Our landlord, the Duke," she said, cordially. "What a pleasant surprise! And how nice of you to come at such a time, and in so friendly a way!"

Redburn was too astonished to reply. Was the woman mad to carry her audacity to such a length? Otherwise, her acting was superb.

"I am sorry I did not come before," Redburn at length said, grimly.

"Indeed, so am I," Cora replied. "My brother will be delighted to see you."

"And I can assure you, Miss—er—Coventry, the pleasure will be mutual. I have met your brother before, and shall have no difficulty in recognising him. If you will tell me where I am likely to find him, I will—"

"O, a little bit of business has detained him," Cora said, innocently. "You will find him at present in the small library, writing a letter. Don't stand on ceremony."

Redburn responded that he would not do anything of the kind. He was still utterly puzzled by Cora's free and engaging manner.

"She's innocent enough," he muttered to himself as he took his way to the library; "anyone can see that from her face. Probably that scoundrel took her in as he did everybody else. It's lucky I got hold of that stray number of *The Lyre*."

Redburn opened the library door and closed it behind him. At a table sat a man who appeared to be busily engaged over a letter. The envelope, ready directed, was alongside. The Duke saw



“OUR LANDLORD, THE DUKE”

the same was addressed to Scotland Yard.

“Well, you scoundrell!” he said, “so I have found you out.”

A handsome, clean-shaven face was raised to Redburn’s.

“I beg your pardon,” came the reply; “did you speak, sir?”

Again Redburn paused. This was not Coventry, or indeed anything like him.

“I beg your pardon,” he stammered; “I took you for Coventry. I am the Duke of —”

The writer rose to his feet with a cry.

“So your Grace has come back,” he said. “That accounts for Coventry quitting the Castle so hurriedly just now. He must have seen you.”

“But who the deuce are you?” Redburn demanded.

"Well, your Grace," was the reply, "I am known here as James Malcolm, Coventry's new secretary, but as a matter of fact I am a detective from Scotland Yard, and at their instigation I obtained this situation. The suggestion was inspired from New York, for the police there fancy Coventry is a man they want. As to that I cannot say—but I do know the man to be a great scoundrel. We had to proceed quietly, you understand. I trust your Grace has not betrayed the truth."

"I have betrayed nothing," Redburn said impatiently. "When I found this thing out, entirely by accident, I turned back as quickly as possible. My idea was to take the rascal red-handed and give him a sound thrashing before the police appeared. Is Miss Coventry as cool and unscrupulous as her brother?"

"Your Grace may make certain of one thing," Malcolm said earnestly. "Of this swindle Miss Coventry knows nothing. She really believes her brother to be a millionaire. He left England fourteen years ago and until recently she had never seen him. I am immensely sorry for the poor girl."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," Redburn muttered. "But don't you think we are wasting time here? If the culprit has spotted me there is no further occasion for diplomacy on your part. The great question now is, where is he?"

"And as it happens I can solve the problem," said Malcolm. "He has hidden himself in the old Smugglers' Cave. There is a full tide by this time, and his escape is cut off for the present. Coventry is quite safe till the morning."

"That won't do for me, Mr. Malcolm. Is there a boat down by the cliffs?"

"There is a boat there, as your Grace is aware."

"Then come on. I shan't rest satisfied until I lay my hands on that scoundrel, who has doubtless some cunning scheme on hand. If you'll come with me now, Mr. Malcolm, I'll make it worth your while."

Malcolm rose with alacrity.

"I will do anything your Grace requires," he said. "Shall we go this way so as to avoid any gossip amongst the

guests. Fortunately the night is warm. I will row you to the cave. I know that Coventry is unarmed."

The pair passed out into the garden and along the cliffs. There was only one path down there and no cottage for miles. An intense desolation reigned on the sands. A dozen murders might have been committed there with impunity. A boat lay close to the water's edge, for the tide was fast ebbing.

"Coventry must have swum out," Malcolm suggested. "Will your Grace get in? I can easily shove the boat off."

Malcolm pushed off, and steered with the one scull astern rudder fashion. A grey mist lay over the sea, a crescent moon gave a faint, watery light. For some time the craft proceeded, but keeping within a hundred yards of the shore.

"Upon my word," Redburn remarked presently, "out of my many adventures lately I have had none stranger than this. Perhaps you can tell me why Coventry prefers to hide in the Smugglers' Cave?"

"The answer is quite easy," Malcolm smiled. "I can assure you that Coventry is a man of infinite resources. You may be certain that he was prepared for this contingency. He has a steam yacht lying off the roads yonder, and a signal at daybreak would mean that a boat has to be sent off. Can you swim?"

Redburn pointed to his left, vacant sleeve with a smile.

"I once attempted to after losing my arm, and nearly paid the penalty of my over-confidence with my life," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because the scull has slipped from my hand, and we are drifting helplessly out to sea with the tide," Malcolm responded. "If you can't leave I must."

To Redburn's intense astonishment Malcolm promptly plunged overboard. After a time Redburn saw him emerge on the rocks.

"What are you going to do?" shouted the latter.

"Return to the Castle," came the reply, in a voice that caused Redburn to start. "Good-night, your Grace. Fortunately the night is mild and the sea

calm, and no doubt you will be picked up in a few hours. You may yell and scream as loud as you like, for nobody is likely to hear you."

"The scoundrel Coventry!" Redburn roared. "If I could only swim!"

"Lucky you can't," Gryde—otherwise Malcolm—said, grimly. "If you had replied in the affirmative I should have been under the painful necessity of putting a bullet through your head. Good-night."

Leaving the Duke foaming with impotent rage Gryde proceeded leisurely up the cliffs towards the Castle. Out-

Cora drew Gryde on one side. Her lips were pale as ashes.

"Paul," she whispered, "Paul, you have not——"

"Redburn is absolutely safe," Gryde responded. "Not so much as a hair of his head has been injured. He is perfectly safe in more senses than one. Meanwhile you can resume the gaiety necessary to the occasion."

The first faint streaks of dawn were in the sky when the last guest departed. Not till then did Cora and Gryde find themselves free to talk.

"I am to speak and you are to listen,



"PROMPTLY PLUNGED OVERBOARD"

side the main windows he halted. In one of them overhead—his dressing-room—was one lighted up. From the casement depended a knotted rope. Gryde swarmed up like a cat.

To strip off and hide his wet clothing was the work of a moment. In less time than one could believe Gryde was serene and calm in the ballroom again. Smiling, yet with a world of anxiety in her eyes, Cora came towards him.

"Where is the Duke?" she asked aloud.

I regret to say he has gone," Gryde replied. "He did not come to stay; indeed, but for some business matter he would not have been here at all. He bade me to say everything that was polite to his friends."

said the latter. "Within half an hour I must be clear of this house, child. Never mind how I go and in what guise, because that is my secret. I am going to leave you here, presumably to stand the brunt of the fray, but really to shield you from danger. Understand that you are simply the tool in the hands of a rascally brother. You have been cruelly deceived. On my dressing-table is a letter to you confessing my fault and imploring your forgiveness. A consummate actress like you can carry off the thing perfectly. Besides, you have had a really good time of it, and now you must pay the piper. When Redburn does turn up, your cue is not to know I have really gone. *Au revoir.*"

With a careless wave of his hand,

Gryde turned away. A little later a figure stole from the house in the grey of the dawn and disappeared along the cliffs. And it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that Cyrus B. Coventry is still at large.

It is hardly necessary either to state that Redburn turned up in due course. Cora received him smilingly. Where was her brother? Why, in bed still. Cora's astonishment to find this a mistake was artistic, her grief when she came to read the fatal letter a study.

Redburn, whose nature is sentimental, was profoundly moved at this distress. He blamed himself. Cora he did not doubt for a moment. And when she departed for London later in the day he saw her to the station in his own carriage. Was there anything he could do?

"Nothing," Cora said faintly. "All I want is to be alone."

Once alone she speedily dried her tears. A queer smile was on her face.

"If I liked," she said to herself, "and if I cared for Paul a little less, it is just possible I might end my life as a respectable humdrum duchess!"



NERCHSEN

THE OLD HOUSE

Canting Heraldry

BY CALLUM BEG, AUTHOR OF "HERALDRY," "NAVAL HERALDRY," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY HILDA CAMPBELL

HERALDRY has little attraction for the gallants of the nineteenth century. They affirm that chivalry is dead, and, believing this, deem it unprofitable to study a science dating from a time when joists

were its symbols to them an open book. Is there, then, no knowledge to be culled from the escutcheon of the patrician? Do the hieroglyphics of the Desert render the story of the Pyramids unintelligible to the Egyptologist? No; the lion rampant, the water-bouget, the escallop shell, and the covered cup all convey to the herald some information relative to the character or office of the original bearer.

Indeed, it has been stated, and not without reason, that heraldry is the key to history. Be that as it may, it is certain that no small portion of the history of individual families has been gathered from the arms they bore. Though the young man of the period refuses to devote his time to anything less exciting than the state of "the South African



WOOD

and tourneys formed the chief amusement of the "upper ten." Men whose fathers have witnessed the rise of the telegraph, whose sons look forward with eagerness to the universal adoption of the motor-car, discard with unconcealed cynicism the ancient science of armoury. It is to them the invention of a generation endowed with an imagination far superior to its knowledge of natural history—an exclusive system of pictorial Freemasonry responsible for the delineation of hybrid animals and other objects of grotesque proportions. A science possessing records so antagonistic to the doctrines of Darwin cannot, they think, be worthy of serious attention, even



HUNT

Market" or the "latest betting," there is a large and, it is to be hoped, an ever-increasing section of the community at all times ready to add to its store of

by an allusion or pun: (1) with the arms and crest; (2) with the arms only; (3) with the crest only.

In some cases the arms furnish the surname of the bearer; in others the shield is blazoned to depict the name; but in the majority of instances it is practically impossible to determine whether the name or bearing is the older.

The stringent laws enabling the Heralds' College to prosecute those who, without licence, assumed armorial bearings, have long vanished into oblivion.

The successful financier now quarters with impunity either on his plate or carriage any heraldic device which his fancy may dictate. No doubt, in many instances, what he regards as a guarantee of gentility is, though unknown to the pompous bearer, an allusion to his former occupation, proceeding from the fertile brain of the "Herald-painter." Such arms, being unauthenticated, are valueless as examples. The writer has therefore determined to notice those escutcheons only which are registered in one or other of the recognised documents, or



WHALLEY

knowledge. It were impossible, in the space allotted, to treat of heraldry in general terms. The subject is too extensive to admit of this. It can, however, be divided and sub-divided into a hundred and one parts—some serious, some comical, but all, whether studied individually or collectively, furnishing abundant interest for the general reader whose acquaintance with things heraldic may be most elementary. Possibly the arms most calculated to arrest the attention of a layman are those claiming some more or less apparent connection with the name or occupation of the bearer, known as "canting" or "allusive arms." Although the uninitiated may despise those *armes parlantes* as vulgar and unreal, there exists undeniable proof in the oldest heraldic manuscripts extant that the system of punning has existed from a very early date.

Canting heraldry may for the present purpose be classified under three heads. The name or office may be connected



BLACKMORE

which, on account of their antiquity, may be (though unregistered) accepted as genuine.

Turning to the first division we find several good examples recorded in the

"Visitations of the Heralds" at the end of the sixteenth century. For instance, a certain family named Wood bore (arms) argent,* on a mount an oak tree vert, fructed or, (crest) a demi-wild man holding in his dexter hand an oak tree, erased, vert, fructed or. The pun here is easily apparent, and the crest seems to imply that the first Wood was not only a dweller in the forest but "monarch of all he surveyed."

In these early documents animals are largely used for the purposes of punning. One Hunt (the oldest form of the name Hunter, Huntsman, &c.), who flourished about the same period, could claim as his ancestor a veritable Esau. He bore (arms) azure on a bend, between two water-bougets or, three leopards' faces gules. His powers are further recorded in an elaborate crest blazoned as follows: On a mount vert, against a halbert erect in pale or, a talbot (or hound) sejant of the second, collared and tied gules. In the latter are all the accessories of the ancient hunter, for it may safely be inferred that the fastnesses and forest glades were impracticable to a mounted man. The talbot is "the scion of an

bered that there existed at that time no body incorporate entitled "The Kennel Club." Although the arms of the hunter are duly registered, the student must



KOKERELL



DE FERRERS

ancient race," and, it may be, the ancestor of the English bull-dog or mastiff; but in criticising our canine friend as depicted by the heralds of old it must be remem-

seek in vain for the pedigree of the talbot in the "Stud Book." Whalley, whose arms are recorded in the Visitation of Leicestershire (1619) bore (arms) argent, three whale's heads erased sable, (crest) a whale's head erased sable. It would be difficult to arrive at the origin of the coat. Though the bearer may have been a fisher of no mean repute, it can hardly be credited that he ever succeeded in landing such a powerful shoal.

In the same record the arms of Starkie are somewhat imperfectly given as (field untinctured) a stork (untinctured). The crest is a stork, holding in its beak a snake (untinctured). In this example the pun is obtained by changing the first vowel from "a" to "o."

Another instance of the first class will amply demonstrate the partiality then existing for puns both in arms and crest—Blackemore (arms) or on a fess, between three Moors' heads side-faced, couped, sable, three crescents argent. (crest) a Moor's head erased sable gorged or. Such charges are usually understood to record bravery in battle with the Moors, and it may be that in this case the surname was derived from the arms.

* Heraldic Tinctures, or = gold, argent = silver, azure = blue, gules = red, vert = green, sable = black.

The examples of an intimate connection between the name and arms only are considerably more abundant. The following from Charles' Roll,



FOX

originally compiled during the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., go to prove that long before the Visitations had commenced the punning herald was fully occupied: Amauri d'Lucy azure semé (covered with) of cross-crosslets, three lucies (or pikes) hauriant or. Will. d'Feres (modern equivalent Ferrers or Farrier) vair or and gules, a bordure azure, semé of horseshoes argent. In the original French the pun is more evident, horseshoe being rendered "*fer à cheval*." Pers Corbet, or two ravens (or cubies) in pale sable. Roger de Trumpinton azure, semé of cross-crosslets, two trumpets in pile or. Robert Kokerell, or a cross gules between four cocks gules. Surnames were frequently derived from the office held by the bearer (*e.g.*, Steward or Stewart), and his arms, when indicative of his office, were thus also connected with his name. Examples of this are rife in the Visitations. Boteler (Butler) bore three covered cups or, thus plainly recording the occupation of his ancestor. The present Marquess of Ormonde, whose ancestor, Theobald Fitz-Walter, was created Chief Butler in Ireland in 1177 by Henry II., bears gules three covered cups or.

The Visitations supply us with innumerable

cases of allusive arms in which animals take a leading part. Fox bore argent a chevron between three foxes' heads erased gules. The arms of Badcocke (1620) were sable on a pale argent three cocks gules. The escutcheon of Swallow displayed a fess or, between three swallows volant azure. The arms of Moore were argent a chevron between three moorcocks sable-crested gules, and those of Bullock gules a chevron ermine three bulls' heads cabossed or.

In one case the arms of Pyne were quartered with those of Appleton. By some remarkable coincidence both were canting coats. Pyne bore gules a chevron ermine between three pine cones or, and Appleton a fess sable between three apples or stalked vert. There are undoubtedly few other cases of this in British armoury, for the alliance of the two families could hardly have been brought about in order to obtain an almost isolated case of *armes parlantes*.

In 1618 Sheffield bore or, a fess between six garbs gules. Garb signifies "shief" in heraldry, and the pun is rendered complete by the tincture of the shield—viz., or (gold), which is the nearest approach to the general colour presented by a field of stubble after the corn has



PYNE, QUARTERING APPLETON

been gathered in shiefs. As early as 1552 the arms of Bowes were recorded as follows: ermine, three bows bent gules, on a chevron azure a swan argent membered gules, holding in his beak a ring or between two lions' faces of the last.

Turner exemplified what we may infer was the occupation of his remote ancestor by bearing sable, a chevron ermine between three mill rinds or, on a chief argent a lion passant gules.



BOWES

Belonging to the third class is the crest of Parker, who, in order to record the office of "ranger," displayed a talbot or, passant between two trees leaved proper; and Bellew, playing on his patronymic, had for crest an arm embowed vested vert, cuffed argent, hand proper, holding the clapper of a bell gules. From the same records it is found that Bacon had for crest a boar passant ermine. A rasher, though less picturesque and romantic, would have furnished a pun more glaring if less refined. The Bacons, baronets of Redgrave and Mildenhall, still carry the ancient crest. The ancient house of Cranston in Scotland had for crest a crane holding in its dexter foot a stone, all proper. This is one of the best examples of a canting crest alluding as it does to both syllables of the name, viz., crane-stone. The Griffiths, baronets of Pencraig, have as a crest on a ducal coronet a griffin sejant or, charged on the shoulder with a trefoil vert. The Halketts of Pitfirrane bear a

falcon's (or hawk's) head erased proper, and here it may not be out of place to note that the name, Hawkhead in Scotland is pronounced in the same way as Halkett. The crest of Hart of Kilmorriarty is thus blazoned, on a mount vert a hart trippant proper holding in the mouth a four-leaved shamrock.

The instances enumerated do not by any means form an exhaustive list of allusive arms, but it is possible that even such a brief catalogue may be the means of interesting in heraldry some who formerly regarded it as the science of snobs and parvenus.

Those quoted are not extracted from any list already compiled, but have been chiefly selected from among numerous examples in the "Visitation of the Heralds" and other records contained in the Harleian Manuscripts. In noting examples the writer has refrained from



CRANSTON

including the well-known and by no means complete list which has, by some method best known to the various authors, found its way *verbatim et literatim* into almost every modern textbook of heraldry.



WRITTEN BY J. A. FLYNN. ILLUSTRATED BY F. VIGERS

"THE worst of a good action is that you're sure to be sorry for it afterwards." Auracle said that in the smoking-room at our club, so it must be right. Mine is a very exclusive club, and I pick up a lot of things there.

It hasn't seemed quite true in my experience what Auracle said. But, then, I haven't done enough good actions to give it a fair trial. Besides—don't give me away—I haven't been in society long, and so I don't know much about things. Sometimes I used to wish that I had never got into society at all; but that was before I—she—well, I'll tell you.

It was down at the Scantleigh's place that I met her—Lady Mary Newlyn. Of course, she didn't know what I had been, and, of course, I didn't tell her. You see I was a good cricketer and a crack footballer before I came into Uncle Joe's money, and always played on our early-closing afternoons. When I had plenty of time and money to spare I soon made a lot of acquaintances, and I got into society through my playing friends, like the Hon. Bob Scantleigh. People knew me as Johnson the cricketer, or Johnson the half-back. It never occurred to them that I had been Johnson the draper. You needn't go and tell them, you know.

Well, as I was saying, young Scantleigh asked me to his place in September, when football began, and I met her. Somehow we took to one another from the first. It seems rather a reflection on her judgment, but you

mustn't suppose I was an uneducated boor who couldn't speak the Queen's English. Anyone might really have taken me for a gentleman, don't you know. Lots of people did. *She* did.

It made a lot of difference to me, knowing her. She was so much nicer and prettier and better than other girls, and she used to talk to me about all sorts of things that other people didn't—aims and aspirations and ideals and so on. Of course, I could never come up to them—not having been brought up in good society—but I concluded to try if she would help me just a little.

"Don't you think, Mr. Johnson," she said one late September night—we were sitting on the balcony, looking out over the river—"that every man should set up a standard of his own?"

"He wouldn't be capable." I wasn't.

"He ought to be capable; and to live up to it independently of circumstances."

"He can't be independent of circumstances—some circumstances."

"What circumstances?" She looked up eagerly in the moonshine, and I watched the lights dancing in her eyes.

"She-circumstances!" I said. She looked down, and I lost the dancing lights.

"I don't think he ought to be afraid even of her—them, I mean." Lady Mary played with her handkerchief, and I sighed. I was wondering what she would think of the drapery circumstances.

"It is very doubtful," I remarked slowly, "if a man can ever get quite away from his circumstances—any of

them. He would always be himself-and-his-circumstances."

"And-her-circumstances," she suggested, with a sudden little laugh. She has a delightful laugh.

"If any."

"I understood you that he must be hampered with some she-circumstances."

"Haven't you a football ideal?" She looked at me seriously, with her dainty head a little on one side.

"Ye-es. O, yes, I suppose so."

"What is it?"

I twirled my moustache and considered. "To 'play the game,' winning or losing. That's about it."

"Wouldn't that"—she touched my sleeve with her finger-tips in her earnestness—"wouldn't that do for an ideal of life, too?" Then we were silent for a couple of minutes. I didn't see my way to "playing the game" with her.

"You will be catching cold," I said at last; "I must take you in."

"You haven't answered my question."

"Life," I observed, "is much harder to play than football, Lady Mary. Life is a very difficult game."

"But I think you could play it very well."

It was difficult to refrain from seizing her little hands and begging her to play it with me—me, the draper's son!

"People only ask what company a man plays it in.

They do not seem to care much *how* he plays it."

"People do not matter," said she, scornfully.

"Pardon me; some people do."

She set her lips and gave me a quick glance. Of course she knew I wanted her badly—anyone could see that—and expected me to tell her so. But I feared



"SHE HAD LOST A SOVEREIGN"

"Must want some," I corrected. "It doesn't follow that he would get them. That's the rub." I waited for assistance, but she didn't offer any.

"You are playing centre-half tomorrow?" she inquired, irrelevantly.

"Yes, you will see me struggling with very tough circumstances in Tallboy, the Wanderers' captain."

it would all be over when I mentioned the drapery. I was bound to tell her about it, if I proposed. And if she went out of my life there didn't seem anything to do, except shoot myself. I didn't care much about that either, don't you know.

"Now you really must come in, Lady Mary," I said at length. "It is getting quite chilly, and you're not keeping your wrap round you."

She snatched the wrap away from my touch, and walked quickly in. For the rest of the evening she scarcely spoke to me, and she avoided me all the next morning. She thought that perhaps I didn't care for her!

However, she was intent upon the football match next afternoon, like the dear little enthusiast that she was; and I stuck to it like grim death. The people looking on kept cheering me, but, of course, there was no merit in doing well in such a match, really. I was used to much stronger opponents. Anyhow, Lady Mary waved her handkerchief to me at half-time, and when the game was over; and I made up my mind to tell her in the evening.

Now I'm coming to the point of my story. I've only just noticed that I haven't said anything about it yet—Miss Pinnock, the governess, I mean.

It was like this. When I was a salesman at Flimsey and Tapelow's, Miss Pinnock was a governess at Miss Starchey's Academy for Young Ladies. She was as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as—well, ever so much poorer than I was. O, no, you needn't suspect an affair of the heart. She was older than my mother, and not at all good-looking.

One afternoon she came in to get a few pennyworth of tape, and I served her. When she pulled out her purse to pay she went first red and then white, and began softly crying, though, of course, I pretended not to notice. She had lost a sovereign, she stammered out, and so she would not take the tape. "So very sorry to have given any trouble." And she went out with her poor old grey head hanging down.

It worried me rather, and I told the mater about it when I got home. She

almost cried over it. "The poor woman keeps her invalid mother, Frank," she said tearfully, "like you keep yours" (I wish I had her to keep now!) "and I believe Miss Starchey scarcely pays her enough to keep body and soul together. Whatever will they do?"

"Shall I send her a sovereign, mater?" I asked, thinking ruefully of our little hoard. The mater shook her head.

"She would never accept it, Frank," she said.

"She needn't know where it came from."

"She wouldn't spend it. I'm sure she wouldn't. It would only hurt her feelings."

Well, somehow or other, the point worried me so that I couldn't get it out of my head, and I had to do something just to pacify myself. People only do anything good because they're fidgeted into it, you know. Auracle explains that beautifully at the club about once a week. Very likely it was because it wasn't really good that I didn't get paid out worse for it.

What I did was this. I just walked round to her house and knocked at the door and asked to see her—though it was very late.

"Good-evening, Miss Pinnock," I said airily, "I know it's rather late to trouble you, but you dropped a sovereign to-day, I believe?"

"I thought I did," said she looking at me very queerly, "but——"

"I found it," I said briskly, "just by the counter. So I——"

The way she burst out sobbing and crying was something awful. I never heard anything like it.

"God bless you! God bless you!" she cried. "He will reward you for your kindness. He will, O I know He will!"

"Why," I said, "my dear madam, there is no kindness. I merely——"

"Proposed to give it to me," she said, drying her eyes. "I didn't drop it. The purse was an old one and the coin slipped out in my pocket. I found it there afterwards."

I never felt such a fool in my life! I made sure that she'd pitch into me for

my impudence, too, as soon as she recovered herself. But she didn't, so I backed out as quickly as I could.

She came round to see my mother next afternoon, and, somehow, they struck up a sort of friendship. No doubt Auracle is right, in a general way, that society makes the lady; but my mother was an exception.

However, some aristocratic relations

I was honestly pleased to see the old lady again. But the awkward thing was that she was rather too pleased to see me. She was getting very old and a trifle childish, and she wished to give everyone a full description of the service which I had tried to render her. I explained to her over and over again that there was nothing to be grateful for, and that I didn't want my antecedents raked



"I WAS ONLY A SHOP ASSISTANT!"

offered Miss Pinnock a home soon after this, and for some years I saw nothing of her. Meanwhile, the poor old mater died, and I came into Uncle Joe's money. I had almost forgotten Miss Pinnock when I met her again at Lord Scantleigh's. It's strange how things happen, when you come to think of it! She had been kind to Lady Scantleigh when she was a girl, it seems; and they treated her quite as one of the family. They were awfully nice people, you know.

up; but she didn't seem able properly to understand. However, she promised not to say anything; but I was always afraid she would forget, and it kept me on thorns. It didn't seem a nice thing, either, to be hushing-up one's past, and that made me feel uncomfortable too, you know. If it hadn't been for Lady Mary, I should have bolted.

The night of the match a lot of us were sitting round the fire without much gas-light, and Lady Scantleigh, who hated football because she was absurdly

nervous about Bob, began talking to us about our bruises. (He *had* rather a bad kick on the leg.) Gradually this led to an attack upon football as a brutal game—which is ridiculous!—and at last Lady Scantleigh got excited, and declared that anyone who played such a cruel sport must have a hard, unfeeling heart. Poor old Miss Pinnock seemed to take this as an attack upon my virtues, for she kept looking at me, and trembled with excitement. Suddenly she began an incoherent statement that I had done her the greatest and kindest of services, but that she couldn't tell them what it was. Everyone paused and looked at her in bewilderment. She went red and I went redder, and I vainly tried to frown her into silence.

"There is nothing in it to *his* discredit," the old lady asserted in her quavering voice. Whereupon some of them looked at her as if they suspected something wrong in her past. "Nothing whatever," she reiterated vehemently. Then they stared all the harder, and someone laughed; and I saw her look appealingly at me with the tears starting out of her eyes.

It's a lucky thing that circumstances—she-circumstances!—take the reins sometimes. There was only one thing that I could decently do. So I did it.

"Miss Pinnock is very grateful for a kindness—a very small kindness—which I offered her some years ago," I said, feeling as if I were in a big scrimmage. "What troubles her is that I did not wish the circumstances mentioned, because I was then in a much humbler position than now. I was, in fact, only a shop-assistant."

There was a dead silence for a few moments. The young fellows twiddled their moustaches, the girls toyed with their handkerchiefs, and one old dowager near me drew her skirts round her. Lady Mary sat like a statue looking into the fire. I couldn't see her face, only a little pink ear, and a tiny bit of pink cheek; and I knew it must have hurt her—God help me!

Lady Scantleigh half rose and looked towards me; then wavered and turned appealingly to her husband, burly old Scantleigh, as slow of speech as he was quick with his gun. He stretched himself a little, like a great Newfoundland, got up and walked slowly round to my side. "Pon my word," said he carelessly, "we're all getting half asleep. Come and make up a game of pool, dear old boy." I don't mind owning that I felt a bit queer when he put his big hand caressingly on my shoulder for a second. I had never understood his clever wife's deference to him before.

I was getting up, with a lump in my throat, to accompany him, when Lady Mary rose and came towards us with her face very pink and white. "May I play, too?" she said, gently; "I should like to." Then the conversation broke out again, and several of the fellows and girls went out of their way to speak to me. But somehow Lady Mary and I gave up playing after the first game, and went into the conservatory. Then I put a shawl round her, and we walked out upon the balcony.

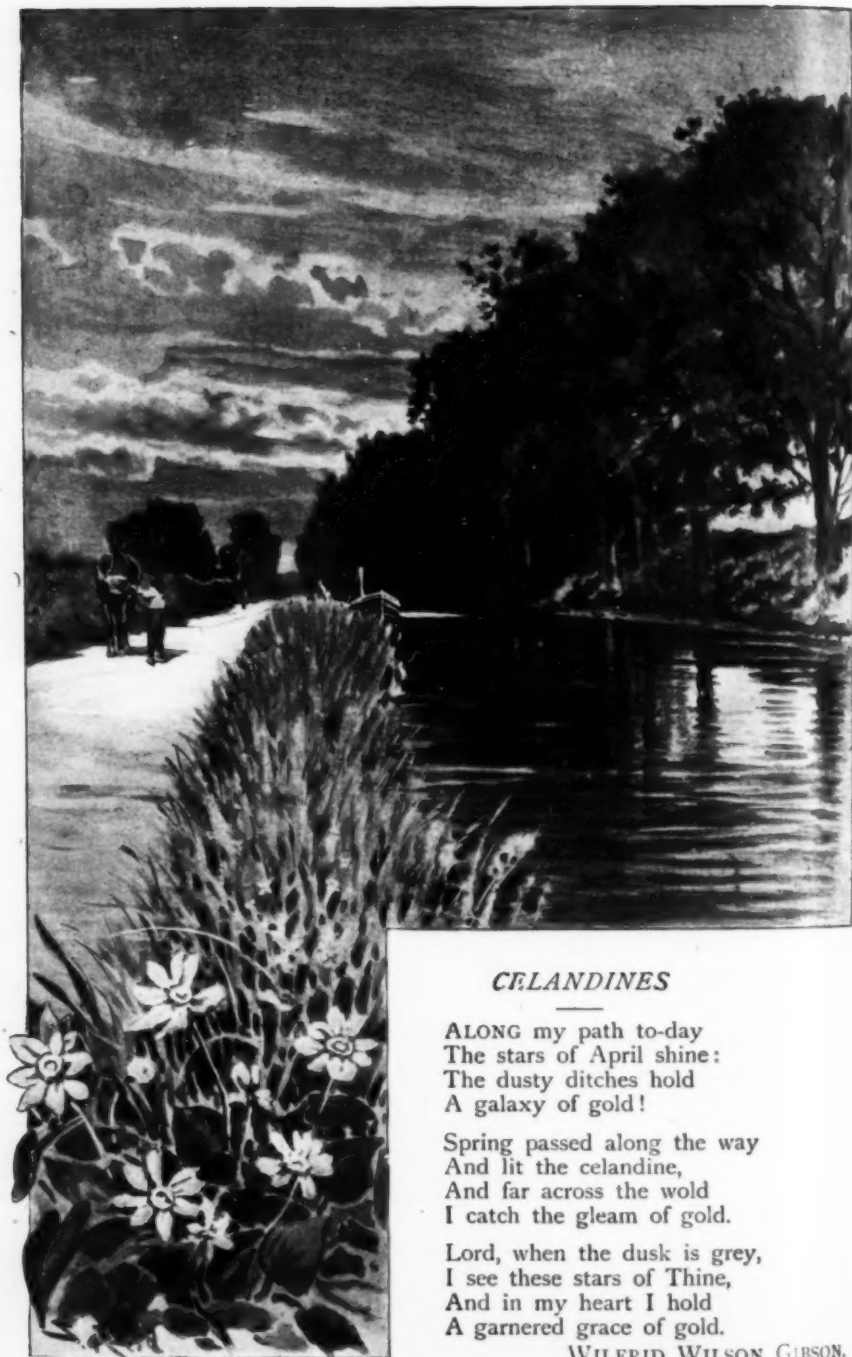
It was a starry night, and the conservatory behind us was spangled with reflections. She had on a soft white dress with a red flower in it. Her lips were a little parted and quivering, and her eyes were as deep as the sea. And I don't remember anything else.

"O!" said she, with a passionate break in her voice, "to think that I preached about ideals to *you*!"

"Lady Mary," said I, putting my hand upon her arm, "for Heaven's sake don't be so kind to me. You will make me forget that a few years ago my life was bound up in tapes and ribbons and yards of stuff—"

"Ah!" she cried, looking up at me with the tears in her eyes, "it was the stuff that men are made of!"

If there had been anything heroic about me, I should have given her a few days to think it over. But I didn't. I took her right in my arms, and . . .



CELANDINES

ALONG my path to-day
The stars of April shine:
The dusty ditches hold
A galaxy of gold!

Spring passed along the way
And lit the celandine,
And far across the wold
I catch the gleam of gold.

Lord, when the dusk is grey,
I see these stars of Thine,
And in my heart I hold
A garnered grace of gold.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY D. MACPHERSON

V.—FURNITURE POLISHING

*"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"*



THE preponderance of Jews of every nationality in certain parts of the East End is so great that particular quarters have really become Ghettos. Jewish names appear over every shop-door; inscriptions in Yiddish show where "kosher" meat may be bought; the women crowding the pavements for the most part have their shaven heads covered with light brown wigs, from beneath which a few strands of hair struggle hideously—the wigs proclaim that they are married—in short, these districts are a little world of Israel's

where the Poles, Armenians, Russians, and Germans of the faith live and have their being amidst the babel of foreign tongues and in an environment of dirt indescribable. But however interesting from the point of view of the picturesque the presence of these strangers within our gates may be, their effect upon East End labour is truly lamentable.

It is well known that the foreign labourer or artisan, of whatever nationality, can live more cheaply than British workers of the same class. There are a hundred reasons why this should be so, but unfortunately the foreigner, and more particularly the foreign Jew, when driven from his own country either by persecution or by desire of betterment, brings

with him the capacity for supporting existence upon wages that represent starvation to an Englishman. Consequently whenever the refugee Jews settle in any force in the East End and prosecute one particular trade in any numbers, prices immediately fall, sinking lower and lower until the English worker is driven from the field to gain a hazardous livelihood by picking up the odd jobs of which London is the especial heaven. As a workman, the foreign Jew is to East London what the Chinaman is to San Francisco; as an employer, it is he who is mainly responsible for the beggarly wages that are paid to box-makers and paper-bag makers, since, with very few exceptions, the middlemen for whom the women and children work in these two industries are Jews. But in no trade has the effect of this foreign competition been so marked as in furniture-polishing. In more than one locality the Polish Jews have entirely taken possession of this industry, even buying out their former employers, with the result that only the better class of work—which they do not undertake—now receives its former rate of payment.

The furniture-polishing of the East End is confined almost solely to the cheapest and commonest kinds of furniture, although there are several factories where the better kinds are prepared for furniture shops in more expensive quarters of the town, but as these places do not in any way affect children, they cannot come within the description of this industry.

The previous articles have dealt exclusively with those trades carried on in the home, and although the major part of the furniture-polishing done in the East End must of necessity be confined within the walls of workshops, these places very often also serve as the home of the polisher and his family. Before the Jewish competition, a polisher could on an average earn twenty-eight shillings a week, but the Polish, Russian and Armenian refugees were glad to accept half that sum for the same amount of labour, and consequently fourteen shillings a week, and even less, has become the usual week's earnings of

the native workman. In order to increase this pittance, many of the polishers, instead of going to big workshops where the work is done wholesale, have attached themselves to one or more of the smaller furniture shops, or to the carpenters who supply these establishments, preferring to run the risk of irregular employment rather than rely upon the fourteen shillings which would otherwise be their regular wage. As the polishing must be done in their own homes, they can only take the lesser articles—such as small chests of drawers, small tables, chairs, whatnots, brackets, &c.—all belonging to the very commonest class of furniture that is sold. These people are generally to be found upon the ground floor; and although the writer was told that some of them only occupy one room, in the several cases into which he inquired the home polishers were the tenants of two rooms, of which—with the exception of a single case—the one where the polishing took place had formerly been a kitchen, the stove being extremely useful for melting the shellac used in the work.

In all these trades one case of childish misery and hardship is so painfully similar to countless others that it seems as though the weary monotony of the grey streets, with their little two-storeyed houses, had crept into these pitiful lives, crushing out all brightness for the future and leaving its hideous trail of work, work, and yet again work, over the present and the past. And therefore one instance will serve to show how this Jewish invasion, with the resulting wholesale lowering of wages, has fallen with crushing and damning force upon the shoulders of the little ones.

A ground floor, consisting of two small rooms, of a four-roomed house, in a street, pestilential with decaying vegetables and all the refuse of its thriftless and dirty inhabitants, was occupied by a furniture-polisher and his family. Formerly the man had been a steady workman earning fairly good wages at his trade in a neighbouring factory, but the gradual reduction of price at length forced him to set up in business for himself, a large furniture shop giving him

irregular employment for a remuneration per piece no better than that given by his old factory. In the factory, however, he could make no use of his children; in his home he was master and beyond the reach of Acts of Parliament.

three children were all polishers, the school history of the eldest girl being repeated in the case of her brother and sister. The back room where the work was carried on was a noisome kitchen, the light of its one broken window being



"BEYOND THE REACH OF ACTS OF PARLIAMENT"

Of this man's three children the eldest was a girl of fourteen, a stunted, sickly-looking little creature, who had "just left school" after months and months of half-time attendance, and an education that was practically a mockery; the other two were a boy of twelve and a younger girl of nearly eleven. Father, mother and

almost blocked out by a pile of small tables that stood before it. Chests of drawers, washhand-stands, chairs, all of the commonest wood and put together in the most slovenly and haphazard manner, were heaped pell-mell against the walls, leaving only a little space in the centre of the room close to the fire-

place on which an evil-smelling compound was simmering in an iron pot. Floor and ceiling, and the occasional pieces of wall that could be seen, were loathsomely dirty, and above all the rank odours of badly-seasoned wood, of common varnish, and the fœtid heat, the acrid smell of the worst kind of methylated spirit caught one by the throat and almost choked one. Yet the girl of fourteen slept in this atmosphere every night on a bundle of rags laid out upon the floor, the two younger children sharing their parent's bed in the other room, which was also permeated with the horrible smell.

When the writer visited this inferno of a workshop, the mother and eldest daughter were hard at work polishing a chest of drawers, the father being engaged upon a gimcrack whatnot that his rubbing nearly forced into pieces, whilst the two younger children were rubbing a deal table, the boy being responsible for the top, the girl for the legs. Before being polished, furniture, even of this description, must be well rubbed with sandpaper, and on either side beneath the table was a line of emery-particles like a train of gunpowder—the girl, it will be remembered, slept upon the floor, and must, therefore, have been breathing these particles into her lungs all night long. The hands of these five people were stained almost black. In negotiating a hard knot in the surface of the table the boy uttered a sharp cry and pulled off the pad with which he was rubbing. His fingers were those of a skeleton. The spirit and the perpetual friction of rubbing had so hardened both skin and flesh that they seemed one with the bone; and although he had caught the up-turned edge of the knot with some sharpness, there was so little flesh upon his poor fingers, and the skin was so tough, that he had not cut himself. But his pain was greater in consequence. None of the others stopped their work or seemed to take any notice of the accident, and after a little while he resumed his polishing, rubbing as softly as he could, his tears splashing down upon the wet varnish and making sad havoc of the part already finished. At last his

father swore at him and threatened "the strap"; then the sobs ceased and the child rubbed as hardly as before.

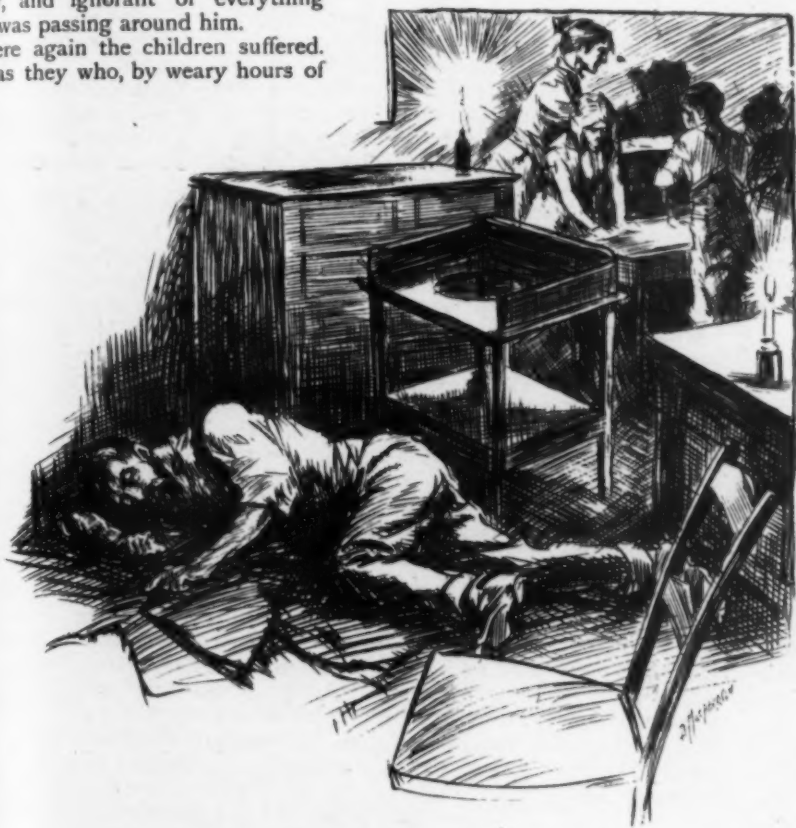
To the casual observer nothing could be worse than the condition of this family—the mother and girls rubbing hour after hour with stooping and aching backs, the small boy adding to the pain of his injured hand with every stroke, and the father morose and silent, working as diligently in his corner. But there was an added horror, a horror that had stamped itself upon the mother's lined and haggard face, and was reflected in the furtive and frightened glances with which the children occasionally looked at their father. He was a confirmed drinker of methylated spirits.

For a week, perhaps for a fortnight, he would resist the temptation, and then yielding, would drink the adulterated and evil-smelling stuff until he became delirious and insensible. Only a few days before the writer saw these people, the man had been attacked with a sudden craving in the middle of some important work that had to be done as speedily as possible. There was not very much methylated spirit in the room at the time, but what there was the wife was keeping in a tin carefully beside her, for there was only sufficient with which to finish the work in hand, and there was no money in the house to buy more. He asked her for the spirit, and knowing only too well by his manner that he wanted to drink it, the woman took the tin in her hand and implored him to remember the work. For answer he knocked her down, and, seizing the tin, drained it—a quantity sufficient to kill any ordinary person—and then, reeling to the wall, fell into a corner, where he lay senseless and abominable for hours. Women are accustomed to be knocked down in the East End, and the mother, speedily recovering, resumed her polishing with the children; but after a little while they wanted more spirit. They had neither money nor food, and the only prospect of getting either was by the completion of the order in hand. Almost everything had been pawned, but the only sheet from the girl's bed, a pair of the boy's boots, and the sole

petticoat of the mother, together with the much-mended and ragged dress of the younger girl, produced sufficient at the pawnshop to procure the required amount of spirit, and by working steadily until half an hour after midnight, the work was accomplished, the father—who was an excellent and quick workman—lying at their feet breathing stentoriously, and ignorant of everything that was passing around him.

Here again the children suffered. It was they who, by weary hours of

splinters, with the debased father sleeping off the effects of his deadly dram beside them, cannot be imagined. To the reader it must seem a horrible romance; but it is so real that when the work was done, the mother and three children crept into the bed in the first room, too tired to remember that they had eaten



"METHYLATED SPIRIT"

polishing, completed their father's portion of the work in addition to their own, and it was at the expense of their nakedness that the necessary spirit was bought. A more pathetically tragic spectacle than these three little ones, foodless and exhausted, rubbing the stringent smelling liquid hour after hour into the coarse fibre of bad wood, from which even sand-paper does not wholly remove the

nothing since their so-called breakfast, too tired even to wash their filthy hands and faces. This story finds its counterpart in many such homes, save that the methylated spirit drinking is happily rare, but the public-house takes its place. It is always the children who suffer physically and mentally, and it is one of the most amazing facts of this terrible problem that so many of them grow to

manhood and womanhood, when, alas! they only repeat the history of their parents before them.

As far as the factories are concerned, girls of tender age are steadily taking the place of men. A girl is apprenticed at the age of fourteen immediately she leaves school, and at three factories whose books were seen by the writer, the weekly wages during a six years' apprenticeship were respectively three shillings rising to five shillings, four shillings and sixpence, and five shillings. At two of these establishments the wages paid after the apprenticeship had been served were nine shillings and ten shillings a week, in the third they "got what they could earn." Three to five shillings a week for the labour of little girls of fourteen years of age must leave a large margin of profit to the proprietors of these factories, especially as a certain number of the apprentices are practically experienced workwomen when they join, their knowledge having been gained in the bitter school of home. In the bigger factories, however, the girls are protected by the Factory Acts. It is the horrible dens chiefly belonging to foreign Jewish proprietors—although there are many English polishers who are every whit as culpable—where the sweating takes place.

Hidden away in noisome back-yards, sometimes only a crazy lean-to that lets in the rain and the snow, these "factories" undertake work at rates that the ordinary polisher must refuse, if he is to live, accomplishing it by the exploitation of the labour of boys and girls who for legal purposes are called their "apprentices." Occasionally the existence of such a place becomes known to the authorities and a police court case with a fine is the result, the proprietor starting again in a new neighbourhood. He affords a beggarly and body-destroying employment to the children of parents to whom every shilling is a question of moment, no matter at what cost it is obtained, and so long as their families bring them a few pence every week, the "factory" owner knows that he is safe as far as they are concerned. But hardened hands and stooping, aching backs and shoulders are the portion of the children, the fumes of methylated spirit their atmosphere, and ceaseless toil their future. It cannot be said too often that it is always the children who suffer; and year after year thousands of mute, unspoken tragedies are the tribute that the general cry for "cheapness" exacts from the little ones of certain classes of the dwellers in the East End.

RED FLOWERS

O, BUT my love was beautiful—
 Her eyes were the sun in Spring
 That warmed the red flowers in my heart
 To sudden blossoming.

Strange flowers, whose scent hung drowsily
 About the robe of Youth,
 Dulling my ears to Wisdom's voice,
 Dimming the face of Truth

O, but my love was beautiful—
 Her poison-flowers she spread
 Within my heart; it cannot mourn,
 They grow so tall and red.

WILLIAM MUDFORD.



STUFF — AND NONSENSE

BY
CLARENCE
ROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIME

IT is sad that February is no longer the month of valentines. If you walk in the main streets during the early days of this month you will see no valentines at all. In the by-streets, where the newspaper-shops deal in halfpenny prints of which the very names will be unfamiliar to you, valentines will be displayed; but they will convey messages of hate rather than of love, which is a sad reflection; for the valentine of the sixties and the seventies provided an easy and delightful path for the tentative advance of man to maid, and not infrequently of maid to man. It gave dainty expression to a sentiment that was not quite sure of its object, and perhaps not quite sure of itself; and sentiment of that kind is seldom quite sure of itself to begin with, though it becomes later absurdly certain. And possibly it is this very tentativeness which has proved the ruin of the valentine; for in such questions the modern Court of Love—which is situated in the Strand—regards indecision as the cardinal sin. Would you think that the breach of promise case has caused the young man to turn aside from the valentine and buy a new pipe? He knows that if his new pipe does not suit him he is not compelled by law, under severe penalties, to smoke it, and that when he sends a valentine he is embarking on a far more serious enterprise.

Do we not treat our young men rather

unfairly? In France, as in Germany, where betrothal is a solemn thing, entered upon with forethought and witnessed by the family, the breach of promise suit would be reasonable. For the Frenchman and the German know that they are not supposed to mention marriage until they see the door of the church or the *mairie* open in front of them. The Frenchman or the German who is betrothed is practically married. But to the young Englishman we say: "Young man, it is a very dreadful thing to make marriage a matter of business, and to tie up two young people together for life who have not learned to know their own minds. Do not be precipitate. You shall be engaged, or you shall walk out with your inamorata, according to your station in life; you shall dance with her more than three times in one evening, you shall take her up the river, you shall take her down the river to Rosherville, and keep your arm round her waist all the way. Only don't enter into a life-long contract without knowing what you are about. Regard your engagement as a period of probation, a season during which two hearts shall ascertain if they can synchronise and beat as one."

Well, the young man takes us at our word. He dances with Her four or five times, or escorts Her to Rosherville. And he finds—of course in a minority of cases—that at the fourth dance Her stock of ideas gives out, or that a day at Rosherville rubs the polish off Her temper. Then, reflecting that in England the period of engagement is the period of probation, he packs up the

cigarette-case or the worked tobacco-pouch which She has given him and returns it with a courteous letter and his heart. And thereupon we, under legal advice, undeceive him. "Young man," we say, "we were only joking with you. When we incited you to put your arm round Her waist on the way to Rosherville, we were not asking you to sign an order for a sample, but for the whole consignment. We only pretend that love is a sentiment—just for fun. Really it is a matter of business; and as you belong to a nation of shopkeepers—" Well, the result is to be seen in the law reports. I wonder whether that is why the young man of 1898 would rather sign a promissory note than send a valentine.

How is it that Frenchmen ever manage to write any poetry at all? To the English ear—though not to the English eye—most French words rhyme with most other French words, more or less; at least quite as well as "before ye" rhymes with "Loch Lomond," which forms the nearest approach to a rhyme in an exquisite Scotch song. But the French poets choose to dance in shackles. It is not enough for them that words should look like rhyming, or sound like rhyming; they must rhyme according to a hard-and-fast convention. In England we are much less particular. I found the other day in a delightful little volume of verses—a London comedy by Mr. Egan Mew—"gay" rhymed with "décolletée," and "hasardée" with "melody." That is all very well. But

as "hasardée" rhymes excellently with "décolletée," are we to conclude that "gay" rhymes with "melody"? Because it certainly does not. And here I begin to get muddled.

Really it is very difficult to determine what constitutes an English rhyme. It



THE DISTRACTED MUSICIAN

is not the look of the thing. So far as the eye is concerned "rabies" fits "babies" like a plaster; yet the cultured ear rebels against the union. We have become used to seeing "love" mated with "move," as well as with "above" and "dove"; of course "shove" is out of the question. No one has yet, I think, ventured on "alcove." Generally speaking it is not the eyes, but the ears that have

it. In a verse of the song which we sang so often last year occurs the couplet,

Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us

That, if you please, is a rhyme; though it doesn't look like one.

The English ear is not exacting. In a certain Kentish town some years ago there was floating—*per ora virum*—this stanza:

Chunky Boys
Had his choice
For to be a watchman,
Farmer Page
Flew in a rage
And kicked his old dark lantern.

And I never heard anyone complaining of any dissonance between "watchman" and "lantern." It is enough, in most cases, that the consonants should rhyme, as in the case of the gentleman who went to Gloucester in a shower of rain:

He stepped in a puddle
Up to his middle.

At the very least the vowels should rhyme, as they do in the once famous song "Pop Goes the Weasel." You will remember that the rhyme to "weasel" is "eagle." However, we have the highest authority for the belief that genius may bring clashing words into harmony. Did not the late Laureate in the "Charge of the Light Brigade" rhyme "thundered" with "hundred?" I have heard the illiterate pronounce the latter word "hunderd." But Lord Tennyson, being a peer, should have known better. On the whole we must conclude that masters of rhyme are like matters of conscience. If you think a thing is wrong, it is wrong. If you think two

words rhyme, they *do* rhyme, and there's an end of it.

The copyright laws should certainly be extended to tunes. An interviewer, as I learn from a newspaper paragraph, recently went to see Verdi, and found him living at his country house in a



THE WHISTLING STREET BOY

single room. When the interviewer (who, of course, wanted some furniture to write about) expressed surprise at such scanty accommodation, Verdi threw open one door after another and disclosed not cupboards but whole rooms full of skeletons—grisly frameworks of dead tunes—in short, barrel-organs. The composer, finding himself haunted and

driven half mad by the ghosts of his former indiscretions, had been compelled to hire all the barrel-organs in the neighbourhood, and chain them fast, in order to have peace. Now surely this is not fair to a composer. Surely a man may be permitted to forget that once in early life he wrote *Il Trovatore*! Yet it would seem that a man who has once made a tune and published it has let loose a Fury which will torment him for all time. Would it not be kinder to allow the composer to keep his Fury on the string of a copyright?

This suggestion is made not only in the interests of the composer, but for my own sake. The oftener one hears a tune the less one likes it, until by constant repetition it becomes a torment. A good tune is a thing worth having and preserving, and it cannot be preserved if all the organ-grinders and errand-boys in the kingdom combine to murder it. As good almost kill a man as kill a good tune—better, if the man be an organ-grinder. Already many scores of beau-

tiful melodies have been rendered odious. Who can endure now to listen to the "Intermezzo" of Mascagni? If it were heard but once a quarter it would still be delightful. *Tannhäuser* has lately been discovered by the grinders who serenely grind; and now there are portions of *Tannhäuser* that I want never to hear again. There are even music-hall tunes which would be a lasting joy to me if I never heard them. But when every piano-organ plays them and every street-boy whistles them, I weary, and my joy in them is gone. Why should my delight in an artistic product be ruined by a careless *gamin*? Why should Wagner be made ridiculous by the mechanical musician from Leather Lane? Let the errand-boy who wants to whistle a tune in the street pay a penny royalty to the composer. It would teach him to appreciate his privileges. The organ-grinder should pay heavy damages for the injury he inflicts; then the grinders might cease, being few.



"In the Spring"

By NORA HOPPER, AUTHOR OF "BALLADS IN PROSE" AND "UNDER QUICKEN BOUGHS"

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE

All the world is turning golden, turning golden;
Gold buttercups, gold moths upon the wing:
Gold is shining through the eyelids that were holden
Till the spring.

Now Ariel goes a singing by the olden
Dark yews where flittermice were wont to cling
All the world is turning golden, turning golden
In the spring.



"HO is that singing, Emmy? It sounds like Ariel. And what are flittermice?"

The speaker was Maud Guillamore, about whose bizarre pictures London and Paris ran wild some ten or twelve years ago; and her companion was her former school-fellow, now wife of the popular rector of Bishop's Overy.

"It isn't Ariel," the rector's wife said, pressing her thin lips closer together. "It is my nephew. And surely you know what a flittermouse is, Maud."

"I am so steeped in ignorance," laughed the artist, "that I didn't even know you had a nephew, Emmy."

"I haven't. He is nothing to me really; but my poor sister adopted him when he was almost a baby, and when she died I gave him a home, for her sake. His name is Deane—Alan Deane."

"O!" said Mrs. Guillamore, thoughtfully. "How old is he, Emmy?"

"Sixteen, I believe."

"And he was Alice's legacy to you?"

"Yes. And a very troublesome charge sometimes, Maud; and the rector abets him in his wilfulness."

"How sad!" Mrs. Guillamore said, showing her dimples. "O, Emmy, what a little Eden Bower."

The two ladies had come to the

end of the rectory gardens now, and stood looking over a low gate upon a tiny dingle, literally carpeted with primroses and wild hyacinths, beyond which nest of amber and turquoise rose the soft irregular outline of a little hill, only half defined through a morning mist or delicate greyish-purple, like the bloom on a hothouse grape.

"O!" Maud Guillamore cried again, as she stood drinking in the beauty of the combe. "O, Emmy, you happy woman, to have all this at your very doors! And I daresay you don't come here very often, do you? And all this largesse of primroses is wasted."

"Alan would be here all day if he could," Mrs. Gresham said, raising her eyebrows. "Of course, I can see it is very pretty, Maud, and the violets are very plentiful here in their season."

"So I should think angels were, too."

"My dear Maud!"

"Do you consider that irreverent, Emmy? Let us say Pixies instead of angels, then. Do you suppose if I lay down to sleep there among the primroses the Pixies would come and steal me away?"

"My dear!" the rector's wife said again, with a puzzled glance. "Ah! here he comes."

"Ariel?" Maud said dreamily. "I have been expecting him every minute, Emmy."

She leaned a little further over the gate, looking at the lad who came slowly

up from the combe, burdened with a sheaf of wild blue hyacinths; Mrs. Gresham was looking at him too, but not with the interest that was apparent in Maud Guillamore's dark face.

"O!" the latter said, under her breath. "What a beautiful face! O, Emmy, how I should like to paint him!"



"HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO PAINT HIM!"

"Why not?" Mrs. Gresham said composedly. "Come here, Alan."

"Yes, Aunt Emmeline; I am coming," the boy said, turning his bright face towards the two ladies. "Look at my spoil"—lifting a few of the hyacinths and laying them gently against his cheek—"did you ever see anything more lovely?"

"No—never." It was Maud Guilla-

more who answered. Mrs. Gresham stood back looking on with a perplexed frown on her delicate, discontented face. "If it were to be always the bluebell season I would stay in Devonshire for ever."

"This is Mrs. Guillamore, Alan," Mrs. Gresham interposed here. "A very

dear friend of mine, and of your mother's." Then she drew back a step and whispered into Maud Guillamore's ear. "I thought you knew—I thought I had told you that he was blind."

The artist turned a horrified face to her friend. "You never told me. Is it true? How cruel! O, how cruel!"

"My dear, he has never seen."

"And that is worse." There were tears in Maud Guillamore's brown eyes now, and tears in her voice as she leaned forward, and took the blind boy's hand in hers.

"You heard?" she said gently. "I was careless to speak so loud. Forgive me, my dear; and believe me that after all you are happier than we are. You cannot see anything terrible when you dream; as your aunt does, perhaps, as I often do."

"I never can remember my dreams," Alan

Deane said, knitting his brows. "I try, but I never can, but sometimes I wake laughing."

"Ah!" the artist said, sighing, "sometimes I wake sobbing. But that is put by now: I haven't come to Devonshire to dream, but to work. I wonder if you would let me paint you, Alan."

"I shall be very glad, if Aunt Emmeline does not mind."

"Aunt Emmeline has no objection when your lessons are over," Mrs. Gresham said, rather sharply. "Only you must not spoil him, Maud; Alan is lazy enough already."

"Are you indeed?" Maud Guillamore said absently.

"Yes." Alan's face was very wistful as he spoke. "Sometimes when I am at work I smell the wet earth or the sea or the hyacinths down in the dingle, or else I feel the sunshine on my face, and it seems as if I must go out."

"Mrs. Guillamore will think you shamefully idle," Emmeline Gresham said, rather sternly. "But when he chooses, Maud, he can work very well: it is not always he feels the sunshine on his face."

"No," said the boy gently, "not always."

"It is not always May," quoted the artist, shrugging her shoulder. "I wish it were." Alan Deane laughed.

"But then you would never have any roses," he said; "and what would you painters and poets do then?"

"What would you do without them?" Maud Guillamore asked lightly, and the boy's sensitive face flushed.

"I don't know, Mrs. Guillamore."

"Alan has a fancy that flowers are like voices," Mrs. Gresham said, bruising a sprig of forced southernwood between her fingers. "What do you say my voice is like, Alan?"

Alan flushed again. "I think—there is a little rose that grows in clusters, soft and limp and white—I think Aunt Emmeline's voice is like that."

"So!" Mrs. Gresham said, smiling, "that sounds very pretty. Can you match this lady's voice with a rose too?"

"Yes," the boy said directly. "One of those roses whose scent is quite different to the rest. It is red—a very dark red, Uncle James says. I think he called it damask."

"James and Alan like that rose best of all; they are always stripping off its buds," Mrs. Gresham remarked, with a soft laugh. "I hope you feel flattered, Maud."

"I do, indeed. So flattered that I am running away. Yes, really, Emmy, I am going. The Pomeroy's dine at

seven and lunch at two, and it is half-past one now. Yes, dear; I do know the short cut to Pomeroy, and I will come and dine with you to-morrow if I can. Good-bye, Alan: leave a few bluebells for me——"

The next day and the next Alan Deane was up at the Place, sitting patiently hour after hour while Maud Guillamore drew in the first details of the picture that was to make her famous; and for many days after the bluebell season was over the boy came up to Pomeroy and posed patiently, with never a word of complaint for the artist's many whims.

"You are patience personified," Maud Guillamore said contritely one day when she had been unusually hard to please. "How I envy you your sweet humour, Alan! Is it inherited?"

"I don't know," the boy said rather wistfully, "I never knew my own people."

"Ah, I think your own people must have been the Good Neighbours, do you know? You have a fairy look about you at times, Caro. Perhaps you are a changeling?"

"Perhaps."

Maud Guillamore lifted her eyes from her canvas and studied the delicate spiritual face afresh; she knew every line of it by heart already, but to-day there was a new look about it: an added delicacy of outline, a graver beauty in the lines of the sensitive mouth, and about the eyes that for all their blindness were so bright.

"I think you must be of elfin kin," she said, adding a touch or two to the face she was painting.

"There runs in their veins the cold bright dew
For blood that colours the cheeks of you."

Is there dew in your veins instead of blood, Alan?"

"No, Mrs. Guillamore." The blood rose up in the delicate face to substantiate the denial, and Maud Guillamore laughed a little.

"Don't be too sure," she said. "I am a seventh child and I can read faces—and hands too. And I read, Caro, that you are not as we are."



"NO, I AM BLIND"

"No," Alan said gently and gravely, "I am blind."

"O, Caro *mio*," the artist cried impulsively; "do you think I meant *that*? You are not as we are because you can see things we cannot: not because you cannot see. Caro, did you never know you were a poet?"

"No," in a very low voice.

"You are. Some day, Caro, you will take the world by storm."

"Which world?" the boy said with a half-smile.

Maud Guillamore hurried her speech a little; she was afraid to answer that quiet question, perhaps.

"One is never a prophet in one's own country," she said, panting a little; "but I prophesy that people will rise up and call you blessed. I can see them coming round you. I can see your face, glad and sorry and half-shamed. I hope I may live to see your coronation day, my Ariel."

"I hope you will," Alan said quietly. "Is yours over, Mrs. Guillamore?"

"My coronation day?" Maud Guillamore stammered. "I—yes—I suppose so."

"And you are all the happier for your crown?"

Maud Guillamore started and flushed guiltily: was she any the happier for that wreath of orange-blossoms she had worn one May morning five years before? Was Arthur Guillamore? She looked back over the years of quarrelling and jarring that lay between her wedding-day and that day last year when she and her husband had finally resolved upon walking separate ways henceforward, and the flush burned deeper in her cheeks as she looked at the sorry picture she had wrought of her life.

"No," she said, at last. "I discrowned myself last year."

Did the boy understand or not? she wondered, as she went on painting steadily, though her eyes were dim with tears. The blind eyes were looking directly at her, and she thought they saw deeper into her nature than other eyes which were not blind.

"You are a little out of position," she said, forcing herself back into every-day life. "A little out—there, keep your head like that, and your arm just so. You are not tired? You are very pale, Caro."

"Please go on," Alan said, quietly, and Maud Guillamore complied. When next she laid down her brushes it was almost dark, and Alan's cramped limbs could scarcely sustain the required position for pain.

"You may go now," the artist said, in an altered tone. "I can paint no more to-day, and to-morrow I am going into Exeter. Come up on Thursday morning, Alan. You have been patience itself to-day. Good-night, Caro."

She gave him her hand in careless friendliness, and in the friendly twilight did not see the new strange trouble in her model's face.

Another day she was talking of his future again, and as she posed him and stood critically gazing at him he took her hand, paint-stained as it was, and kissed it.

"O, be careful!" she said with a little laugh. "There is paint on my fingers, and I might have poisoned you, Alan."

"O," the boy said hurriedly, "what would it have mattered, Mrs. Guillamore?"

"I should have lost a beautiful model."

"Yes," he assented, "I forgot that."

"Why are you never cross, Alan? Never mind; some day you will grow cross and proud and reserved, and you'll quite forget the poor people who knew you before your wings grew? No, don't protest—children always forget, you know, and why should you be an exception to the rule?" She was cruel, and she knew it, but her sex is cruel by nature, and the woman was pleased to know how deeply a word from her could hurt the sensitive nature nobody had troubled to probe before, and the artist liked to see the flush coming and going on the fair face, the quickly-repressed quivering of the delicately-moulded lips, the sudden clenching of the slender brown hands. "You don't like to be called a child?" she said in a reproachful tone. "But you are a child to me, you see—and you are so young and innocent. You don't believe there is any sin in the world—eh!"

"There must be a great deal," Alan said, "but it can't be hopeless, can it, Mrs. Guillamore?"

"I don't know. I have met hopeless people, but they were happy enough and cultivated gigantic appetites. You never came across gluttons and agnostics in Elfinland, did you?"

"I haven't left Elfinland yet, but I must be getting very near the gates," Alan said rather sadly. "When will you open them and drive me out, Mrs. Guillamore?"

"I?" said the artist innocently. "What have I to do with it? A great deal?"

Simple lad! Well, well, I won't drive you out just yet. Perhaps you may always stay there—who knows?"

"That's impossible."

"Is it?" Maud Guillamore painted on assiduously. "Well, we shall see.

more listened and grew alarmed and penitent for the wrong she had done the singer, and presently broke down into violent sobbing. He did not attempt to comfort her—perhaps he intuitively guessed the reason for her tears, but he went on with his song, and when it ceased Maud was composed again.

"My David," she said, "you have sung away my wickedness. It will come back again, of course, but, meanwhile, I am good. I must get to work again: you are not tired, are you? Not in the least? You dear unselfish creature! They teach good lessons in Elfinland—where you come from. If I had ever lived there I might have—No, one forgets all that. Some day you will forget all about the place where you learned to sing your songs."

"No," said Alan hurriedly, "one never forgets, Mrs. Guillamore."

Maud stopped painting to look at him.

"What a child you are, after all," she said. "How old are you, Alan?"

"Nearly seventeen."

"I was married when I was seventeen—twenty years ago now. I wish I had died at seventeen . . . What fools women are to marry for love!"

"You married for love and now your husband is dead?"

"Dead to me," Maud answered. "I am a free woman—a successful woman—



"'COME BACK TO ME FROM ELFINLAND'"

O, I'm tired. . . . Sing to me for a little, will you, Alan? Presently I will go on working, but just now I've a fancy to hear you sing of Young Iamlane—did you ever meet him in Elfinland?" So Alan sung of Young Iamlane and Janet in his clear, sweet voice, carefully trained by the musical vicar, and Maud Guilla-

and a most unhappy woman with it all, Alan."

"I wish I could help you to happiness," Alan said suddenly, "but I can do nothing."

"Yes, you can. Take that tragic look off your face and look eager and happy again—a touch of tragedy would spoil this picture, and I mean it to be a great success."

A day or two later Mrs. Guillamore went back to London. She said good-bye to the vicar and his wife in the old-fashioned garden, but made Alan come down to the dingle with her.

"I want to say good-bye to you among your native flowers," she said. "I have a fancy to-day that you are a changeling, and will be carried back to Elfinland before we meet again." She bent, laughing, and kissed him on the lips. "There, Changeling, by virtue of that you must come back to me from the Elfinland, and give me back my kiss. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes. . . . Good-bye."

Spring-time again; but it is the year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty-six. Mrs. Gresham stands at her front gate looking anxious and unhappy, while the doctor's young wife chatters on.

"Yes, the picture's an enormous success, and everybody's talking about her, but I didn't think her so handsome, did you? And her husband came here on his way from Crewe last night. They don't agree, I believe, and I dare say it's all Mrs. Guillamore's fault. She looked a bit of a vixen, eh? Mercy on me, what a start you gave me, Alan; I thought you were indoors: and, indeed, you look ill enough to be in bed."

"I'm well enough, thanks," Alan answers, beginning to cough, a soft exhausted cough that brings a look of pity in Mrs. Mortlock's hard grey eyes.

"Go back into the house," she says, "this wind is bitterly cold."

"One expects wind in March," Alan returns, smiling, "and daffodils. Did I hear you say Mrs. Guillamore was

coming to Pomeroy? Well, Aunt Mary?"

"Yes, she comes to-morrow," his aunt says uncomfortably. "Where are you going, Alan?"

"Only into the village," Alan answers hurriedly. "I shall not be long, Aunt Mary."

"Why don't you stop him?" Mrs. Mortlock asks, as the slender, boyish figure goes with rapid steps down the sloping chalky road. "It's sheer madness to let him go out in the teeth of this wind—and looking as he does."

"I have no authority over him," Mrs. Gresham says sadly. "Now that your husband says the boy has inherited his father's disease, how can I control him? He would tell Alice I had been unkind to him."

"I declare Mary Gresham's love for her sister is getting a perfect mania," Emily Mortlock says to herself as she walks rapidly away. The vicar's wife stands still at the gate, lost in thought, lost in tender memories of that sweet dead sister who was the only mother Alan Deane ever knew. "I tried to love him," she says aloud at last. "I did, indeed, Alice, but I hardly knew how: I had no children of my own. O, Alice, never believe that I was unkind to him, dear!"

"Mrs. Gresham," says an agitated voice, "I think you must be Mrs. Gresham." The vicar's wife looks up with a start: the gentleman who has accosted her—a well set-up good-looking man of forty odd—comes a step nearer. "Your nephew has just been run over—my horses started—I can't express my sorrow—they are bringing him slowly in the carriage," he says incoherently. "Pray forgive me for breaking it so badly to you, and—"

"Is he dead?"

"No, no—thank God!"

"Thank God!"

If Mrs. Gresham has been an indifferent aunt she proves herself an admirable nurse. While Dr. Mortlock examines the extent of the lad's injuries she indulges in a few quiet tears, but is quite calm when the examination is over and accompanies the doctor downstairs

into the vicar's study where the stranger sits. He rises and comes forward with an anxious look in his pleasant brown eyes.

"Have you good news, Doctor?"

"The lad's dying," James Mortlock says curtly. "O, Mrs. Gresham knows it as well as I do, Mr. —"

"Major Guillamore."

face, and though one arm is bound up in splints, the right hand is uninjured and rests on the head of the boar-hound crouched beside the low iron bed. Dan growls and shows his great white teeth as the stranger comes in.

"Here is Major Guillamore," says Mrs. Gresham. A faint flush and a quiver as of pain crosses Alan's face.



"'I PROMISE'

"Major Guillamore. I doubt if he lives till to-morrow. Will you go up to him, Major? He has been asking for you."

So, preceded by Mrs. Gresham, Major Ayrton Guillamore goes upstairs with a nervous flush on his bronzed face, and is ushered into the room where Alan Deane lies dying. There is nothing to shock him here, however: the trampling iron hoofs have spared the fair delicate

"Thank you for coming, Major Guillamore," he says rather feebly. "Don't stay, Aunt Mary—go and get your dinner and tell the Vicar I am not quite killed yet."

Mrs. Gresham goes away without a word: Ayrton Guillamore stands by the bed, looking down at the pale, upturned face, mentally cursing himself for his careless driving. Presently Alan speaks:

"You are to promise me two things, Major Guillamore."

"What are they, my boy? Anything I can do—" the Major begins hurriedly.

"First, you are not to blame yourself for this. Yes, I know you do, now, but afterwards you must remember that I said it was my fault. I know the road so well—but somehow I didn't hear the horses, and I couldn't see them—I am blind, you know, and—and—"

"Don't talk: I promise anything," Ayrton Guillamore breaks in hastily as Alan pauses, gasping for breath. "Let me call Mrs. Gresham."

"No—no. It is only my bruised side," Alan says with a faint smile. "You've seen worse things than that while you were on active service, I dare say. Next, I want you to stay here at the Vicarage till to-morrow night. That isn't long, is it? I don't ask you to stay longer, because I don't think—I don't feel as if I should live over to-morrow night. Will you promise, Major Guillamore?"

"I promise," answers Ayrton Guillamore huskily.

And now to-morrow is here, and with it Death has crossed the threshold of the Vicarage, and in the small sunlit bedroom, looking westward, Ayrton Guillamore sits with his arm round the dying boy, while the Vicar, kneeling at the other side of the bed, murmurs almost inaudible prayers, and his wife standing beside him sobs quietly. So overcome is she that she does not hear

the soft opening and shutting of the door, does not hear, either, the frou-frou of Maud Guillamore's dress as she crosses the room. But the Major both hears and sees, and the start he gives tells the dying lad the name of the late arrival, if he needs to be told.

"So you have come," he says, a rush of colour coming into his face. "Come here—come close and take back the kiss you gave me." Maud Guillamore, trembling and pale, stoops and kisses him on the lips. "Do you owe me something?" Alan says in a whisper that only she can hear.

"Yes, God forgive me!"

"Then give the kiss I gave you back to—*him*." There is a momentary pause, then Maud Guillamore turns to her husband and kisses him with eager, trembling lips.

"Lay me down," Alan says quickly; "thank you, Major—"

Maud bends over him anxiously. "What is it, dear boy? O, Alan, speak to us again."

"Don't let *him* know," Alan whispers with a last effort to please the woman who has spoiled his life for him. "Maud—"

The hand that Major Guillamore is holding grows suddenly cold and lax, and now Alan is deaf as well as blind to Maud Guillamore's sobs and tears, and well on his way back to that country, call it Avilion or call it Paradise, where the "lost Aprils are, and the lost Mays."



"Some of My Experiences"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT occurred to the Editor of *The Ludgate* the other day that journalists must needs have interesting and out-of-the-way stories to tell of their experiences in the exercise of their profession. He promptly questioned



MR. LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD ("DAILY MAIL")

Photo by Alfred Ellis

some of them, and here are the answers. First let Mr. Lincoln Springfield of the *Daily Mail* speak, for, with the promptitude of the good journalist, he sent in his "copy" by return of post.

"Why don't some of you go out and get a murder done?" was a favourite remark of Mr. Cust's when, during his editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, news was momentarily scarce.

He doesn't know to this day how near his flippant suggestion came to fulfilment in his own office, while he was smoking his cigarette a few yards off, one November afternoon.

I am away from the *Pall Mall Gazette* now, and from my fastness of the *Daily Mail* office I venture at length to confess how, out of a weak regard for the ethical code of an effete civilisation, I robbed the *Pall Mall* of a great "exclusive"; a dramatic murder on their own premises in the Charing Cross Road; a home-made sensation.

As a member of Mr. Cust's staff, I was

personally "covering" the developments of the famous Ardlemont Mystery. One man was in custody awaiting his trial on the charge of murder; a second, Mr. V—— (the parties are still living, so I leave this record anonymous), was, although his name was never published, temporarily under suspicion. That being the case, I had cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. V——, and he had on several occasions called at the *P.M.G.* office to make certain statements to me from his point of view.

A friendly New Scotland Yard inspector had also introduced me to one Mr. K——, who had given strange information, which, if credited, would have put the rope round the neck of Mr. V——. I had, therefore, taken K—— round to the offices of the *P.M.G.* in order to receive his full statement, and to sift it by cross-examination.

He told a strong and stirring story; but it was apparent that every word of it was steeped in the bitterest malice against V——. I pointed out to K—— that he appeared to possess a vigorous dislike to V——.

"I do, indeed," replied K——. "I was his partner three years ago, and he swindled me out of every farthing I had in the world. I have never got on my legs again since, and I am a ruined man, living with only one object—to have my revenge. He has dodged me up till the present, but one day he and I will stand face to face, and then, God have mercy on his soul!"

Saying which, K—— dipped his hand into his overcoat pocket, tore it out again with a swift gesture, and banged on the table between us a heavy revolver.

At that instant, in walked a messenger-boy, who placed on my blotting-pad a card. It was the card of V——.

"Show the gentleman into another room," I told the lad.

Now here I had a very pretty situation in my own hands. As a unit of the public I am proud to think I had sufficient sense of moral responsibility to keep these two men apart. But as a pressman I am ashamed to remember that I had not sufficient journalistic enterprise to secure that exciting story which was bound to result from bringing the two men together.

Mr. Edwin Sharpe Grew, of the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, writes as follows:

The oddest experience even of a journalist is usually reserved for himself or a few friends; but one of the most entertaining of mine took place a few years ago in the Tower of London, and in that part of it where the Crown Jewels are preserved. Except on account of their history and associations the Crown Jewels are by no means so valuable as most people believe them to be; but ever since the lamented Colonel Blood made an attempt to steal them two centuries ago, very elaborate precautions have been taken to guard them. The most practical of these precautions is perhaps that of keeping the most costly of the gems at the Queen's bankers, whence they are removed, if any occasion calls for them, in a four-wheeled cab. The official precaution, however, takes the form of the appointment of some distinguished officer as Keeper of the Regalia. This officer lives, for part of the year at any rate, in the Tower, and it is part of his duties to lock the doors upon the jewels in the



MR. E. SHARPE GREW ("DAILY GRAPHIC")

Photo by H. C. Shelley

warder always on duty in the Square. If the warder here rings the bell once, he alarms the other warder on duty, who in his turn alarms the guard, unless the Regalia warder number one communicates with him through the speaking-tube. If warder number one rings the bell twice it alarms the whole of the Tower! Brecon," continued the Keeper of the Regalia, raising his voice and addressing the old warder on duty, "just come here and tell us what your duties are in case of an alarm."

"It's all right, Sir Geoffrey," said Brecon, with the familiarity of an old soldier; "I know my duties, Sir Geoffrey."

"Yes, yes," returned Sir Geoffrey, impatiently, "but I want you to tell this gentleman what they are."

Brecon gabbled through them.

"And now," said Sir Geoffrey, "just ring the bell once to show us how the precautions are taken."

Brecon evidently thought this a very unnecessary proceeding, but he complied. Nothing happened.

Sir Geoffrey looked very annoyed. "What's the meaning of this, Brecon?" asked he. "Ring it again! Blow down the tube!"

Brecon did so. There was no answer.

"Really, really," said the Keeper of the Regalia, "I never heard anything so—what does this—"

"He might have gone for his lunch, Sir Geoffrey," remarked the warder apologetically.

"Ring the bell twice," exploded Sir Geoffrey. "I'll have the whole Tower alarmed!"

Brecon pealed the alarm bell twice. A dead silence followed. It lasted several minutes. The warder broke it at last—painfully:

"I tell you what, Sir Geoffrey," said he, "I'll just step downstairs and see what they are doing."

"You'd better," observed Sir Geoffrey, briefly. "I'll see into this!"

As I have every reason to believe that he did.

Mr. T. S. C. Crowther, of the same journal, writes:

After a day searching the dangerous seas lying between Brest and Ushant—after attending the simple and beautiful interment of those washed up on the lighthouse island—and eventually discovering the body of poor Reed (whose brother was one of our party) lying in a Breton fishing-boat below the rough stone pier at Molène, we had had our fill of "harrowed feelings" for the time being. Night

evening and unlock them in the morning. The then Keeper of the Regalia had just been explaining these duties to me, and by way of convincing me of the absolute security of the jewels, proceeded to detail other measures of precaution for their safety against fire and thieves.

"In addition," he pointed out, "there is always a Warder of the Tower on guard in this room where the jewels are, and he and I alone have keys of the iron cage wherein the jewels are enclosed. On that wall also you will perceive a bell-pull and a speaking-tube. The speaking-tube communicates with another

set in ere we left the latter place, towing behind our steamer the smack with a tricolour at half mast. To pick one's way through waters studded with snags just showing their black decayed teeth in the dark, put the final touches on even the strongest nervous systems in our



MR. T. S. C. CROWTHER ("DAILY GRAPHIC")

Photo by J. A. Willan

little band, and on arrival at Le Conquet on the mainland—for it was impossible to reach Brest that night—we endeavoured to forget all we could of the sorry day we had gone through, and tried to attain a less morbid frame of mind. All had been done that sympathy and thoughtfulness could do.

The first consideration was a "wash." Le Conquet must have suffered from a water famine for hours after that wash, for we were travel-stained, to say the least of it, and my hands were black with cutting lead pencils all day.

When these necessary ablutions were concluded we groped our way across a dirty stable-yard to the dining-room, but had first to push through a crowded assembly of mayors, deputies and other local functionaries, all only too anxious to oblige and sympathise. Four of our members were missing by this time. It subsequently transpired that two were Brest newspaper men, who knew the village and had gone in search of a carriage to convey them home to the waiting telegraph wires. They found an ancient barouche. The others—English journalists—had dogged them, and begged, prayed, and beseeched for seats, but all to no purpose. There was a decided coolness at the supper-table afterwards.

We were a painfully reserved set of guests at that table. It was surely the saddest supper the Currie Line have ever given. Laughter was checked, for we had those within hearing

who had found their dead. There was a droll side, all the same, for after the hors d'œuvres came some cross-bred crustaceans, which resembled a Leigh cockle, a winkie, and a snail combined—only the shells were green! The French journalists, not content with one course of these awful shellfish, ate them with relish all through the meal, as though they were olives. Then came soup and immense lobsters, of a size I had never seen before. The tails were cut into huge chunks, and we were all so famished that no thought of dreams troubled our consciences, and, in fact, no one slept the worse as far as I am aware.

Then hot and cold meats and strawberries for dessert concluded the first decent meal we had taken since leaving London three days before.

Travelling had tired us completely, and the moment supper was finished we sought our beds. The small hotel was crowded, and I had to share a room, reached through the stable-yard, with one of the officials of the company. There were two beds, no carpet, and a smell of damp hay. One bed was of the sort that, set down in the wilds of Africa and discovered by a traveller, the said traveller would say: "I know that bed—it comes from France." The other was a "shakedown." We tossed for the French magnificence, and I lost. Currie put his hand on my couch, and whistled softly.

"Can you swim, old chap?"

"No. What on earth do—"

"I mean to say, have you got any woollen garments?"

"No" again. For all the luggage I had I "stood up in."

"My dear chap, those sheets on your bed must have been washed only an hour ago. They're as damp as water can make them."

Fortunately, he had plenty of woollen things, and fitted me up. Rheumatic fever has not yet set in, and possibly I owe my life to the careful man who travels always with a well-filled trunk.

Two days after I was in London with my sketches, and had the consolation of knowing that, by leaving town in a hurry, without a scrap of luggage, I was the only draughtsman at the *Drummond Castle* funerals.

Mr. T. Marlowe, of the *Evening News*, writes:

In ten years of newspaper work a man's senses become dulled by adventure. "The labour we delight in physics pain," and, as the susceptibility to pain is lessened so is the capacity for enjoyment. You have interviewed

this great man, and that one who thinks he is greater; you have been the bored recipient of numberless confidences the publication of which would spell damages—the word of fear!—and you have found every hole stopped—all but one little one (there is always a leak somewhere)—when you have wanted to get information that it was really to the public interest to publish: you have described this splendid spectacle and that pyramidal pageant; you have ridden on the footplate of an engine because there was no other way; you have had to put up your hands and "down" your man because he stupidly mistook you for a detective and wanted to wipe his great boots on you; you have sat for days in the Divorce Court until you have wondered what a man can see in a woman; you have gone out o' mornings to do things that you knew very well were impossible, and you have gone to bed at night blessing your luck in having found that you were mistaken. In this way the daily procession of incidents, any one of which might supply the unsophisticated with gossip for a month, becomes a wearisome routine. The



MR. T. MARLOWE ("EVENING NEWS")
Photo by Francis and Co.

mind loses elasticity, events pall and memory fades, so that when you are asked to relate an "experience" it takes you some little time to realise that your life is at all different from that of anyone else—though they do tell a story of a reporter who whispered "Press!" when he was asked if he were "saved."

I said "blessing your luck." When you are told that persistence, ingenuity and speed are the qualities that make a good evening paper man, you need not disbelieve it. But you may be certain that the most important attribute of all has been left unmentioned. Luck—the luck that comes to a man when he is bending

his mind to a thing and helps him to do it—luck is the pick of the basket. That is the moral of the incident hereinunder related.

Colonel ——— was found dead at his house in Kensington with a smoking pistol in his hand, five minutes after he had received a letter by the hand of a woman, who immediately departed. The woman was not produced at the inquest, and the letter had been destroyed before the police were called. "Suicide during temporary insanity" was the jury's verdict, but the affair puzzled all London. It puzzled nobody more than me, for I had made myself familiar with every circumstance of it. Four nights after the suicide, on the top of a 'bus, I asked an old man for a match. He showed a disposition to become chatty, and even discursive. Among other things that he touched upon was the suicide of a lady in Chelsea, at a house a few doors from his own, and he expressed surprise that no report of the occurrence had been published. Plain suicide is, unfortunately, common enough, but I encouraged the old gentleman to go into details, and was startled by discovering that the lady, who bore the name of a family which has possessions in England and Ireland, had shot herself within an hour before the death of Colonel ———, after sending her charwoman out with a letter to an address unknown. *I knew the address:* I bundled my old man into a cab and drove with him to Chelsea. When midnight struck I was sitting beside the charwoman's bedside, interviewing her, while her husband sat by the fireplace, grumbling at having been disturbed. The two tragedies, as I had guessed, were one: both victims had sought death rather than face the exposure that Colonel ———'s wife had threatened.

I know many other stories that have the same point. One in particular that strongly supports the theory of luck happened during the hunt for the murderer of Miss Camp, who was killed on the South-Western Railway last February. I hailed a cabman at midnight, and told him to drive to a place two miles away. I wanted to find there a cabman named Ben Purdon. When the cab stopped in due course at the spot indicated, it turned out that Ben Purdon was the man on the dicky!

Mr. John Jenkins, of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, writes:

Although during my thirty years' connection with the provincial Press of Scotland and England no event of outstanding importance has occurred, several matters in which I have

taken a more or less active part remain vividly impressed upon my memory. To recall one or two of these may be interesting. Among the criminal trials with which I have been professionally associated, the notorious Maybrick poisoning case, dealt with at the Liverpool



MR. J. JENKINS ("LIVERPOOL DAILY POST")

Photo by Medington

Assizes in the summer of 1889, stands out prominently. After hearing the evidence adduced at every stage of the proceedings—inquest, police-court, and Assizes—I felt convinced that the jury acted rightly in finding Mrs. Maybrick guilty. And, singular to say, this was the opinion of almost every newspaper man who had followed the proceedings. As the case went on day after day at the Assizes, I remember how the face of the wretched woman showed her keen mental suffering; and when the trial closed she looked as if ten years had been added to her life. I consider the reporting of this case, to the extent of eighteen to twenty-five columns daily, by the ordinary staff, a feat of which any provincial newspaper may be proud—and this, too, while the routine engagements were fully attended to.

Another sensational case in which I was engaged was the unravelling of the Deeming murders at Rainhill, near Liverpool, in the spring of 1892. When the police found the bodies of the victims underneath the cemented floor of the house which had been occupied by Deeming and his family, I well remember the feeling of horror which tried the nerves of everyone present, even the policemen giving way to it. Perhaps the most dramatic incident connected with the crime was when, at the inquest on the bodies, a relative of the callous murderer declared, in an outburst of anguish which would not be repressed, that he had dreamt some time before the discovery that the

wife and children had been murdered, but he hoped it was only a dream. And the knowledge of its reality shook him with convulsive sobs.

I remember an awkward incident occurring during one of the annual addresses of Mr. (now Sir) M. E. Grant-Duff to his constituents when he held a Northern seat in Parliament. Mr. Grant-Duff's addresses were always carefully prepared, and so well committed to memory that he delivered them almost absolutely as written, and with scarcely any reference to his notes. On the occasion to which I allude, however, during one of the speaker's most eloquent passages, a person at the back of the hall shouted out in a voice like an earthquake, "What about the hares, Grant-Duff?" recalling a free distribution of hares made by the father of the present Duke of Fife to a number of Mr. Grant-Duff's chief supporters when he contested the seat in the days of open voting. The interruption threw Mr. Grant-Duff completely off his train of thought, and after several ineffectual attempts to proceed he stopped entirely. An embarrassing pause ensued before he succeeded in picking up the dropped sentence. Evidently the suggestion of the interrupter awoke memories of the past in the mind of the speaker.

From Mr. W. Maxwell, chief of the Glasgow staff of the *Scotsman*, comes the following:

I was sitting cosily by the fireside one evening, when my wife, who sat opposite me, suddenly exclaimed: "Tell me something!" The exclamation was uttered in the idle way of a woman longing to have her thoughts taken from the common round of household duties.

I pulled from my pocket a frayed telegram, and read it to myself. Then I began: "Once upon a time——"

"The sequence of words is not wholly original," she interjected.

"Well, early one Saturday afternoon," I began again, "a telegram was hurriedly handed into the Glasgow office of the *Scotsman*, and it bore these words: 'Terrible explosion at Udston Colliery, Hamilton. Many lives lost.' I had every reason to believe this short, ominous intimation meant that another of those violent holocaustic blasts which periodically scourge mining communities had taken place; and within a couple of hours I was at Udston. No rescue work could be done that day, and the following night I drove from Glasgow back to the colliery."

"It was a dark, black night, and for fully an hour we whisked through the cold air at an uncanny rate. Then sharply the vehicle was drawn up, and the driver, without alighting, called out: 'We are here, sir.' Midnight had almost come, but the stillness of the hour was broken by the creaking of the pit-head gear, and the surrounding gloom was dispelled by a circle of glowing braziers, the light from which formed, as it were, an aureole of fire round the temporary grave of the entombed miners. Mothers and wives and children were huddled together at the pit-mouth beside the flaming coals; and toil-worn fathers and husbands, kind of heart but unversed in the language of sympathy, gave them the support of their presence. In answer to a solitary question—it was no time for much speech—the reply came: 'The bodies will soon be brought up.' This, of course, pointed to work for all who were present representing daily newspapers. It also meant labour for a staff of grim-looking undertaking men.

"Near the winding pit-head machinery an out-house was prepared for the reception of the

and the moaning of men outside. 'The bodies are coming,' was the only coherent sentence heard ere the undertakers were at work. Through the still 'silent watches of the night' a succession of corpses—incinerated, disembowelled, mutilated corpses—were raised to the surface, stretched on a chilly bier, shrouded in rough raiment, and confined with unseemly if necessary rapidity. Seventy-three men, on whom Death's black, ruthless finger had been laid, passed before my eyes, and on this side the grave I never expect to spend a more ghastly or a more gruesome night. It was the first time I had had to use coffins with dead men in them as a desk for turning out copy to gratify the morbid craving of a morbid public, and I trust it will be the last time."

Angus Evan Abbott, who has been a journalist in more continents than one, writes:

There were two of us bound for Blacksod Bay on the Mayo coast, each to board a battleship and witness the Naval Manœuvres for 1897. We left London at ten o'clock on Monday night, left Dublin next morning, and drifting across Ireland in what the witty natives call an "express," reached Ballina about five o'clock. Ballina is the nearest railway station to Belmullet, a drive of something like forty miles. We did this drive in dismal weather—wet, cold and blustering nights they have among the Mayo mountains. On Wednesday morning we prepared to board the ships. Now, I am one of the submerged tenth. I cannot shave myself, and two days' growth, when one has nothing to do but travel and grow bristles, is not a pretty thing to take aboard a battleship. Belmullet had no hairdresser, but there was a legend to the effect that an old man once upon a time shaved a stranger. So he was sent for.

"Oi have shaved gentlemine in me toime, sur. Indade oi have that, sur," he said, as he rubbed his own rough chin and gazed at me. All the guests of the hotel stood round and grinned.

"Will ye plase let me feel the idge av yer razor, sur."

"I haven't one. I can't shave myself, so do not carry an outfit."

"De ye tell me that, now? Well, sure we'll have to do something for ye, sur." He scratched his head and looked thoughtfully perplexed until it was suggested that his own razor might do. Off he set and returned with a razor he told us he had inherited. But he brought no brush.



MR. W. MAXWELL (CHIEF OF THE "SCOTSMAN"
GLASGOW STAFF)

Photo by Annan and Sons

dead, and the first glance into that charnel-house was a sickening sight. A fire burned on the cemented floor at one end, and the reflection cast into relief piles of coffins—plain, black deal-board boxes—ranged round the remaining three sides. There were four newspaper men present, and as we moved towards the fire one of them drew from his pocket a large-sized flask. Four gentle gurgling sounds followed, and an empty vessel was returned to its owner. It was like a transition from heaven to hell to turn from the warmth of the fire to the array of coffins, and to listen at the same moment to the wailing of women

"De ye mane to tell me at the asgo, that ye have divil a brush, sur?"

"Divil a brush," I answered. So off he set and again returned. He did the lathering with a certain amount of indiscretion, but when he took my chin in his left hand I was alarmed to



MR. ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

see his right, which held the ancestral razor, chop the air in spasmodic strokes as though stricken with St. Vitus' dance.

"Are ye ready, sur?" he asked.

"I don't think I am quite. Do you mind continuing to lather? I want to think."

I realised clearly that the problem was how to escape this man and also get rid of the bristles, and I turned the matter over in my mind for a long time.

"Yer the first Englishman, sur, that iver oi shaved wid a brush. Troth! it's me b'y oi should have sint ye, sur: he swapes the shtrreets, sur. It's by the Lard's mercy oi have not worn a hole in yer chake. Bedad! oi do not know what London chake is made av. Flesh and blood could niver have stood it." There was nothing for it but to let him begin.

Anyone is, of course, entitled to disbelieve, but the fact remains that at the first scrape he cut a gash half an inch long, and the gods know how deep. I protested.

"Fat the divil do ye mane, sur, by stirring when the knife's an yer chake?"

"On my cheek! It was in my cheek! Let go my hair, will you?"

"Ye'll oblige me by kaping shtill, sur."

"You'll much oblige me by letting go my hair."

"It was wrang ye was to move, sur, when the razor was agin yer chake."

"Move! I never stirred till you began to slice me. Let go my hair!"

"Remimber that whiniver a knife is on yer skin to kape as shtill as a slaping ass, sur."

"I don't want your instructions; I want you to let go my hair. I've been shaved quite enough."

He theatrically shut his ragged razor.

"As yer loike, sur; and oi'll now lave ye to yoursilf, sur, and divil another razor may ye foind upon yer chake till yer beard is as long, and oi'll say this, sur, as 'tick an' as shticky, sur, as say-weed t'rown up by the storm."

He departed with a shilling, and I with three cuts on my face. I'll never ask for a shave in Belmullet again.

Alexis Krausse writes:—

I am tempted to respond to the request for a brief account of the most remarkable journalistic experience I have ever passed through, by citing the invitation which I have just received from the Editor of *The Ludgate*. A pressman employs the greater portion of his time in detailing the experiences of others, and to be asked to relate some of his own is in itself a sufficiently remarkable incident to merit special recognition. And yet there is no reason why a journalist should not write about himself, for his experiences are sufficiently varied to make it a difficult matter to decide in my own case at least, which has been the most remarkable. I might cite a certain occasion when I was forced to ride in the Lord Mayor's Show in the ennobling character of Richard Cœur de Lion, clad in a full suit of armour, with vizor fixed so as to prevent a handkerchief being used for ten mortal hours. Or, in illustration of a very different class of experience, I could tell of a trip undertaken in a herring boat which put out from Clovelly Harbour some years ago for a six-hours' drift, but, being caught in a gale, had to keep the Bristol Channel and there remain for forty hours, without any stores on board or much hope of getting into port again. But, unpleasant as such mishaps are, they pall before a brief incident which happened on March 19th, 1887, when the Queen had commanded a special private performance of the Paris Hippodrome, then appearing at what is now known as Olympia. The whole proceedings were private, and no one was supposed to be admitted excepting the Royal party and the performers. Being instructed to describe the proceedings, I made the necessary arrangements, and duly found myself one of very few favoured visitors during the performance; and I was gratified when one of the executive told me that if I liked to see the Queen as she went round the stables to inspect the animals, he would find me a coign of vantage. I jumped at the offer, and was

Following my guide round the dens when he suddenly exclaimed, "Look out, they're coming!" and I saw that the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice and her husband, and a number of her grandchildren, was coming in our direction. "Here you are: jump in!" said my guide, and I jumped. The gate slammed, and I found myself in a good-sized den with Jock and Jenny, the well-known performing elephants. Then I heard voices, and the Queen, seated in her Bath-chair, came on; and so did Jock and Jenny. In a moment her Majesty had passed, but I remained fixed between the elephants, and feeling that my hour had come. It was only a moment, but the beasts meant business, and the pressure was acute. I gasped, and then Lockhart, the trainer, turned up in the nick of time, and I got out without anything worse than a severe fright; but I haven't forgotten it. I think that it was upon the whole the most unpleasant experience I have undergone.

Finally Charles M. Sheldon writes:

I have never had an experience leave a more indelible impression on my memory than an incident which occurred on the desert march of the Dongola Expedition from Kosheh to Dulgo in '96.

To start with, the force was in bad condition in consequence of the dysentery and cholera that had ravaged the camp during the three months previous. The two water depôts in the desert were mere iron cisterns filled with muddy water that had stood in the Soudan sun at least one day, and when the battalion of Egyptians that preceded us had come up to it in the evening, the recently inviolated and weaker men who drank of it were immediately sick and threw it up; not unnaturally when even the thirsty horses refused it!

A half-dozen of us—correspondents—started from where we had bivouacked in the desert after our first ten miles' march, before it was light enough to really see our way, and had stumbled along in the dark five or six miles before it became clear enough to make out our surroundings. We discerned, gradually, that we were following the trail along a plain lined with high, black, cinder-like mountains, between which, stretching beyond, were dim, jagged horizons of ragged peaks like rows of teeth. As we padded silently along searching the faint path, out of the low shadows just lifting in the light we noticed a grey-brown figure dragging itself toward us. Two of us turned our horses and cantered out to it.

When we came near the poor semblance of

a man painfully pulled himself up and tried to present arms, but his strength failed him and the gun dragged him to his knees. His mouth was open but no sound came from it—his tongue was a dry bone rattling in it. But with his hands he reached out to us in supplication, pointing tremblingly to our water-bottles and then to his mouth.

What amazed us most was the queer personality of the man. "This is the first red-headed Egyptian I've seen," said the man with me. "Why he looks like an Irishman!" And he certainly did. Imagine the mixture! His pale brown face was freckled like a true son of Erin, and his short nose above a broad upper lip was actually red from sunburn.

After resuscitating this strange hybrid we left him with our servants to follow on one of the pack camels, and rode on wondering what particular Irish regiment quartered in the past at Cairo had left this odd souvenir of its stay.

A mile or two further along two of our party noticed vultures waddling around something a few yards from the path that certainly was too small to be a camel. Riding up to it, it transpired to be another Egyptian soldier in the last stages. The poor fellow lay on his back, his head thrown back, his eyes staring and his fore-arms up just as a dead man lies. The sun was just rising, and the first rays of its awful strength would soon have scorched the last feeble flutter of life out of him. In another half hour the vultures would have had his eyes out. We had come up just in the nick of time! It was heart-rending to see the poor fellow beg for more water when he had been given a little to start with. Our Kababeesh guide, who poured half a skin over him—which did him more good than what he had drunk—was greatly disgusted when he learned that the man had only been lost and without drink a matter of twenty-four hours. "A man of my tribe," he said proudly, "would not get thus far toward death in four days." Just as we were going on with this second man two more came up supporting a third. The first two of these had been sent out to bring in the other, and all three were lost together. They fought for our water-bottles like wild beasts, each man trying to gulp it all down from the rest.

By ten we came up with the brigade, at the second water station, who had lost these men, and leaving them to the hospital corps we went on through the afternoon tracing our course ahead by the dead camels each with its bunch of filthy birds teetering round it, and we finally reached Dulgo and the river at dusk—with all the joy of the Israelites when they reached the Promised Land.

Parallel Diaries

WRITTEN BY A. P. ILLUSTRATED BY J. SHIRREFFS

Extract from the Diary of Miss Laura Maine, The Oaks, Selbridge, Surrey.



HIS day has had so much wretchedness in it, without anything definite having happened either, that it seems to hold a week's time and to be all confusion, like a bad dream—no beginnings, no ends, only scraps of misery. For to-day I had the chance of speaking to him—my first chance since the day of the quarrel—and I've thrown it away! Tomorrow he leaves Selbridge, and leaves gladly, no doubt. If

he had cared one little bit about seeing me again and trying to make it up, he would have got an invitation to the Howards this afternoon by fair means or foul, for he must have known that we were likely to go. All the others have gone—mother and the girls—and I wish now, with all my heart, that I had gone, too, and tried to enjoy myself, instead of doing—what I did.

But I had heard *quite* by chance, and *most* indirectly, that old Wells expected him up at the Grange this afternoon towards four o'clock to see about some dogs. I guessed that he would go by Love Lane, and if I happened to be strolling there when he passed he couldn't possibly know that it was anything but chance that brought me. I so often go by the lane to the village, and stop there on my way for flowers and wild strawberries. Why shouldn't I be doing it to-day?

So, like the fool that I am, I rushed upstairs as soon as the others had left for the Howards, put on my white muslin

with the flowered ribbons and my big sun-bonnet, and a bunch of pinks at my waist, and started off, taking a basket for the flowers and wearing an *old* pair of garden-gloves, to look casual.

I made myself walk as slowly as I could, even stopping for some poppies in Bishop's Field on the way. Somehow I felt quite hopeful then. It was such a heavenly day—gloriously hot, and full of loveliness and bird-sounds and the smell of honey. I thought nothing in the world *could* stay wrong.

But when the village clock struck half-past three, I began to get nervous. My heart seemed to tick the seconds in hard blows. But there was not a human being in sight—only the cows and the sheep; and I got boldly over the stile into the lane, and began picking the strawberries busily.

Then I saw the top of a grey cap moving along on the other side of the hedge. In two minutes he would be at the end of the lane, and would see me. I couldn't bear it. I felt guilty. He would know that I had come on purpose—my face would say it, and I should be too ashamed to live. I looked round me, panic-stricken, saw a gap in the hedge, and dashed through it just as he must have got to the top stile.

There I hid. I heard him come nearer and nearer. Close to the gap he stopped, struck a match, lit his cigarette, and—went on.

I would have given the whole world to call him back; and nothing in the whole world would have made me do it.

I just sat and cried. And when I knew he must be right out of sight, I picked up my basket and came home to cry more.

What can I say when the others get back and notice my red eyes? They shall never know that I spent so much as



"LIT A CIGARETTE AND WENT ON"

even the least humorous of the gods. I have seen her—but not spoken to her.

And as I gather from many small sources that she is as indifferent about this miserable quarrel as I am tormented, I can only tell myself that it's better like this. It will doubtless be a great relief to her, now, when I am out of the place. I shall take the early train in the morning.

Until this afternoon I had felt that everything might easily be put right. If I didn't see her during the day, I had meant to go to The Oaks this evening—brave her possible anger—risk anything for the chance of a reconciliation—and a good-bye. But things turned out differently.

Young Eyre had told me that he didn't think the Maines were going to the Howards to-day, so I made no efforts to get asked or taken there, and arranged, instead, to go up to the Grange about the terriers. I walked there by Love Lane—for association's

a tear on a man who cares no more about me, apparently, than—I mean to care for him from this day onwards.

No—no—I won't cry any more—
(The remainder of this extract is illegible.)

Extract from the Diary of Victor Marsden, Esq., The Inn, Selbridge, Surrey.

My last day here, and I hope it has been sufficiently wretched to please

sake; but when I got to the far end of Bishop's Field, I ran across the Muirs on their way to the Howards. Mrs. Muir told me that she had permission to bring any tennis man that she liked to the garden-party; and that she knew Mrs. Howard would be charmed if I were to accompany them, &c., &c. She added that she had just seen the Maines

relented towards me became a certainty. I couldn't go to The Oaks to-night. But as I passed the house on my evening stroll, the drawing-room windows were wide open to the ground, and the curtains pushed back—for air I suppose. I could see her. She was sitting at the piano with her back towards me, and young Eyre was standing over her, sing-



"AS I PASSED THE HOUSE FOR MY EVENING STROLL"

driving there. That settled it. I went. I could do the Grange later on.

And when I got to the Howards it was to find that she alone, of all her people, was not there. I spoke to Mrs. Maine. She told me that Laura had not cared to come, but that they had hoped to see me there! That could only mean one thing: she had stayed away on purpose. I stopped ten minutes, and then slipped off.

After that my fear that she had not

ing. I could hear his beastly voice murdering that song of Cowen's: "Alas, how easily things go wrong!" I looked on for as long as I could bear it, and then turned in.

Great Heaven! what fools we make of ourselves! A day of blankest misery—and for what? For the sake of a girl who wouldn't turn a hair if she read of my death in the papers to-morrow! Why can't I see that it's all very funny—only funny?

How Greyhounds are Trained

WRITTEN BY WELLESLEY PAIN. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

WITHIN a fortnight of the appearance of this article the Waterloo Cup, the most important coursing event of the year, will be decided. The finest greyhounds in the world are reserved for this meeting, and the preparation they undergo for their work receives the most careful attention.

One of the most celebrated kennels in England is that belonging to Mr. M. G. Hale. They are situated at the little village of Claydon, Suffolk, and by the courtesy of Mr. Hale I visited the kennels and interviewed his trainer, Mr. J. Harman, who probably knows as much about greyhounds as any other man in the kingdom.

Mr. Harman very kindly described the life of a first-class greyhound from his earliest youth to his old age.

When the puppy is about eight weeks old (by the way, he is then called a whelp, and not puppy), he is taken to a kindly farmer, who looks after him, feeds him well, and allows him all his liberty. Many a good greyhound is spoiled by being shut up when young. The farmer who looks after the puppies is said to be "walking" them.

It is a great advantage to the owner of the puppies to have them born as early in the year as possible, as, for coursing purposes, the age of a greyhound dates from the year in which he is born, and not from any particular day. The best puppies are usually those that are born in February, as they then have all the spring and

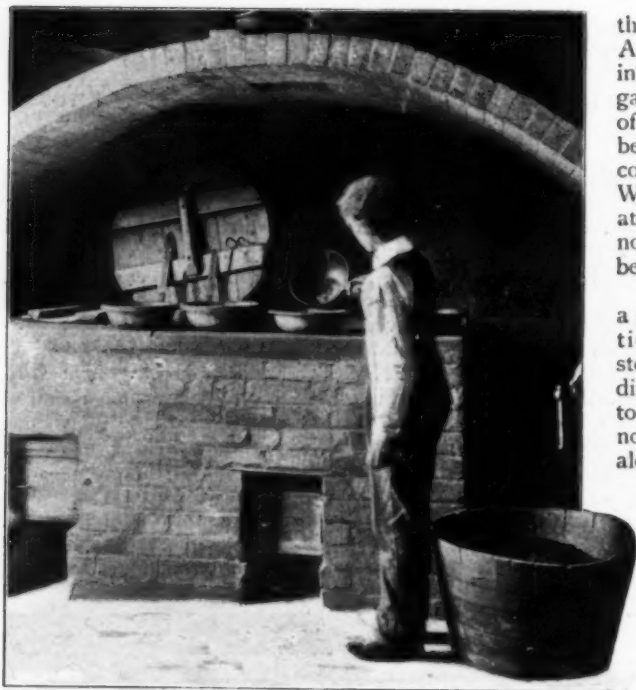
summer in which to grow. They come back from the "walk" in the following September, at which time they are called saplings, and are eligible to run in sapling stakes. Sapling stakes are always limited to four dogs; thus a sapling is never called upon to run more than two courses in one stake.

The training of a sapling is a very trifling matter. If he has been reared well and is in good health, no particular preparation is necessary. An untrained dog will often run better than a dog who has undergone a preparation, because the latter is apt to run in a stale condition. Of course, when two or three courses have to be run, stamina tells,



INTERIOR OF THE KENNELS
Photo by R. W. Thomas, Chapside

and the trained dog has the advantage; but in a sapling stake it frequently happens that the youngster only runs once, and then divides the stake. Many trainers regard these sapling stakes simply as a means of giving their dogs a lesson in public running.



THE DOGS' KITCHEN

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside

The young greyhound runs as a sapling for the whole of its first season, but when the next September comes round he is called a puppy, and is entered in puppy stakes. As the season does not close until the following April, it is quite possible that the puppy may be a two-year-old dog. Its proper training is a very important matter.

With regard to exercise, the popular idea—especially amongst private coursers and men who only keep two or three greyhounds—is that the dog should have plenty of long gallops behind a horse. Too much of

this is a great mistake. A dog so trained gets into a ding-dong style of gallop and is incapable of altering it. He also becomes stale by the continued hard work. When called upon to run at a meeting he exhibits no fire or dash; it has all been taken out of him.

The right way to bring a greyhound into condition is to walk him steadily every day for a distance of from twelve to fifteen miles. He must not be allowed to potter along the road in his own sweet way, but should be led by the trainer. The reason is that continual exercise is thus given, and this without tiring the dog. When he comes in from his walk the greyhound is brushed and groomed.

A dandy brush is used to clean away the mud and dust from his feet, and a glove (specially prepared for the purpose) is used for the grooming. The trainer takes care to go thoroughly all over the dog, as a great deal depends upon this work. When the greyhound is at exercise he wears a thick "sheet"; this is exchanged for one of thinner quality



THE DOGS' BED

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside

when he is at home. The walking exercise alone is not sufficient, however. Every other day the greyhound is galloped, and this is done in the following manner: A kennel man holds the dogs. The trainer walks away for nearly half a mile. At a given signal the kennel man releases one of the dogs, who naturally gallops towards the trainer. When the dog has got away about

The kennel in which the greyhound lives must be warm and dry, and free from draught. From the accompanying illustration it will be seen that Mr. Hale's kennels consist of a large lofty building divided up into small compartments, and heated by an American stove. In each of these compartments three dogs live. The floor of the kennel is composed of cement, and the dogs



GROOMING THE DOGS

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside

twenty yards another dog is released, and so the process goes on until all the dogs are running towards the trainer at a distance of about twenty yards from each other. If the dogs were allowed to run together they would either play or fight with each other, and the leading dog must be a very good one at galloping, or the gallop will be spoilt. In addition to this work a greyhound in training is allowed to have a course about once a week. So much for the exercise of the dogs.

lie on a large wooden bench raised about a foot from the ground. The walls of the kennel are whitewashed, and large windows admit plenty of light. An illustration is given of the dogs on their bed. The black dog is the well-known "Happy Sammy," who ran in the last eight of the Waterloo Cup last year. He is looking rather dejected, but that is because he knows he is an intruder. He was included in the picture as he is a black dog, and a contrast was needed to the other two.

Each dog knows its own kennel, and in posing the dogs for this picture a great deal of persuasion was required before "Happy Sammy" would come in. Besides the kennels in which the dogs live there is included in the building a larder and a very large kitchen.

On the occasion of my visit the larder was well stocked with bullocks' heads, while in the kitchen two huge coppers were filled with a savoury soup. The soup, by the way, was flavoured with cabbage. The dogs are very fond of vegetables. As a rule, their food consists of brown bread or biscuits soaked in broth, with a little meat.



A BEAUTIFUL PAIR: HAPPY SIGHT AND HAPPY SAMMY

This bread is made specially for the dogs by a local baker, and it is kept for a week before being given to them. Sometimes they have Hovis bread for a change; but whatever the food may be, it is always the very finest that can be procured. If the meeting at which the dog is running is situated at some distance from the kennels, and extends over a period of two or three days, sufficient food for the dog during that time is carried by the trainer.

The careful trainer knows how to doctor the dogs after a severe punishing

course. Mr. Harman pins his faith to whisky and sherry. That a restorative is necessary may be gathered from the fact that a greyhound will often run himself to a standstill. A trainer dreads these long courses, and many a dog has been ruined by having run a hard course as a sapling. A dog who has had such a course does not soon forget it.

One often sees greyhounds exhibited at dog shows, but a courser looks rather contemptuously on such dogs. It is usually found, however, that a greyhound who runs well is generally a good-looking dog. With regard to colour, a good greyhound, like a horse, cannot be a bad colour. Some years ago, brindle dogs were very unpopular, and dogs of this colour were seldom seen at public meetings. However, since the success of such dogs as "Fullerton," "Young Fullerton"

and others—all brindle dogs—this colour has become rather fashionable. Mr. Harman told me that he liked any dog except a pure white one. He did not much care for light fawn dogs, as this colour is supposed to betray weakness. Some time ago a gentleman interested in coursing took the trouble to compare the colours of the

most celebrated dogs during the past twenty years, and it was found that there was no one particular colour more prominent than the others.

One is able to get a very good idea of the powers of a greyhound by studying his shape and formation. A dog with cow-hocks, *i.e.*, with the hocks turning inwards, cannot possibly display any speed, and such a dog is always discarded. The back of the greyhound should be perfectly straight. Many years ago the roach or curved back was considered to be the best, but this idea

is dead. A good greyhound should stand a trifle lower in front than at the back. The hocks should be set well down, the shoulders sloping, and it stands to reason that a dog with a long neck and a powerful jaw is able to pick up and dispatch his hare pretty quickly. A good greyhound stands—to use a technical expression—well “on his toes.” The advantage of standing in this position is that the dog’s weight is properly distributed; when a dog stands otherwise its weight is thrown on to the pad of the foot, and the pastern (that part of the leg between the knee and the foot) is liable to give way under the strain of hard work. Although these facts as to the formation of a dog are well known by coursers, it is still impossible for a man to say with certainty why one dog is faster than another.

It might be thought that the fastest dog among the whole sixty-four engaged in the Waterloo Cup would naturally beat all the others, but this is not by any means the case. For instance, Mr.

Hale has in his kennels a dog that was generally acknowledged last year to be the fastest dog in England. The dog’s name is “Happy Sight,” and he won the Waterloo Purse last year. Yet his trainer does not consider him to be such a good dog as “Happy Sammy.” “Happy Sammy” is a little slower than “Happy Sight,” but a great deal cleverer with his hare. It is usually found that a very fast dog is unable to recover himself quickly when the hare turns; before he has got back to his work the slower dog has nipped in, is working the hare, and, of course, scoring.

The weight of the dogs is a very important point. The bigger the dog the better as a rule, up to 65 lb. A large dog has a longer stride than a small one, and is, consequently, faster. But a small dog will often beat a large one when it comes to working the hare.

My thanks are due to Mr. Hale for allowing me to visit his kennels and to have them photographed, also for kindly reading a proof of this article.



THREE PROMISING YOUNGSTERS

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside



THE SUPPLIANT

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles

The Fashions of the Month



FIG. 1

THE gown of amber soft silk (Fig. 1) has a fichu of mousseline de soie edged with lace, falling in stole ends to the feet, where it is finished with gold tassels.

Fig. 2.—Ball dress of pink satin veiled



FIG. 2

in black chiffon. The skirt has a panel and bands of rich velvet brocade. The bodice is satin and chiffon, with a vest of brocade edged with sable, long sleeves of chiffon and lace, and edged with sable.



FIG. 3

Fig. 3.—Dinner gown of black moiré velours, appliqués of velvet jewelled. The front of the robe and the epaulettes are of rose point lace, and sewn with crystals. Loose sash of eau-de-Nil silk heavily fringed in gold.



FIG. 4

Fig. 4.—Paletot of powder blue cloth with revers, storm collar and cuffs of dark sable. Toque white satin, lace and plumes, and edged with sable.

INSOMNIA

speedily wrecks both Brain and Body. Sleep is food for the overstrung nerves and tired muscles, but the depressing reactionary effects of Alcohol or Narcotics prohibit their frequent use.

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FIG. 6

Fig. 5.—Evening gown of heliotrope silk and white chiffon. The skirt is festooned with frills of chiffon, which are in turn edged with jewelled passementerie. The bodice has a berthe of pansy coloured velvet, and a bunch of that flower completes a charming toilette.

Fig. 6.—Visiting gown of purple velvet and appliqué lace. Fur of Russian sable and picture hat of purple velvet to correspond, with paradise plumes and diamond clasp.

FIG. 5





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FIG. 7

Fig. 7.—Matinée costume of sun-pleated silk bodice and sleeves of chiffon. The cape is brocaded velours and edged with chinchilla. Toque of white velvet spangled with gold, and trimmed ribbon and plumes.



FIG. 8

Fig. 8.—This cloak is of black silk veiled in sequined crêpe-de-chine, with jet motifs here and there. The yoke and storm collar is edged with box-pleated satin ribbon, and the collar has a lining peeping over the edge of white chiffon.



"I'SE INKY"

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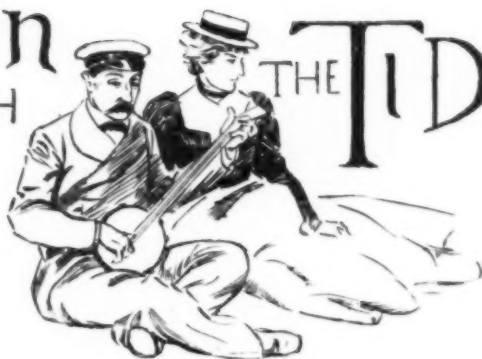
... HED IV



LITTLE BO-PEEP

Photo by H. C. Shelley

Down WITH THE TIDE.



WRITTEN BY J. FLYNN. ILLUSTRATED BY O. ECKHARDT



HE east wind blew fresh up the Medway, where it blows for half the year, and the swollen tide was beginning to turn. Tom let go the mooring and I put out the big

sweep to pull us clear of the pleasure boats by Sun Pier, as we swung slowly round into the stream.

"You've altered a good bit since you left Sheerness," said the pater, working the tiller a little to feel the wind, "but I knew you in a moment."

"So did I," said Nora Lee smiling gaily. The smile wasn't for me or anyone in particular, but just because she was newly engaged to Tom and couldn't help smiling.

"We shan't let you go for a few days now we've run a-ross you, old man," said Tom cheerfully.

Mabel said nothing, and we hesitated in grouping ourselves as Tom sprang down from the deck over the little cabin into the well.

"Sit up to windward, all of you," called the pater briskly. "You're not growing a land-lubber, Frank, I trust. I used to have hopes of you."

"It's a long time ago," I suggested apologetically.

"Your own fault, my boy. You've had plenty of invitations. Anyhow, after all the tuition you had from me—and Mab——"

"Help me up on the deck, Tom," interrupted Mabel hastily. "Sit close, Nora, there's a dear, so as to make room for Mr. Hume by father." So Mabel perched up aloft and Nora sat below. Tom stood beside his charming *fiancée*, and I sat over the gunwale barely clear of the tiller.

"Stand by!" called the pater. Tom manipulated the sheets, Mabel scrambled down the hatchway, and we all ducked under the boom as it swung heavily across the boat.

"Thank you; I can manage," said Mabel coldly. But I helped her on to the other side of the deck when we had gone about.

"You'd better stand inside the hatch, Frank," said the pater. "We shall be tacking every few minutes, and you're in my way here. So I stood just beside the deck where she was perched; and she looked straight by me at everything else.

"I'm going to dabble, Tom," announced Nora wilfully. It was an excuse for him to catch hold of her wrists, and they

scarcely heeded the governor's next "Stand by!" Tom grabbed hurriedly at the fore-sheets as we went about. The jib-sheet fouled the anchor-chain, and Tom was looking at Nora instead of the sails, so I sprang over the cabin and cleared it.

"You remember some of my teaching, and Mab's," remarked the pater approvingly.

"Are those shot for South Africa, father?" she asked swiftly. We were passing Chatham Gun Wharf.

"No, my dear, they're old ones—probably the same that were there when we and Frank——"

"O, pater, don't be such an historian! I don't want to go back to a hundred years ago."

It wasn't a couple of years since Mab and I quarrelled; but it had seemed a long time to me.

"All right, my dear. We'll fancy this is the first edition. It makes no difference."

No difference! I thought how we had gone slowly down the tide, that first trip, till it grew dark at the end of Long Reach. In Sea Reach the wind grew fresher, the boat curtsied to the big waves, and I lifted her down under the shelter of the deck, to avoid the spray flying over the bows. I stole her little hand into the pocket of my jacket, and held it there. We sat so close that her straying hair kept brushing against my cheek. No difference! But the pater had eyes for nothing but his boat and the sea.

"Do you remember your first trip, Frank?" he asked.

"As if it were yesterday."

"Ah! I suppose you would, being the first. Stand by! Wake up, Tom! Nora, you scamp, you're spoiling a good sailor."

"All right, gov. There's lots of time."

"You should take me out alone, pater," smiled little Nora, as we scrambled to the other side; "I should do ever so much better than Tom." Then she sat a little closer to him.

"Now I have special reason to recollect that trip," continued the pater, keeping the tiller in place with his elbow

as he loaded his pipe. "Don't you remember, Mab?"

"It was an extra dull dead-beat, wasn't it, dad?" said she, laughing with a steely ring.

"No, no, my dear. Don't you remember that Frank took you ashore?"

"No," she said sharply. "I don't think so."

"But you do, don't you, Frank?"

Remember! I thought how I had pleaded till she leaned towards me in the dark and gave me just one kiss as I rowed.

"O! I suppose it was the night that Fr—— Mr. Hume forgot to send the man back to fetch you in the dinghey," said she. I forgot that there was anyone but Mabel in the world that night.

"Ah! That was *all*! It was a mere stroke of luck that I didn't have to stop aboard all night through you young——"

"You'll be into that barge," she interrupted.

"My dear girl, we've twenty yards to spare. We'll have one reef out, Tom."

"Let me," said I. "Tom is lucky enough to be fully occupied."

"This is my first trip down the Medway, Mr. Hume," pleaded Nora. "Didn't anyone point out all the places on your first trip?"

"Yes—I believe someone did." Mabel's lips curled scornfully, and I thought bitterly that I ought not to have come. "So I'll do all the work this afternoon, Miss Nora, and wipe off my debt to—society in general."

"Then you'll be in debt, Nora," said Tom.

"Yes—to society."

"O, no! To me—heavily."

"It ought to be a privilege to teach such—a nice person. Oughtn't it, Mr. Hume?"

"Certainly, Tom will be the debtor, of course."

"How much?" asked he. "What did you get paid for being taught, o'd man?"

"O, I wasn't a nice person, I suppose—not so nice as Miss Nora, I'm sure"—she bowed—"so I was the debtor. I'm paying now."

None of them knew of the little

drama—Mabel's and mine. It was so short; and I got transferred from Sheerness to London directly it was over.

"Now she feels it," said our skipper as we got past the long dockyard and tacked towards Upnor Castle. "That's Mab's Church, if you remember." She used to say that she would be married there; but they did not know that she had once promised me.

"Mab has outgrown a good many illusions since then," she said testily, "and doesn't want to be reminded of her follies."

The pater looked up in surprise at the annoyance in her tone, but said nothing. But Nora stretched her hand across me, and put it affectionately upon Mabel's dress.

"Mab is a dear," she pronounced. And, catching her eyes, I thought that she knew.

"Stand by," cried the governor. "The wind has shifted a couple of points, and we ought to be in Sheerness by eight."

"Then I can catch the eight-five up," I suggested.

"Nonsense," cried the pater and Tom in one breath. Nora gave me an appealing look and a tiny touch with her elbow. Could she mean that Mabel would relent? At present she was looking away down Gillingham Reach, as if she and I were in different worlds.

"But we shan't get in by eight, fortunately," said Nora, merrily. "Pater's times are always wrong. O, but you know they are, you wicked old—skipper. That's a proper nautical term, isn't it, Mabel?" But Mabel looked unheeding at the water.

"Who's going to get tea?" inquired

Tom. "Frank, you used to be cook's mate."

"All right," said I, rousing myself with an effort. We must not go on in this way, or they would suspect something. "You are cook, I suppose, Miss Mabel? I place myself at your command."

So we sat together on the weather side of the tiny cabin, where it was impossible to be far apart. I fished the packages out of the lockers, lit the little oil-stove, filled the kettle from the big



"I GRANT THE TRUCE"

jar, and opened the tin of tongue. She got out the provisions, and cut bread and butter; and later on I sliced the tongue and made up the sandwiches. Every time the boat went about we had to change sides, scrambling over as best we could with our plates of provisions and crockery. Of course, there were one or two mishaps, and at last she laughed. She used to be merry.

"Let's have a truce, just for the voyage, Mabel," I whispered. "I'll be off as soon as it's over."

"Very well. It's only an outward truce, Frank. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand. You are very bitter, Mabel."

"Have I cause?" I had flirted ridiculously, inexcusably with some barmaid girl for whom I didn't care two straws, and Mabel had found it out.

"I never denied it. But forgive me for a couple of hours."

"I shall never forgive you; but I grant the truce."

"A complete truce, for two or three hours? To enjoy ourselves?" She glanced at me. "If we can."

"O, I can!" said she.

"I could, if—Mabel?" I put out my hand a little way towards her, but she drew herself away.

"No!" she said, decisively.

"The kettle is boiling over. What are you gossips up to?" called Tom from outside.

"We are laughing over something very silly that happened a long time ago," she answered readily. "You shan't have any tea if you worry."

Then we pulled out the long board, which made a third berth or a table at need, and set the feast—tea, sandwiches, cake, and a boating appetite. What more could one wish? The *Foam* kept luffing up into the wind, and we were making a grand tack past the first fort.

"We shall be in time for the train which Frank would catch if he were not going to spend a few days with us," said the pater complacently, setting down an empty mug.

"I have no luggage."

"We'll set you up, till it comes down."

"Thank you very much; but I'm afraid——"

"Of course, if you'd rather not——" began old Tom in rather a hurt tone.

"O, no! old man," said I hastily. "It isn't that at all. But shan't I be rather in the way?"

"O, Mr. Humel!" cried Nora reproachfully. She had been a pet of mine when she wore short frocks.

"I don't mean you and Tom," I protested with a side glance at Mabel. It would be something to be under the same roof with her.

"I shan't let you be in my way," she said carelessly. "Tom will be terribly

disappointed if you don't come." Was it politeness, or was there a touch of wistfulness in her voice? Anyhow, I would go.

"It would be a very great pleasure to me," I said.

"Then it's settled. Another mug of tea, Mab."

When we finished our picnic the boat was well past the second fort, and put about for another long tack. I washed the things over the side and Mabel wiped them and put them in their places. Once or twice our hands touched, and I thought that she was not so quick in taking hers away. She even granted me a little casual conversation about the steamers that came puffing up the river, and the barges that were beating us in the race down, sailing almost in the eye of the wind.

"Sing us something, Nora," asked the skipper, after more than an hour's beating down Long Reach. Tom got the same old banjo out of the same old locker and looked inquiringly at his *fiancée*.

"Give it to Mr.—Frank. I suppose I may call you that, as you used to give me pennies when I was a little girl?" When Master Tom used to call her a "kid," I remembered.

"A penny is at your service now Miss Nora; but——"

"I'm going to sing your song, you know: 'The Land of Might-Have-Been.'" I wrote the words after Mabel gave me up, and a friend had set them to music. I had often wondered if she had seen them.

"It doesn't suit you, Nora," protested Mabel hastily. "Can't you sing something more cheerful?"

But Tom's *fiancée* stuck wilfully to her intention, and he handed me the banjo. I saw Mabel's lips go white, but I set my teeth and started the plaintive symphony. Nora's merry face grew solemn, and she sat closer to her lover. Then her young contralto rang out over the water, a little shyly at first, but gathering strength as she went on:

*The wind was blowing from the North,
The waves were tipped with foam,
At fall of eve our ship sailed forth
Across the sea to roam;*



"I THOUGHT HER HAND TREMBLED"

*Among the clouds the moon did flit
To set the earth asheen;
And all the night we sought for it—
The Land of Might-have-been.*

The running accompaniment went faster and faster; and Nora had sung her shyness away.

*All through the night we sailed so fast
We left the world behind;
The spray flew past, above the mast,
So eager blew the wind.
And darker grew the night—so dark
Nor sea nor sky was seen,
Then hoarsely cried our captain, "Hark!
The voice of Might-have-been!"*

Now big chords replaced the rapid arpeggios. Nora's saucy face was big-

eyed and serious, and Mabel looked sad and inscrutable like a Madonna. The governor and Tom laid down their pipes, and my fingers lingered on the chords.

*His child was calling—she who died—
From out the unknown land;
And stretching forth beyond the side
Some held an unseen hand;
Some heard a song that used to be,
Some saw an unknown place
That never was; and I—ah me!
Methought I saw her face.*

I wrested the passionate chords desperately from the strings, and the music passed into the minor. There were tears in Nora's voice, and in some of our eyes.

"O love!" I raised my voice and cried
Unto the shadowland;

"One word for me!" No voice replied,
Only the moaning of the tide
That none can understand.

"O, lo! e, one touch of your small hand,
One moment's sight of you!"
Surely she spoke to me and sighed?
No, 'twas the wind that blew.

The chords changed into a monotone
that had no meaning, or would not give
it up, as the song went back to a colour-
less major.

*Uprose the red sun in the East;
Before his warning gleam
The voices, hand-clasps, shadows ceased
Like visions of a dream.
Our heads upon our hands we cast—
The tear-drops fell between—
Life's tide runs fast, and we had passed
The land of Might-have-been!*

Nora's voice died away in a sob, and
my hands trembled as they wrung out the
final chords. Tom looked protectingly
at his sweetheart, and the pater gazed
absently at the peak. Mabel stood up
in the hatchway, and turned away from
us all; and for a time no one spoke.

"Come, come," said the pater, "you
young people have no business to be
troubling about 'might-have-beens.'
You should be laughing over 'may-
be's.'" Tom and Nora smiled at one
another, and she stole his handkerchief
to brush the tears from her eyelashes.

"Or 'don't cares,'" said Mabel, in a
constrained voice.

"But suppose you can't help caring?"
I asked.

"O, but I can! Help me up on the
deck, please."

So I helped her up and stood beside
her, looking gloomily down on the
water. It was growing rapidly dusk
now, as we went splashing into Sea
Reach. The ships at anchor in the

harbour kept growing larger and larger,
and the lights of Sheerness twinkled in
the distance.

"We shall fetch Port Victoria next
tack, if we're lucky, and then we shall
have a good run across. The tide will
carry us back on the pier in spite of the
wind," said our skipper cheerfully. "It's
just such another trip as your first one,
Frank."

"It might have been," I murmured
under my breath, and I felt Mabel shiver.
The darkness had invaded the boat and
the pater loomed large and distant in
the stern, whilst Tom and Nora were
whispering with their heads almost
touching.

Then we went about, and Mabel hung
heavily upon my arm, as if she were tired,
as I helped her down and up again on
the other side. The old frigates looked
ghostly as we crept under their sterns
and the torpedo-boat destroyers seemed
gliding through the tide to spring upon
us. A star or two came peeping out, and
the east wind abated its bluster as the
night came on. I tried to catch a glimpse
of her face, but she kept it turned away.
Her slender white hand lay upon the
deck very close to mine, and once or
twice I thought that it trembled.

I stole my hand nearer and nearer to
hers in the dusk, until at last I touched
it, and she sat silent and motionless still.
My fingers closed over hers very softly
and gently and she let me take them in
mine and hold them.

"Mabel—dear Mabel," I whispered.
She nestled closely against me in the
dark with just one quiet little sob. Then
she gave me her other hand, and all the
way to the pier we were silent.

"You two are very quiet," remarked
the pater as we crept up to the moorings.

Then we said something trivial. But
the gladness in our voices betrayed us!





CASSIOBURY HOUSE

Photo by F. Downer

The Home Secretary at Home

WRITTEN BY A. WALLIS MYERS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, Bart., M.P., the present Secretary of State for Home Affairs, is essentially a *home* man. Away from the cares and sorrows of official life he is the very picture of a country gentleman and family man. It is more than probable that he cares infinitely better for a fine rural seat, where he may, surrounded by the members of his family, carry out any little agricultural schemes that attract him, than he does for one in the Cabinet. Sir Matthew has the choice of three dwellings in which he can abide—in London at 10, Carlton House Terrace; in the North at Blagdon, Cramlington, Northumberland; and finally at Cassiobury Park, Watford, an historic old mansion which he has rented from the Earl of Essex. It is to Cassiobury that this article refers.

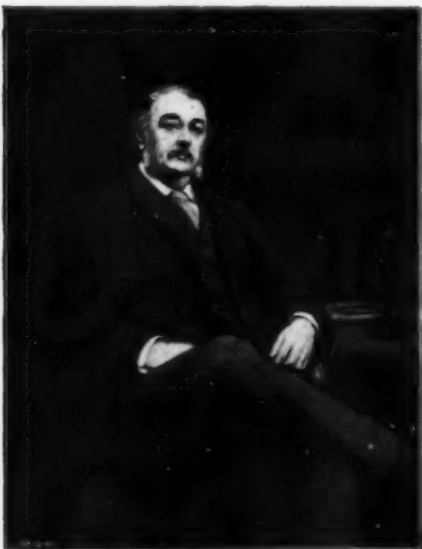
To every place there is a history, were it but duly recorded. Some districts more than others, however, are asso-

ciated with events well known and of more attraction and commanding consequence, and of these the demesne of Cassiobury is surely an instance. Its connection with ancient Verulamium, with the famous monastery of St. Albans, and subsequently with men of distinguished patriotism and merit, jointly and severally give it the impress of importance.

Cassiobury Park is situated within the hundred and manor of Cassio, sixteen miles from London, and one mile from Watford, with which it is ecclesiastically connected. Cassibelanus, the chieftain or prince of the Cassii, a tribe of people who in days gone by occupied this part of Britain, and whose name is associated with the seat, is mentioned in *Cæsar's Commentaries* as a man "of importance, of great bravery, and of military skill." At the time of the invasion by Julius Cæsar the Cassii had their chief station at the famous town of Verulamium, adjoining the present St. Albans, which

is distant eight miles north from Cassiobury, and it was between this point and Cassiobury that the parties probably did most of the fighting. After the Norman Conquest Cassiobury was probably inhabited by abbots or some of their officers.

In 1553 the hamlet was handed over to Sir Richard Morrison, who, in obtaining possession, commenced the building of "a large and fair house, situated upon a dry hill, not far from a pleasant river in a fair park, and had prepared materials for the furnishing thereof; but before



SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY

Engraved by Scott-Bridgwater, from the painting by Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

the same could be half built, he was forced to fly beyond the seas."* The house was then completed by his son, Sir Charles Morrison, who died in 1597. On the marriage of Elizabeth Morrison (the only surviving child of Sir Richard's grandson), the family property passed to Arthur, Lord Capel, his son and successor being the first Earl of Essex. Since then, up to the time when Sir Matthew White Ridley leased the place, it had always been inhabited by the Essexes.

So much for the history of the house,

* Britton's "Historical Account of Cassiobury."



LADY WHITE RIDLEY

Photo by J. Thomson

now for a brief description. When the writer, in the interests of *The Ludgate*, paid a visit of inspection, he was immediately struck by the extensive size and beauty of the park, which embraces an area of 693 acres, of which 310 acres are now called the Home Park, being adjacent to the mansion, and 256 the Upper Park, separated from the former by the River Gade. Parallel with the river is the Grand Junction Canal. The ground declines gently towards the river, adding to the picturesque appearance of the abundant woods, many of the trees in which—both single, in cl. ups, and in forest-looking masses—are large, old and grand. Beech may be



THE MISSES RIDLEY

said to predominate, but there are large quantities of oak, elm, and fir, a plantation of firs to the north-east of the house resembling an old Norway forest. A feature of one beech-tree is the fact that its branches spread over an area of 130 feet in diameter.

style. A small porch screens the entrance doorway, which opens into a narrow cloister. Then come the large cloisters, with five windows partly filled with stained glass, containing many a memento of past Capel valour. Branching off from the cloister is the saloon, immedi-



MISS RIDLEY AS A MOON FAIRY
Photo by F. Downer

On looking first at the stately mansion, which is encircled by a moat, now partially filled up, one cannot help noticing the ancient bay windows, acute gables, and elaborate chimney-shafts, whilst small cupolas or turrets, balustraded terraces, and other forms and details mark a distinct resemblance to Anglo-Italian or Elizabethan

ately placed between the dining and drawing-rooms. Its ceiling is adorned with a painting by Verrio, composed chiefly of allegorical figures of Painting, Sculpture, Music, and War. There are also numerous cabinets painted by the late Countess of Essex. The dining-room commands a fine view of the distant park and its long and lofty vista.

In this compartment there are five full-length portraits and three heads, the work of Vandyck. The room is wainscotted, and some of the pictures are ornamented with elaborate carving. Passing on to the drawing-room, we find it adorned with cabinets and other rich furniture. On its walls are pictures by Turner, Calcott, Collins and Barker. The compartment is a capacious one and con-

picture representing the old Earl and his sister, Lady Monson; while in this room is also an elaborate carved frame by Gibbons. In the small library, topography and antiquities are chiefly to be found. There is a dramatic library which contains the identical handkerchief applied to the wounded shoulder of King William III. by Lord Coningsby at the battle of Boyne in 1690.



THE DRAWING ROOM
Photo by F. Downer

tains many relics of bygone days. The Great Library, in which Sir Matthew is very wont to linger, is stored with those treasures of never-dying philosophy and learning, which men of talents have bequeathed through the printing press to all the world. The books are extensively and judiciously arranged, being divided into four classes: (1) The Classics, History, Travel and Philosophy; (2) Topography and Archæology; (3) Poetry and Novels; and (4) Dramatic and Miscellaneous. Sir Joshua Reynolds has a

Pictures by celebrated artists are also present in these compartments, Edwin Landseer, R.A., having a work entitled "The Cat's Paw"; while there is a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds painted by himself, and masterpieces by Moorland, Cooper, Jones and Good.

The Gardens of Cassiobury are laid out on a very lavish scale, and their contents, far better now than formerly, are distinguished amongst the floricultural beauties of England. The pleasure gardens occupy eight acres laid out

in smooth lawns, devious paths, and umbrageous dells. In the beds is displayed every variety of floral bloom. Greenhouses and hothouses are interspersed, while a conservatory for select flowers screens the library and drawing-room. Amongst other objects of interest in the gardens are two large granite balls or shots, which were thrown from mortars in the Castle of Abydos, Alexandria, into the *Endymion* frigate, commanded by the Hon. Captain Bladen

deed, on whose hands ultimately hangs the fate of every murderer condemned to death. Yet it must not be supposed that Sir Matthew is not devoted to duty. When Parliament is not actually sitting he is always to be found at the Home Office four or five times a week, while his bag arrives at Cassio-bury every day from town by post. Then the Under-Secretaries are often down at Watford in deliberation with their chief. No man can show more



THE GARDENS
Photo by F. Downer

Capel, in the year 1807. There is a long avenue stretching from the back of the gardens to Hemel Hempstead Road, the wooded precincts of which contain many varieties of game.

In this charming family seat, barely half an hour's railway journey from Euston, Sir M. W. Ridley spends most of his leisure time. To see him, habited in a light tweed Norfolk suit, smoking an asbestos pipe—which, by the way, is his only make—and riding his bicycle or his horse in the park, makes it hard to believe that he is a member of her Majesty's Cabinet—the Minister, in-

mercy than Sir Matthew White Ridley; he enters minutely into every detail of the case submitted to him by petitioning friends of any convicted prisoner.

It cannot be said that the Home Secretary cares much for society life. He prefers a quiet homely life, and in this respect his views are shared by Lady White Ridley, a most charming personality, who seems to bring sunshine wherever she goes. The daughter of the late Lord Tweedmouth and sister of the present peer, she holds the peculiar position of being closely related to members of a past and a present Cabinet,

the politics of which are directly opposed to each other. Lady Ridley is a keener cyclist than her husband, and often rides down the Watford streets unaccompanied—though always recognised.

Sir Matthew has become extremely popular in the Hertfordshire town, joining heartily in any good work going on. Only last Boxing Day he walked up to the West Herts football ground from his house in order to witness a Bank Holiday match, which he did surrounded by all the local partisans. Ceremony and pomp are not included in Sir Matthew's dictionary.

The family is not a large one, consisting of one son and two daughters. The former is a keen athlete and sportsman, and report has stated that he is soon to follow in the steps of his respected father, who sits for Blackpool, and seek Parliamentary honours. Though the sire cannot be characterised as a statesman of exceptional brilliancy, yet the son might well follow his example in the straightforward dealing, consistency and firmness which the former displays in his official and private life.

IN MARCH

YOU reached the corner of the street:

The wind was glad to meet you there;
He stirred your skirts to touch your feet,
He stole your hat to kiss your hair;
And on your cheeks he made appear
The earliest roses of the year.

You stood o'erwhelmed at his embrace.

I saw one dainty instep arch
Indignantly; I watched your face
Protesting at the ways of March.
You smiled, and yet there peeped a tear—
The earliest dewdrop of the year.

You shunned the gaze of other girls

Until I brought your hat again.
Ashamed? Why, with your darling curls
You were a joy for gods and man!
Your gentle thanks came shy but clear—
The earliest music of the year.

So, talking of a year ago,

To-day we tread the old grey street.
But now there's something that we know
To make the wild air strangely sweet.
Can you and I forget, my dear,
That March brings in our hearts' New Year!

J. J. BELL.



WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

V.—THE LAUGHTER OF LIFE

CHOLERA: it came upon us without warning. We were nine hundred strong: it took the Colonel, it took the Adjutant and two subalterns; it took the Sergeant-Major, three company buglers, with two hundred rank and file.

The first day no death was reported in camp; the doctor, gone mad from overwork, emptied a laudanum phial. Then it left us.

And then we had a new Colonel, a new Adjutant, a new Sergeant-Major, new subalterns, new buglers, new privates and a new doctor, and proceeded to forget all about it. But if Michael had not kept me back, the thing would have taken me.

Cholera had ever been a fascinating newspaper word for me, and when the disease broke out among us at Rateldum, in Madras, my first feeling was one of awed interest.

The Colonel, who within six weeks had come to us from the other battalion, was the first to go. They moved us into cholera camp at once, but ere the tents were pegged the junior subaltern and a baker's dozen of men had followed their

leader. The officers spent their money pretty freely to amuse their men, and the Government of India hurried up the supply of new Lee-Metford magazine-rifles to occupy their minds; but the disease was not to be beguiled. Whole sections, after a cursory study of the "Cut-off," dropped the plaything and whined for death.

And it was not the hard tipplers that went, nor was it the weedy shavelings pledged to sobriety, but the steady drinkers—the men who never took more than enough. They went out like candles blown upon. We gave up funeral music, we gave up firing-parties, we buried our dead by batches in the night. A mess-waiter succumbed behind my chair one evening during dinner.

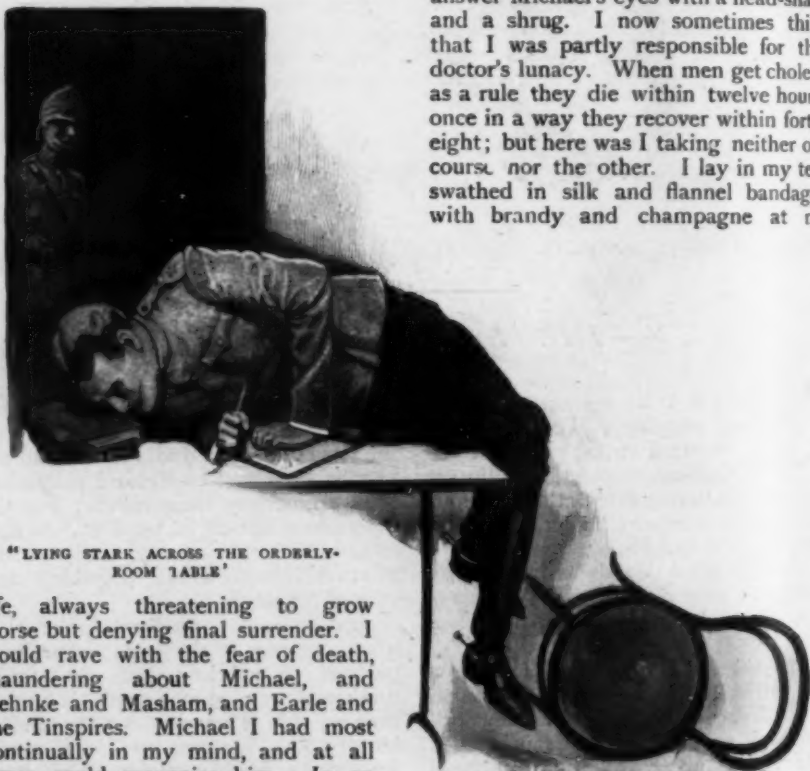
Yet the horror of the thing held off me until, seeking Earle to give him some musketry report, I found him lying stark across the orderly-room table, his right hand holding a gnawed and mangled quill, his left cleaving deep down in his blotter. From that time weakness entered my heart, and I thought that I could not escape the disease. I would look round as I walked, expecting to see

it palpably come upon me. Each corpse we buried I said to myself: "That is I!"

Then I sickened; and being a man who had studied all his life to hide his emotions, now that control was gone I whined more balefully than any other. I heard it said that the sooner I went the better, for it made a hale man bad to hear me. But day after day I clung to

"and how are you to-day? Better again? That's right. 'Tis well you're looking, sir; the rest is doing you good."

Although this formula never deceived me, it always cheered me up to smiling point, and I would answer with feeble mimicry of his tone, "Splendid! tip-top!" Then lose my brain again and, mayhap, gabble phrases from the drill-book what time I watched the doctor answer Michael's eyes with a head-shake and a shrug. I now sometimes think that I was partly responsible for that doctor's lunacy. When men get cholera, as a rule they die within twelve hours; once in a way they recover within forty-eight; but here was I taking neither one course nor the other. I lay in my tent swathed in silk and flannel bandages, with brandy and champagne at my



"LYING STARK ACROSS THE ORDERLY-ROOM TABLE"

life, always threatening to grow worse but denying final surrender. I would rave with the fear of death, maundering about Michael, and Behnke and Masham, and Earle and the Tinspires. Michael I had most continually in my mind, and at all times could recognise him. In an Indian cholera camp men and officers are more to one another than in an English barrack, and at least once a day I was allowed to see him. The healthiest man left us; he was worn to skin and bone by the incessant round of extra duties, yet I saw him always with a smile on his lips and brightness in his eye. Indeed, never had I known him outwardly depressed for long save at Khandara.

"Well, Master Percy," he would say,

elbow, unprepared to live or die, always looking forward to Michael's visit as the one thing of importance in the world.

One morning, when I felt at my worst, he failed me. Half an hour and an hour passed. I grew anxious and irritable. I dreaded that he had in his turn fallen a victim to the epidemic, and screwed together my strength to inquire of the doctor when he called.

"Michael Niel!" said he, thoughtfully; "haven't seen or heard of him. The Moplahs are making hay in the Bazaar, and all the men fit for duty have been called out. No doubt he's down there. It's a godsend to these Tommies to have a little scrap."

Cheerfully as the doctor took his point of view, I reflected that the few score of soldiers fit to stand to their arms could muster no great force to quell a riot among fanatics; and though my more immediate fears were allayed, anxiety of a lesser kind took root within me and grew with the day. I thought of Michael, disabled by a wound from coming to see me, and my eyes watered with self-pity. My whole hope was centred in the influence his personality had upon my temperament, and I convinced myself that twenty hours without the sight of him would end in collapse. Longing desperately for him to come I ran dreamily through the scenes which we had played together until startled from my reverie by the distant grinding of musketry.

They were at it in the Bazaar, it seemed.

My thoughts flew back to Michael, and I grew childishly sentimental about the risk he was running, thinking now not merely of myself, be it said, although I thought of myself most. Life never before had seemed so full of horror. I imagined Michael struck down in this inglorious free fight, while I in obscurity yielded my last breath to the foul pestilence; and I longed for the braver dangers we had shared. Better to have followed St. Patrick over the rampart of Fort Dufferin than to finish thus.

Although the misery of the thing became more and more bitter, the grief did not as usual grow tumultuous and turn to raving, but left me exhausted and sunken in that excessive despond which in cholera shadows forth extinction. I closed my eyes, giving myself to despair.

Michael came at last.

It was night, and seen by the flickering candle light he was pale to sickliness. My first glance made out his

features drawn with pain, but looking closer, he was smiling.

"Glad to see you better, sir," he said.

I querulously answered that on the contrary I was worse, and all but reproached him for missing his morning visit, although I knew it had not been for him to come or stay. He expressed sorrow at hearing I was not so well as he had hoped, and set about tidying my surroundings, doing everything with an unwonted awkwardness which irritated me, and for a moment led me to believe that he was drunk.

"I suppose you enjoyed yourself at the Bazaar?" I said, dully aiming at sarcasm.

"It was very pleasant, thank you, sir," was his rejoinder. "I've brought back a few things for you to look at."

This quaint speech called my attention to some little parcels he drew from his haversack with a ludicrously odd movement of the arm which had already tickled my weary humour. I thought he did it to amuse me, but was too ill-tempered to gratify him by remark.

He talked on a little feverishly.

"Yes, sir, 'twas very beautiful in the Bazaar; the Moplah gentlemen were bhanged up pretty fair, and at first they gave us a warm time, as we could only fire an odd round for fear of slaughterin' the innocents. But presently we upped and closed with the bay'net, and then we made our joke. You'd have laughed, sir, to see us scrimmaging after them as they hooked it through the shops. Two light-limbed fellows I cornered looting a goldsmith's place, and, by Moses's harper, that man was pleased to see me tackle them. He thought me an officer, because I had dropped my rifle for safety, and did the trick with only my short sword bay'net in my hand. 'Lord Sahib,' said he, when the thing was done, 'Lord Sahib, take all I have.' 'I'm not a Lord Sahib,' said I, 'I'm Michael O'Donoghue Niel, No. 1,971 in the Royal Border Light Infantry.' With that he took up a tray of his queer, foolish trinkets, and told me to choose. 'Things for servant girls,' said I; 'take 'em away.' Then he and I looked at each other, and, said I, 'Have you

nothing for a sick man?" And O! sir, when he heard what I said, that little weazened Hindu had such wise eyes in him! Suddenly he wallops on the floor and pulls up a brown paper parcel. 'From over the strange seas,' says he. And he opens the brown paper parcel, and he

"May I show 'em to you, sir?" said Michael.

"Let's see them," I answered.

With that he unrolled the paper from one of the packages and disclosed two little metal figures which, in the gloom, I took for small idols. These he pro-



"WOBBLED INCESSANTLY TO AND FRO"

pulls out such things as I've never seen before but once in a shop window in Patrick Street, Cork. 'There's for your sick man,' says he; and I've took 'em on trust and brought them to you, every one. They're here in my haversack."

This was too much for my sullenness, and now I looked at Michael questioningly.

ceeded to connect in some way with twine, and having otherwise manipulated, finally tied them to the bars at the end of my bed, where they wobbled incessantly to and fro. I now perceived that they were nothing more or less than a pair of mechanical toy wrestlers—such things as had amused me not a little in my youth, but the antics of which now proved tolerably dull.

If strength for it had been in me I might have cursed Michael for an idle fool. It seemed an offence against humanity that on my death-bed, as in my indignation I was pleased to think

in the handling certain by-play of Michael's arm which, as I have said before, caught my jaded fancy.

When this plaything began to pall, Michael produced another which was, I fancy, of German origin: it was a really entertaining clockwork contrivance by which a little donkey-cart ran round in a circle, the beast incessantly plunging



"I'M AFRAID IT MUST COME OFF"

it, I should be insulted by such entertainment.

Comprehending that I was not greatly interested, Michael soon put away the toy, and without evincing the smallest disappointment at my lack of appreciation, set forth another.

This was a monkey bestriding a horizontal-bar; it worked on much the same principle as the first, but was slightly more funny, or rather, it required

and the driver tugging at its head. This kept my attention for eight or ten minutes, but gradually I relapsed into lethargy and felt of a mind to vote Michael and his toys rather worse than death.

One more package he unwrapped. This I did not even bother to look at, though he made considerable fuss in the preparation of its performance, and I was dozing away when my attention

was aroused by the sharp rasping cluck of a hen, and lifting my head I saw strut about the flooring of my tent a richly-plumaged fowl flapping its wings as it ran. I made a feeble effort to throw my watch at it, when the movement was arrested by the sight of the bird stopping dead in the middle of the floor and giving forth a huge scarlet egg. I thought myself dreaming, but Michael stepped forward and with the same droll movement of his arm broke the egg in two and produced from it a small American flag.

This was too much for me, and with a wild gasp which must have startled the neighbouring tents, I burst into a paroxysm of laughter, which came back again and again, until, exhausted with mirth, I sank into profound sleep.

It was early daylight when I wakened. Michael sat beside me. The toy lay with ruffled feathers on the floor, the great red egg and the flag beside it.

The sight of it set me off laughing again, and I marked the strength of my voice.

"I feel jolly fit," I cried at last.

"You are, sir," cried Michael. "You are. You've not been like this for a month."

Then he jumped to his feet in a light-

hearted way, shouting, "There's a band playing 'Garry Owen.' I must dance or die . . . And we're not going to die, are we Master Percy? We're not going to die?"

He paused and stood shakily to attention as the doctor came in.

The latter glanced at me and said:

"You're all right. I don't believe you've had more than funk the whole time."

Then his eye fell on Michael.

"What's the matter with your arm, my man?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Michael.

"No nonsense," said the doctor sternly. "Bend your right arm."

Michael made an offer to do so, then sank into a chair.

"I can't, sir."

In a second the doctor had ripped the tunic sleeve from the shoulder and rolled up Michael's shirt. The fore arm was wrapped in a bloody cloth; above the elbow was a jagged row of festering cuts.

The doctor stared at it.

"If I'd only known at once! Why didn't you come to me at once? I'm afraid it must come off," he said.

"Very good, sir," said Michael calmly.

But thank God, he was saved from that.

THE DUEL

I FOUGHT with my friend last night,
And it was not with honest swords;
No steel sprang out to gleam and bite:
We fought with poor, mean words.

From my pride my tongue gave sound,
I spoke for my anger's sake,
And I left him stabbed with a deeper wound
Than ever a sword can make.

To-day I know aright
That my soul were in better stead
Were he lying still where we met last night,
And the words that I spoke unsaid.

W. MUDFORD.



WEIGHTS SEIZED FROM COSTERS' BARROWS

Justice in the Scales

WRITTEN BY E. SIXELLA. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



One weigh accurately a given quantity of anything is by no means so simple a matter as might be supposed. Mathematically speaking, it is practically impossible to obtain an absolutely accurate record of the exact weight of a substance.

But the practised scientist who is provided with weights and scales of the necessary delicacy and precision is able to determine the bulk of a small object to within a decimal point of a thousandth of a grain. In the weighing of articles of daily use—groceries, provisions, bread, flour, coal, &c.—such exactitude is, of course, neither expected nor obtainable; but there should at least be a near approach to accuracy in the weights of one's purchases, and the general public have an undoubted right to expect to receive a fairly average full weight of what they buy.

The weights and measures legalised in this country are all based on two standards—the Imperial yard and the Imperial pound—from which all the others are derived. Thus the Imperial gallon contains ten pounds weight of water at a

certain temperature, the Imperial bushel contains eight gallons, and so on; and it is illegal to sell commodities except by either the Imperial weights or the Imperial measures as laid down by law.

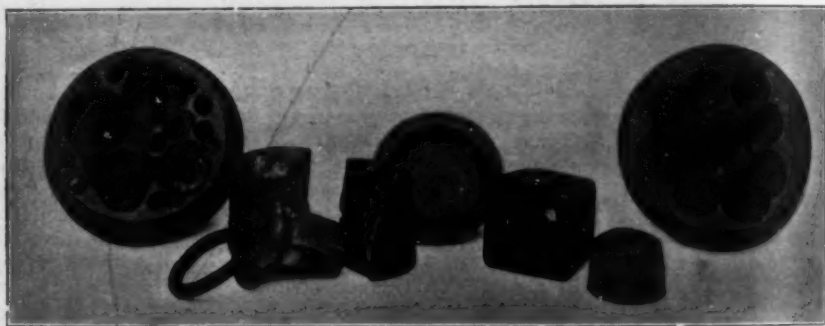
The carrying-out of the provisions of the various Weights and Measures Acts is relegated to the local authorities, the County Councils, which appoint officers specially trained, who are known as local inspectors of weights and measures, and whose duties are to inspect and test all weights, measures, and weighing machines in their districts. Every local inspector is provided with a complete set of "local standards," which are carefully made copies of the actual Imperial standards kept at the Standards Office of the Board of Trade, about which an article of mine recently appeared in *The Ludgate*, and these local standards are compared with the originals from time to time, and any variation in their exactitude corrected so as to maintain them to within a decimal point of absolute accuracy.

The work of the local inspector is many-sided. He not only tests all weights and measures which may be submitted to him, but he stamps all new weights, &c., before they are used for purposes of trade, it being illegal to use such things

unless they bear the verification stamp. In addition to these duties, the inspector has to play the part of detective and make constant tours of inspection, especially in shops and street markets, where he has reason to believe that short weight is frequently given. The supervision of this important work in London is in the hands of Mr. Alfred Spencer, the Chief Officer of the Public Control Department of the London County Council, to whom I am under obligation for much valuable information.

It will serve to give an idea of the vast amount of work undertaken by this department if I quote a few figures from the last returns available. No fewer than 1,038,048 weights and measures

This statement sounds startling, but it is none the less true. Excepting in one solitary commodity, coal, the sale of which is specially governed by the Act of 1889, there is no penalty of any kind for giving short weight; and I have the unquestionable authority of such experts as Mr. J. P. Stubbs, one of the County Council inspectors and an enthusiast in matters connected with weights and measures, and others who have assisted me in my inquiry, for stating that until the giving of short weight is made an offence at law, the public will never be protected against fraud. The subject is an extremely interesting one, but I propose to devote the space at my disposal to the publication of actual methods of



THE RESULT OF INVESTIGATION

were tested, found correct and stamped during the year 1895-6, while 272,709 more were rejected as incorrect. The inspection of scales and weights made during the same period amounted to 896,271, and of these 28,931 were found to be incorrect or fraudulent.

It is greatly to be regretted that so far as preventing fraud goes, the existing Weights and Measures Acts are largely inoperative. The law is very precise as to the exactness of all scales, weights and measures used for trade. But here its requirements end, and provided a shopkeeper or a costermonger supplies himself with scales and weights which are stamped and will bear the inspector's test, he can cheat as much as he pleases without incurring any penalty whatever.

fraud which have been detected, rather than to the urging of theories.

The evidence I have collected on the subject under consideration brings out certain principles which are very curious. It seems that the poorer the neighbourhood the greater the cheating is the rule, and that while the big shops are very particular about giving full measure, the small slum depôts are exceedingly careless, while the coster and peripatetic dealer never gives full weight if he can help it. In every local inspector's office are a number of scales, weights and measures which have been seized as being fraudulent, and nine out of ten hail from street stands. In the majority of cases the weights have been either hollowed out and filled up with cork or scooped out on the under side until only

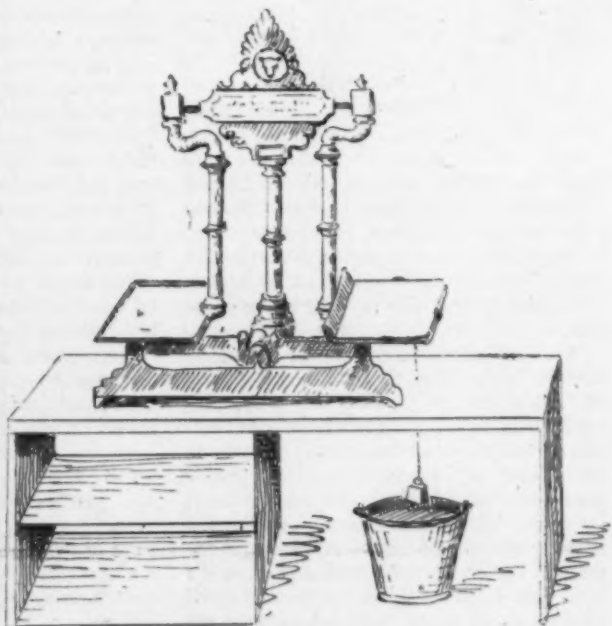
half the weight denominated is actually in the scale.

In order to show what a difference prosecution for short weight would make to the consumer, it is only necessary to relate an incident which occurred in 1890, when the County Council first took over the duty of checking the weight of coal delivered in sacks. The method employed is for the inspector to drive about in a specially constructed closed conveyance, which, when opened, is found to contain a pair of scales, with weights capable of weighing a sack of coals. There are sixteen of these vehicles patrolling London every day. The inspector stops any coal van he meets, and requires the man in charge to put any sack he chooses on the official scale. At first it was a rare event to find a sack containing the proper allowance, but constant inspection and frequent prosecutions, with the attendant £5 fine, has changed this to such a degree that it is now extremely rare to find a sack short.

A householder living in Highbury had for many years had his coals in, from the same firm, in four-ton lots. One day in 1890, while having the customary supply of coals in, the carman asked him where he was to put the last five sacks, *as they would not go in the cellar, which would only hold three and a half tons!* This incident tells its own tale. He had been swindled out of half a ton or more every time he had bought coals for a series of years.

Turning from coal to milk, it is a very rare thing to obtain full measure of this useful fluid. It is poured in and out of the measure with such rapidity that, to quote the words of

an inspector, the measure is never full and never empty. But this is a small matter in point of value. It is in the manipulations of the butcher, or, to be more correct, of some butchers, that the customer loses most heavily. The dodges practised in some of the poorer markets, especially those doing a large Saturday night trade, are both original and daring in their barefacedness. An inspector, going into a butcher's



SCALES OF THE DISHONEST BUTCHER.

shop, stated his business, and proceeded to examine the scales on the counter. As he did so he noticed the butcher seize a long knife and make a cut along the top of the counter immediately under the pan of the scale, but it did not occur to him that the movement had any special object. However, when he lifted the pan, he found a piece of string tied round the iron frame of the scale, and his attention was attracted to a small hole bored through the counter immediately below. Further examination showed that under the hole

in the counter was a pail full of sawdust, in the middle of which was a quarter of a pound weight to which half a yard of string was tied. And then the swindle became evident, for the weight had hung



A SWINDLING MEASURE

from the under side of the pan, and customers had received four ounces short weight in all their purchases. The butcher had hoped to evade detection by simply cutting the string, and so letting the weight sink silently into the sawdust.

A more barefaced fraud was detected by Mr. James Webb, the County Council inspector at Newington, who discovered a large pair of scales at a marine store dealer's so arranged that the goods pan would not descend until the dealer pressed a treadle under the counter with his foot. Another simple expedient for besting the purchaser was recently detected in a very well-known confectioner's in South London, where a plummet of lead weighing three ounces was hung on the under side of the weight pan.

It sounds an anomaly to state that weights are sometimes found too heavy, and are yet used to cheat customers. A favourite dodge with butchers is to use a two, or even a four-ounce weight denominated as one ounce, and to use it on the meat pan side of the scale to check the exact weight as is usually done when the amount required is less than four ounces; and another simple yet lucrative custom is to stick a long-bladed knife, weighing, say, four ounces or more, between the bottom of the pan and the frame which supports it. By this means the customer is charged for

the weight of the knife without getting any return.

As already stated, the poor are swindled to a far greater degree than the well-to-do. There are very few persons who know the difference between weights, and many ladies cannot tell whether they are looking at a quarter or a half-pound. And in addition to this, butchers have certain trade customs which are extremely mystifying to the uninitiated. For instance, a butcher, in the poor districts especially, reckons his meat out by the stone of eight pounds. Thus a butcher selling a joint marked eightpence a pound will reckon the cost at so many pounds at five shillings and fourpence, that being the price per stone, and by long practice the butcher can work out the cost in his head from the stone price more quickly than an ordinary purchaser, not so quick at mental arithmetic, would do in the ordinary way. A very common swindle is based on this principle. A poor woman inspects the joints hanging up, each with its price marked. The butcher turns to her, "What for you, mam? Nice leg o' mutton here," and he takes down a little leg marked 9d., that being the price in pence per pound. The woman inspects the joint and says that it seems all right,



A MEASURE SO SHAPED THAT THE LIQUID TO THE RIGHT OF THE LINE A B IS NEVER POURED INTO THE CUSTOMER'S GLASS

but is too much for her to pay. "Well, I'll tell you what," says the butcher, "I'll make it sevenpence to you." The customer agrees and the leg is thrown inside the shop to the counterpane to be weighed, with the remark, "One leg at six shillings," this being the stone price for ninepence a pound. The joint is

weighed, found to be just five pounds, and the price, three shillings and ninepence, is demanded and paid, the proper charge at sevenpence the pound being two shillings and elevenpence. It is practically impossible for the customer to check this imposition, which is largely practised in poor neighbourhoods where trade is plentiful, and the number of customers waiting prevents any one asking questions or raising difficulties.

To quote Mr. Webb, whose experience on the subject is unrivalled, there is only one way in which cheating can be stopped, this being for every housekeeper to have a correct set of scales and weights at home, and to weigh everything she buys. As soon as it becomes evident that any particular shopkeeper habitually supplies short weight, the nearest local inspector should be communicated with. In this way it would be possible to detect the fraudulent trader and have him punished. But unfortunately the average housekeeper is too careless or too indolent to take the small amount of trouble necessary to attain the desired end.

As I have already explained, the greatest offenders in the matter of short weight are the hawkers and costermongers, who, as a matter of fact, rarely give full measure. Apart from the use of light weights or faulty scales, there are many ways of defrauding the customer. I have myself recently noticed a street butcher selling meat weighed in scales with a big piece of bacon fat, weighing, I should think, nearly a quarter of a pound, stuck on the lower side of the meat pan. Of course, if this were noticed by a customer, the hawker would be profusely apologetic for the "accident." And even when correct scales are employed they are often placed on a slope, where they will not weigh accurately. Various tricks may be played with scales without apparently affecting their accuracy. Thus, if one of the under

stays of a vibrating scale be slightly bent, too much play will be allowed, with the result that if the weight used be placed exactly in the centre of the pan it will weigh accurately, but if the same weight be placed on the side of the pan it will exert a leverage of from five to twenty per cent. over and above the true weight, according to the degree to which the stay is bent.

The limits of space prevent us going further into this interesting subject. But I may refer to a matter of extreme importance to the public in the matter of the sale of bread. The staff of life is, like coal, sold under special Acts of Parliament. These are known as the Bread Acts, and the most important clause they contain make it compulsory that all bread, excepting only "fancy bread," shall be sold by weight. Bakers have for very many years evaded this enactment by deeming all bread, excepting only the rough loaf, "fancy bread," but the London County Council have recently taken the matter up, and have brought an action against one of the most successful of the large bread companies whose special make of bread has always been sold by the loaf and irrespective of its exact weight. The company lost their action so recently as April last; but they appealed, with the result that the decision of the Court below was affirmed, and the sale of bread having fancy names, and hitherto sold by the loaf, has been declared illegal, this decision making it compulsory for the various bread companies to supply their customers with either 2 lb. or 4 lb. of bread, exactly as is the case with the ordinary baker. It is in contemplation to follow up this salutary course and compel bakers to weigh all bread excepting only such as is really "fancy"—*i.e.*, French rolls, &c.—and it is to be hoped that very shortly the public will be able to insist that any bread baked in loaf form shall contain the full weight denominated.

The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

X.—"CRYSOLINE, LIMITED"

CHAPTER I.



DURING the last few months no proprietary article had loomed larger on the public eye than the latest and greatest creation, "Crysoline." The powers claimed for this marvellous cure were stupendous. Anything from heart disease to bankruptcy disappeared like magic before one bottle of this sovereign specific, the price of which was a modest twenty-five cents, surely a reasonable figure to pay for a sound body and an equally sound estate?

Nothing of the kind had ever been so intelligently advertised before; no sum was too great to pay the clever "adsmith"—*e.g.*, advertisement maker—for a really novel and striking appeal to the great American nation. In six months the proprietors of "Crysoline" had expended a quarter of a million dollars this way.

Testimonials came pouring in from all parts of the country. So far as sprains, scalds, bruises and the like were concerned, beyond doubt "Crysoline" formed a wonderful remedy. Of the amount of business done there could be no doubt. In a little more than half a year the proprietor had built up a gigantic concern.

So far as it went, Gryde was quite satisfied with his accomplishment. He had purchased the recipe for "Crysoline" for a trifle, really with the object of blinding Cradlestone to the reasons which brought him so near the latter's estate.

A chance conversation, as we know, was responsible for the rest. With the Cradlestone millions at his command, why not push the thing. And then, as the scheme evolved itself in Gryde's busy brain, he saw his way to a coup so great, so certain and remunerative, that he chuckled with delight.

With characteristic dash and energy he threw himself into the new venture. Most men would have been satisfied with the result achieved, but not so Gryde. The predatory instinct prevented anything of the kind.

Meanwhile the pear was ripening; the time was coming when Gryde hoped to lighten the pockets of some of the smartest men in the world, *e.g.*, the Wall Street stockbrokers. Cradlestone chuckled as Gryde hinted at this. He and the latter had met frequently lately, and Cradlestone, whilst bearing no malice, was fully determined to get back his own on the very first opportunity.

Therefore the oil king rubbed his hands and smiled as he read his *Sun* a few days later. He began to see Gryde's game, or at least so he thought. Gryde, otherwise Manners, was about to turn "Crysoline" into a limited liability company. This would bring the owner of the latest nostrum in direct communication with Wall Street, and it would go hard indeed, Cradlestone thought, if, with others, he could not squeeze Manners dry.

"Those smart fellows always overreach themselves," he said. "That man had better have kept to trade. Within three months he will be stripped of the last feather. I'll get some of my money back, and I'll get 'Crysoline' into the bargain."

And Cradlestone fell to reading the full-paged prospectus of "Crysoline" with new satisfaction. The figures therein contained admitted of no doubt, certified as they were by the leading firm of accountants in New York. From the very first the nostrum seemed to have paid. The sixth month showed a profit of one hundred thousand dollars.

Going on the average, the proprietor appeared to be quite justified in the expectation that the profits for the first year would reach one million and a-half dollars. And in asking the public for

Gryde has not been carefully preparing the ground for nothing. He had paid in the most liberal manner for his advertisement, and he got it all back now in generous puffs. Within a week of the preliminary announcements in the *Sun* and *World*, the whole of the capital had been subscribed. Cradlestone chuckled.

True, Gryde had money again to carry on the war. But only ten per cent. of the capital was paid on allotment, and no further call, according to the conditions, could be made before the



"I'M GOING TO BEAR THAT STOCK"

twenty million dollars, the request seemed reasonable. From New York to San Francisco every paper of note published that advertisement.

The whole of the capital was offered to the public in ten-dollar shares. Cradlestone made a rapid calculation on the margin of his *Sun*. It seemed to him that by the time the expenses were paid, Gryde's four millions could be exhausted. That Gryde had possessed any capital beyond the amount extracted over the oil venture, Cradlestone did not believe.

"I'll give him a lesson he's likely to remember," said the millionaire.

Needless to say the "Crysoline" boom attracted its fair share of attention.

expiration of three months. And in that time many a good ship had been wrecked by the brokers in Wall Street.

Of the plot against him Gryde appeared to know nothing. He applied cheerfully for a Stock Exchange quotation and got it as a matter of course. For the first two or three days "Crysoline" shares were at a premium, little business being done. It was at this point that Cradlestone began to act.

Not that he intended to operate direct himself. He was quite prepared to risk a million or two. Risk! There was none; the thing was a certainty.

Cradlestone's confederates were one of the biggest firms on the market. The

mere fact of their buying or selling anything usually sufficed to make or mar the stock. And Cradlestone displayed a most unusual candour in the matter.

With his feet on the table and a green cigar in the corner of his mouth, he declared his plans to Alnor Bly, head of the firm of Bly, Sulley and Bly.

"I'm going to bear that stock," he said. "I've bought a big block already at a premium—a couple of million dollars worth, I suppose. By-and-bye there'll be some queer rumours on the market as regards 'Crysoline'."

"All the same, I wish it was mine," Bly remarked sententiously.

"As a matter of fact, so do I," Cradlestone replied. "It's a good thing—one of the best things offered to the public for many a year. But I owe Manners a grudge, and I mean to pay him off and put money in my pocket at the same time."

Bly nodded. He began to see his patron's drift.

"I think I understand," he said. "You want the concern for yourself."

"Yes; and I mean to have it, too. If you manipulate matters properly you'll find it worth your while. What you have to do is this: take a third of my stock and offer it at ten per cent. discount. That will cause a big slump, and frighten all the little men. I'll see that the papers are fed with sensational paragraphs. Once the thing is started others will follow, and before anyone knows what has happened we'll have 'Crysoline' down to ten cents. Some fool is certain to start legal proceedings, and that will settle it."

"Quite so. And then, Mr. Cradlestone?"

The millionaire winked from behind the pungent cloud of his cigar.

"Then it will be time to buy," he said. "The bottom will be knocked out of Manners by that time, and all we have to do is to step in and pick up the pieces. There's nothing new or original about the business; but one thing is certain: if the thing does come off, I shall have a veritable gold-mine."

Bly was quite of the same opinion. He was of opinion (privately) that he

meant to have a finger in the pie also. It was not usual for Cradlestone to be so communicative. Nor did he deem it necessary to explain that his very candour was intended to draw Bly into the venture, and ensure a still further depreciation.

"They'll all tumble to it," said Bly.

"Let them," Cradlestone replied. "So much the better for us. They won't know when the pear is ripe for buying, and we shall. So long as they help us to bear the stock down we can sit quiet and make use of 'em."

This interesting conversation found its way in due course to the ears of Felix Gryde. He had not the slightest objection to pay for information of this kind, and the clerk who had listened returned to his desk well satisfied with his hour's work.

Not that there was any news conveyed to Gryde. He knew perfectly well what line of action Cradlestone would take, but all the same it was just as well to be perfectly sure. Cradlestone's scheme was a very pretty one, but it lacked originality, which was where Gryde had the advantage of him. The average man would have abandoned the game at once and sued for terms, but then Gryde was by no means an average man.

"I always like to help anyone when I can," he muttered, "and I am going to help Cradlestone to knock those shares down. Perhaps he would sing a different tune if he knew how many I hold under different names. And if his soul yearns for paragraphs detrimental to the company and my humble self, he shall have enough and to spare."

The next day the campaign began in earnest. By closing time, "Crysolines" had declined ten points. The financial scribes were gloomy and mysterious. Private holders began to be alarmed. And the following morning "Crysolines" declined with a rush. Some four millions of stock were on the market, and by afternoon they could be had for any price.

Cradlestone watched the proceedings with feelings of satisfaction. Four millions of his dollars had been absolutely thrown away, but still he smiled.

He knew perfectly well that those millions would come back after many days swollen and multiplied like a mountain stream after a snowstorm.

Before the end of the week the rout of "Crysoline" was complete. Cradlestone's prophecy that the shares would be down to ten cents was verified to the letter. Angry shareholders wrote epistles to the papers, a score of legal actions

"Nothing could be better," he said. "By the time that the fortnightly settlement comes the game will be up, and then we can gradually gather the stock in at our own price. The little holders will only be too glad to sell at a profit."

"There's one difficulty in the way," said Bly. "I've sold far more than we've got. If buyers insist upon a delivery we're in a fix."

"But they won't," Cradlestone said confidently. "We'll offer them a few cents premium, which after all is the thing they require. Within a month 'Crysoline' will be mine, stock, lock and barrel. It will be a nice little lesson to Manners."

But Manners, otherwise Gryde, did not seem to resent the way in which he had been treated. For the present he was, perhaps, the most prominent and worst abused individual in the United States. Nothing was too bad to say about him. He had floated a bogus company, he had placed millions of dollars in his pocket, he had not cared what became of the shares so that he got his plunder. Wall Street had found him out, and in rejecting the fraudulent company had done a service to the State. Whether or not the proprietor of "Crysoline" was

to be prosecuted was an interesting problem.

But Gryde took it all smilingly. He even shook hands quite heartily with Cradlestone that afternoon as he and the latter met at Delmonico's at lunch.

"Well," said the millionaire, "and how do you like Wall Street?"

"I have no fault to find with Wall Street," Gryde responded. "The air is bracing and the work there of a variable nature. What I like about the people is



"YOU ARE A GOOD FIGHTER"

were commenced, and absolute ruin seemed to stare Gryde in the face.

And yet as the shares were shot into the market at any price they were bought. Small speculators can always be found at such tempting prices, whilst the general sale still continued, and ten times as many "Crysolines" as could be found were disposed of by brokers who would have to find them at a price a fortnight hence. Cradlestone felt quite satisfied at length.

that they cling together so. When they start out to ruin a man they do it effectually."

Cradlestone chuckled. He was in a position to appreciate this humour.

"You are alluding to 'Crysoline,'" he said. "Did I not warn you to keep clear of the Street. Upon my word, you have made a nice mess of it."

"And you are going to pocket a fortune," Gryde replied quite pleasantly. "I know exactly what has happened and who to thank for the present state of affairs."

Cradlestone smiled again.

"You couldn't expect to get the best of me twice," he said. "And I'd give a trifle to know how you managed that oil business."

Gryde denied that there had been any

trickery in the business, a mere figure of speech, knowing quite well that the other did not believe him.

"All right," Cradlestone laughed, "but you are a good fighter, and I shouldn't wonder if you picked it all up again, yet. But not in 'Crysoline'—you can regard that as gone."

Gryde rose, buttoning his gloves slowly.

"There's many a slip, you know," he said, "and you are not safe till after settling day. You may not be the only one in the swindle. You object to the term? Very well, we will say the financial transaction. We shall meet again."

"Often, I trust," said Cradlestone.

Gryde muttered something in reply and strode from the room.

CHAPTER II.

CRADLESTONE strode into Bly's office with the inevitable green cigar in the corner of his mouth. Settling day had arrived, a day which was intended to be a kind of financial Waterloo. All the same, Bly's face was more befitting Bonaparte than that of Wellington.

"Anything wrong?" Cradlestone asked as he dropped into a chair.

"Hang me if I know," Bly replied. "I've got a letter here that puzzles me. Read it."

Bly tossed the letter across the table, and Cradlestone read as follows:—

Lexington Avenue,
July 18th, 18—.

DEAR SIR,—

We hold contract notes of yours whereby you are pledged to deliver to our client some hundred thousand odd shares in Crysoline, Limited. We enclose list of prices at which the same were purchased from day to day and the prices of the same. We shall be glad to complete the delivery in the course of the day. Faithfully,

MORGAN AND CO.

Cradlestone knitted his brows over this document. He could not make it out at all.

"It seems to me," he said presently, "that somebody must have got wind of my intentions. We may have to share the plunder after all. You must arrange terms."

"But I have three other letters to precisely the same effect," Bly proceeded. "You see the position. I sold all the shares you had at par, so there is no loss. Then we offered thousands of shares according to your instructions at a few cents. Somebody else is having a flutter at the same game, and we shall have to deliver."

"Then you must go out and buy for the purpose," said Cradlestone. "In fact, you had better start buying all you can lay your hands on. We must be in a position to satisfy these people at the price they purchased at before we can do anything for ourselves. Then you must slip in and scoop the market."

"The price is certain to rise directly we do."

"Of course, I am prepared for that. So long as I can buy the bulk of the shares practically at my own price, I don't care. You get off down to the Street. I'll drop in and see you again directly after lunch."

When Cradlestone returned, whistling

serenely, he found Bly sitting with a white face before his desk. An empty champagne bottle was by his side.

"Dyspeptic," the millionaire suggested. "Ah, I can feel for you!"

"Not a share to be got! It's only a matter of money."

"Money has nothing whatever to do with it. Ah, there are others in the soup besides ourselves—others who have



"THIS IS A DELIBERATE SWINDLE!"

"I guess you'll feel for yourself, too, when you hear what I have to say," Bly groaned. "By four o'clock you and I between us have to deliver over a million shares in 'Crysoline.' Actually, we don't possess a fifth of them. And there isn't a share to be got at any price."

sold and can't find the paper. I've seen practically every broker in the market, and not one of them has a sheet of scrip. Since morning 'Crysolines' have gone up from ten cents to a point over three dollars."

Cradlestone groaned. If this was so, a fearful loss awaited him. To put it

plainly, he had sold thousands of shares at ten cents, shares which he did not possess, and now he was called upon to produce for three dollars what he had to surrender for about a tenth of that amount.

"Then who in the name of Fate has the shares?" he asked.

"That is the mystery," said Bly; "I don't know."

Cradlestone was silent. He had never for a moment anticipated anything like this. Was it possible, he wondered, to get hold of bona fide shareholders and—but no. The thing must be carried over till the next settlement, and meanwhile some means might be found whereby the dark operation could be squeezed.

"Of course we must carry over," said Bly.

"Of course, and meanwhile you had better see Morgan."

In the end Bly and Cradlestone saw Morgan and Co. together. The latter received them with a twinkle in his eye. He listened to all they had to say.

"Carry over if you like," he said, "still, I'd settle if I were you."

"Confound you!" Cradlestone cried impatiently; "you know perfectly well that we have not the shares to deliver."

"Perfectly," was the cool response, "but I have, and you can have them at a price."

"And what is your price?"

"Face value, ten dollars; and I can supply as many as you want. O, I know quite well what you are going to say. The market price is only three dollars. But it might as well be three millions as far as you are concerned, because you can't deliver. But you'll have to pay more than three dollars this day fortnight."

All the same Cradlestone proposed to carry over till next settling day. He still hoped to find a way to circumvent the dark speculator. A meeting was held of those likely to be victims, and a bold attempt to knock "Crysoline" out of the market was resolved upon. The next day a big block of stock was offered at eight cents. Almost before the offer was made, the whole lot were taken by

Morgan and Co. The conspirators decided that this kind of policy was a mere sinful waste of good money. So "Crysoline" stood firm at three dollars, and when the next settling day arrived the murder was out.

A defeated band of victims gathered in the offices of Morgan and Co., with terms. They would pay two and a-half dollars in settlement of all claims, which surely ought to satisfy Morgan's client, who had practically bought at ten cents.

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen," Morgan replied, "but I cannot possibly accept your offer without consulting my client. Perhaps you would like to see him."

Without exception the victims of cunning machinations thought they would. And when, a few minutes later, Gryde, otherwise Manners, stepped into the office, a groan went up. They were trapped beyond hope of escape.

"You wished to see me, gentlemen," Gryde said pleasantly. "Can I do anything for you?"

By common consent Cradlestone was pushed forward as spokesman.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I rather expected this. I suppose you know that you have got the lot of us in a very tight place."

"Yes," Gryde said grimly. "I've got you where you thought to have me."

"Quite so, quite so. The question is, what will you take to settle?"

"It isn't a question of settling at all," Gryde responded. "Every share that came on the market fell into my hands. It did not take me long to see Mr. Cradlestone's game. I bought these shares in good faith; you contracted to deliver them at prices from three dollars to ten cents—"

"Mostly the latter," Cradlestone groaned.

"So much the better for me. All I want are *my shares*!"

"But we haven't got them," Cradlestone cried.

"I know it. All the same you are legally bound to deliver them. If you sell what you haven't got it is nothing to me. Your game was to break me down, and you failed. Will you be so good as to deliver me my shares."

"Man alive," Cradlestone yelled, "where are we to get them?"

"From me," seeing that I actually possess the lot."

"At three dollars, of course, Mr. Manners?"



"I'VE A GREAT MIND TO RETIRE"

"Not much," Gryde said drily. "I am ready to place you in a position to carry out your lawful obligations at the price paid by the public—ten dollars."

Then followed an awkward silence. Gryde was in a position to sell for ten dollars what, a few minutes later, would be handed back to him for some paltry

cents. The thing spelt ruin to more than one man there."

"This is nothing less than a deliberate swindle," Cradlestone cried passionately.

"Call it what you please," Gryde responded as coolly. "I have my rights, and I fully intend to stand by them. As soon as I saw what was going to happen, I took measures accordingly. A deliberate plant was laid to ruin me, and, instead of making a fuss, I set to work to devise some means of giving you clever gentlemen a lesson. When I realised that you were all recklessly selling what you hadn't got, I saw my way. All the shares were offered to the public, but I took good care to keep them for the most part in my own hands. As you sold, so I bought; and if I liked to ask you a million dollars per share for delivery, you would have to accept it or get broken. I could force every man of you into bankruptcy if I liked: I could pull Wall Street about your ears. And I should be none the worse off, because, you see, all this time *I've got the shares.*"

There was no denying this pregnant statement. Gryde was in a position to throttle every man there. All they could do was to make terms.

"We throw ourselves on your mercy," Cradlestone said at length. "Let us have the lowest price you will accept for your shares?"

"Ten dollars a share," Gryde snapped; "not a cent less."

"You will give us time to carry over till next settlement, so as to discuss it?"

"Certainly I will. If the markets go up the ten dollars go up, too."

The deputation withdrew fuming. There was wailing and gnashing of teeth in Wall Street, but all the tears were in vain. And the storm broke out afresh when the deputation came to meet the master of the situation once more.

"We'll pay the ten dollars," said Cradlestone.

"Fifteen dollars," Gryde said, suavely. "The market has gone up. I warned you that, if such were the case, I should have to charge the difference. And that is the price to which I sold a batch to an investor yesterday."

"You're not in earnest," Bly faltered.

"Gentlemen," Gryde responded, in tones of steel, "I never was more serious in my life. This is a case of diamond cut diamond, and my diamond is the harder of the two. And if I carry over again the price will be twenty dollars. The longer you fight the thing off the worse will it be for you."

Cradlestone threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Six millions of dollars!" he yelled, "clean robbed of six millions! If I had only known when I had you out yonder, I would have shot you like a dog. A bullet or a partnership I'd like to present you with—and I shouldn't care which."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," Gryde responded. "I may say that is the finest compliment I ever had paid me in my life."

Hardly had the blackest of black Mondays passed away, and the pungent newspaper chaff at the expense of Wall Street died away, ere New York had another sensation connected with the same "Crysoline, Limited." Fires in the capital city of America are not few and far between, but the town had not for some time past enjoyed such a blaze as that afforded by the palatial premises of the above company. No sooner had the citizens generally devoured the six lines of brevier and two columns of cross

heading describing the event when the evening papers came out with the climax. And this is what the *Evening Sun* had to say on the matter:—

LAST NIGHT'S BIG, BAD BLAZE.

THE END OF A NEW MILLIONAIRE'S SHORT BUT BRILLIANT CAREER.

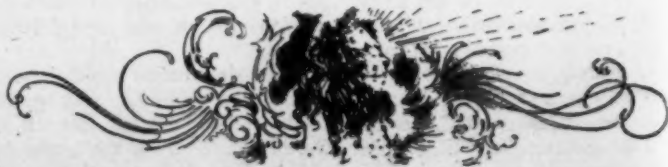
MANNERS THE MAGNIFICENT PERISHES IN THE FLAMES.

He slept on the premises last night, because of anonymous letters threatening to destroy the block, which, by the way, was heavily insured. Manners laughed at the letters, and promised the incendiaries a warm reception. But got one himself. Caretakers are unanimous on this point. Still, the body has not been found. Nor, under the circumstances, is it likely to be. Full details.

We regret to say that Mr. Manners was on the burnt-out premises last night, and that he perished in the flames. No blame is attached to anyone, nor do the police credit the suggestion that the fire was inspired. As to the rest, nothing can be known till Manners' representatives in England have been communicated with. The absence of anybody to bury will be regretted in Wall Street; otherwise the financial gang would assuredly attend the funeral.

Gryde read the above on the deck of the *Campagna*, then creeping out of dock. Under the circumstances, he had deemed it better to disappear in that way. He had become so great a man that an ordinary exit was impossible. Gryde mused over the matter as he tranquilly smoked a cigar.

"Upon my word," he muttered, "it is remarkably easy to be a millionaire if one only goes about it the proper way. And people are so easily gulled that my life is getting quite monotonous. I've a great mind to retire from the business altogether, and when I have finished off the other little schemes, I will."





THONOCK HALL

The Oldest English Baronetcy

WRITTEN BY PERCY CROSS STANDING. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

THIS is a distinction which belongs, by the best of all rights, to the old-world county of Lincolnshire. One would have supposed that Tennyson's country, with its

wealth of historic and legendary association, was already rich enough in those possessions which are generally held to make for the greater beauty and pride of England's most charming corners. But on the banks of the Trent, overlooking the spot where the rushing *Ægir* boils up as if to combat the strength of the mightier ocean, stands the Old Hall, which from time immemorial has been the birthright of the Hickman Bacon family. Almost exactly upon this interesting spot Canute is alleged to have uttered his famous

but fruitless exhortation to the waters to roll back as they had rolled on, and his not less celebrated rebuke to the courtiers who had provoked the challenge. It is a beautiful region, thick with plenty at

all seasons. Far as the eye can range stretch the red roofs of old Gainsboro' and the green fields of the lovely country beyond.

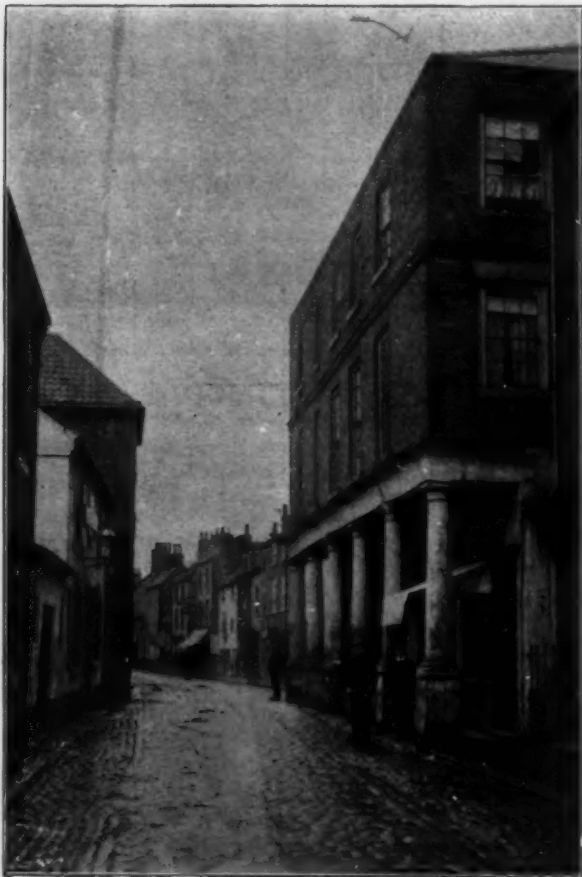
Unfortunately, the very indifferent health of the present representative of the oldest baronetcy in England prevents Sir Hickman Beckett Bacon from distinguishing himself in, or even from actively participating in, the coveted spheres of politics and sport. He is unmarried, and health considerations oblige him to spend much of his time away from England. Moreover, the abode of the Bacons is no longer actually at the Old Hall, but at Thonock Hall, a mile or so out of Gainsboro'. Here Mr. Bayard was the guest of Sir Hickman



SIR H. B. BACON, BART.

Photo by B. Duckmanton, Gainsborough

Bacon in the summer of 1896 during the all too brief visit of the "Pilgrim Fathers" to the birthplace of John Robinson. Thonock Hall is approached through a noble park.



A BIT OF OLD GAINSBORO'

But by what means, or for what specially deserving or distinguishing reason, came the Hickman Bacon baronetcy to be conferred? There are some quaintly interesting entries in Domesday Book relative to the Manor of Gainsboro'—or "Gainsburgh," as we find it written there. My investigations lead me to determine, however, that the Manor dates considerably further back than the Norman Conquest. I read, indeed, of the Manor having deteriorated in value, for all the world like the agricultural holdings of nineteenth-century Lincolnshire, where the Somersby estate, in "Tennyson-land," has depreciated something like one-third!

In short, the Manor of Gainsburgh is held to have yielded "six pounds" in Edward the Confessor's reign as against only three in William's. The Norman usurper, in the course of his lavish rewards to those who had best assisted in the subjugation of the Saxons, conferred Gainsburgh upon one Geoffry de Wirce, from whom it passed successively to Nigellus d'Albaneis and to his son. At a later period it was held by the Earl of Lincoln, and after him by the Earl of Pembroke. The name of Hickman does not occur in this connection until the reign of James I., who knighted "William Hickman, of London, Esquire," and handed the Manor to him. To the Hickman Bacon family it has ever since belonged.

To such as love those "old legends of the monkish page," of which English history is redolent, it must remain matter for regret that

the owners of this splendid heritage should have been constrained to desert the Old Hall on the banks of the Trent in favour of Thonock. Better this, however, than have pandered to that terribly trying taste for "restoration" which is by way of rapidly reducing the "old-worldliness" of ancient homes and halls of England to an irreducible minimum. It would appear, however, as if the Hickman family only deserted their magnificent old home after it had fallen into a pitiable condition of decay. More than venerable is the noble ruin on the tidal river's banks. On its site Alfred the Great spent his "honeymoon" on the occasion of his wedding with the gentle

Ethelwulf; while Sweyn, after guiding the galleys of his hardy Norsemen up the swift Trent on plundering thoughts intent, is alleged to have been killed here, leaving the heritage of England's throne to his son, Canute the wise and good.

So far the Old Hall's history side. On the side of the picturesque, ruin though it mainly be within, it is both unique and beautiful. The styles of many different periods are detectable in its architecture, telling of storm and of stress, and of varied vicissitude. In front it is mainly constructed of large

but I cannot discover that this division of the glorious old ruin legitimately dates from an earlier period than Edward III. During the reign of the conqueror of Crecy and Poitiers, extensive alterations began to take place in the form and construction of British roofs and pillars—the interregnum, so to speak, before the active growth of the Renaissance period. It was about this time that one Richard de Gaynburgh, “a distinguished mason,” was employed to repair and beautify the neighbouring cathedral of Lincoln.

Well on into the fifteenth century.



THE OLD HALL, GAINSBORO'

oak framing, forming three sides of a quadrangle, and open on the south. A great deal of oak wood has, in fact, been utilised, and the finely carved sides and arches of the passage leading out of the entrance-hall are generally attributed to the reign of Stephen.

The Hall's northern side is peculiar for a very chaste stone edifice, originally, no doubt, intended for a chapel. The ornamental portions, particularly the windows and friezes, are exceedingly elegant, the whole reminding one of that happiest of descriptions which occurs in *Maude*:

A lion ramps at the top,
He is clasped by a passion-flower,

however, while the Red Rose and the White were deluging England's most peaceful corners with torrents of blood, it was reserved for Sir Thomas Burgh to reconstruct and beautify the place. Consequently, we note a great and sweeping change in the architectural style of the north-west tower, which is eighty feet in height, built wholly of bricks and beautifully finished. This formidable tower, remnant of the Manor's experience of the feudal age, was of course constructed as a defence against possible enemies and impossible friends. From the “look-out” on its roof may be obtained one of the most magnificent views in Lincolnshire, embracing the

entire valley of the Trent to its junction with the Humber. The tower is battlemented, and is reached by a winding stone staircase. This portion of the Manor Hall is still habitable and inhabited.

The Hickman who was knighted by James I., on coming into possession of the Manor, began to "re-organise" the Hall in earnest. On one of the wings which he added to it I find a sun-dial enriched with his initials, and a quaint Latin inscription. But about the year 1750 the family deserted the Manor Hall in favour of Thonock, their present residence. Subsequently occupied as a country seat by Lord Abingdon, the last deceased peer of that name was born at the Hall. The ancient moat which once surrounded the town of Gainsboro', and emptied itself into the Trent, is no longer in existence.

It will be perceived that the Old Hall is the queerest conglomeration of actual ruin and of legendary lore. The adventurous King Sweyn met his death immediately outside the town, as the result of an insult to one of his subordinates. Thereupon Canute—also at Gainsboro'—proclaimed himself King of Denmark and England, and proudly invited the homage of all and sundry. In 1541 King Hal, as he faced Yorkshirwards to receive the submission of certain malcontents, held *his* court with the pomp peculiar to the Tudor dynasty. Later still, the Virgin Queen deigned to accept the hospitality of the then occupant of the Hall: this last event being only

shortly anterior to the beginning of the Hickman *régime*. John Wesley preached in the Hall several times, and so, also, it is believed, did the celebrated John Robinson.

In common with almost every other shire, Lincoln suffered heavily under the persecution of Queen Mary, and the occupants of the Manor Hall were by no means exempt. I note that Sir Hickman Bacon dates the *legitimate* founding of the still-existent building from about A.D. 1460, at which time, it would appear, Gainsboro' stood staunch for the House of Lancaster, but the holder of the heritage plied his good steel on behalf of Edward of York. Events "at all events" justified the polity of this gentleman's adhesion to the White Rose, as the barony was very properly confirmed to him and his by a grateful monarch on the triumph of the Yorkist cause. The infuriated Gainsboro' people, rising *en masse* at such a pitiful desecration, drove the usurper out and burned the place, but in the end he occupied and held the disputed estate. By his sword he had won it, and by his sword he kept it to the end of life.

'Mid such a medley of bloodshed and faction fight it has become a little difficult to trace the actual genesis of this, the oldest barony that England boasts. If only as a study in feudalism, its history, should it ever come to be written out at length, would surely compete with the most romantic and blood-stirring of historic fictions. The theme holds a romanticism all its own.



The Blue Chrysanthemum

WRITTEN BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON



That happened when I was staying at the Casa Marciera in Castelmarruja. I am not going to give any geographical information with regard to Castelmarruja, for it is the loveliest place in the world, and I don't want it spoiled. There are two distinct colonies in it—the town proper, which lies right on the sea-shore, and is picturesque but odoriferous, and the “Mountains,” as they

call the little settlement of white houses high up on the side of the hills, where the weaker residents, who cannot stand the cholera bacilli on the lower slopes, congregate together in anything but amity.

Castelmarruja, being a border town, has two Consuls, who spend the unofficial portion of their time dining with each other, and reviling the abominable heat and dulness of their town, in the face of the loveliest scenery that ever delighted mortal eye. Marciera, by building himself a little white shanty in this wilderness, increased my respect for him considerably. When he asked me to spend the summer there, I felt that he was really, in his way, a very estimable person indeed.

Some days after my arrival we sat smoking on a little square of rock overlooking the road which wound right past the front of the house. To the rear were the gardens, sloping up the hill, and in front rocks, a few precipices, a distant peep of Castelmarruja the Lower, and beyond that the sea. The rock whereon we had pitched our cane

seats and unfurled our big green umbrella formed a kind of natural terrace to the house, and had steps cut in it which made a novel, if rather rough, approach.

We were both reading contentedly when Marciera suddenly glanced up.

“What on earth is this,” he murmured, “if it isn't the ghost of Ruy Diaz de Bivar?”

Following the direction of Marciera's lifted finger, I observed approaching a sufficiently odd object to excuse his exclamation. This was an individual garbed in picturesque but somewhat peculiar attire. There was nothing particular about his nether adornment, but his upper man was protected by a loose white shirt, and a black cloak lined with grey drooped gracefully from one shoulder. He had a scarlet belt, and wore a huge sombrero tilted artistically on the back of his head. His features, at the distance, were not discernible, but the scheme of colour which characterised his costume led one to await them hopefully.

Marciera grunted.

“Masquerading tourist!” he remarked, with extreme disgust; then he relapsed into silence and his book, and, being interested in mine, I followed his example.

Presently I was disturbed by a soft whistling; the man in the sombrero was just beneath us. I took a glance at him over the edge of the rock and sat down again with a little gasp.

“Who is it?” inquired Marciera. “Ruy Diaz?”

“I don't know,” I said, “but he has the most beautiful face I ever saw in my life. Look!”

Marciera obeyed, and nodded assent to my statement. Then he settled down again to read.

The Sombrero pursued his way slowly up the road. Presently a sound

roused Marciera most effectually. Through the still air came the fragment of a song, half-hummed, weird and strange. Then the singer flung back his head, and there came down the white road the notes of a tenor voice which for purity, compass, and richness, I have never heard equalled. Marciera sprang to his feet and the book fell to the ground.

"Where have I heard that voice?" he asked quickly. Then a look of intelligence flashed over his face.

"Opera! Paris!" he said, in rapid explanation, and bolted for the steps. And I, following him more slowly, saw the greatest of living violinists scuttering down the road after the stranger like a scared rabbit. The Sombrero turned and faced his pursuer, who came up hot and breathless.

"Who are you, Señor?" panted Marciera, bluntly.

A smile broke over the stranger's beautiful features, and he held out his hand.

"I am Tlexula," he said, very simply, "and you are Pablo de Marciera."

I looked at him with increased interest. I had heard over and over again of Tlexula, the great tenor, but curiously enough I had never been able to hear him sing. On my last visit to Paris I found that everybody had gone mad over him; and when I inquired one night at the *Atelier Espagnol*, in somewhat doubting terms, whether he were really such a marvel, I roused a perfect storm of enthusiasm from Madame Garcia. Well, I could understand it now: a man with such a voice, and such a face, might well be popular.

"And what in Heaven's name are you doing here?" said the Spanish violinist.

Tlexula laughed.

"Well, I am admiring the scenery, and passing through Castelmara." *Castelmara*.

"You'll not pass any further at present, then," returned Marciera. "There is my house, and here am I, and, when he gets here, here is Niels Bazarac, and we want to hear Tlexula sing. Bazarac has hunted you vainly through Europe, I believe, and I've only heard you once. Come along! All my

worldly possessions are yours, and we've got ducks for dinner."

Tlexula hesitated.

"But it will inconvenience you?"

"My dear fellow, I wish there were forty of you instead of one."

"I shall certainly not be able to sing after the duck," said the tenor, smiling.

"You can dine to-night and sing to-morrow."

"This is too good of you, really," said Tlexula; "but personally I shall be only too delighted. I want," he added gracefully, with a glance at me, "to hear some more of your Spanish Fantasias. There is nothing like them, is there, M. Bazarac?"

"Nothing," I said, "and there will be nothing like Marciera's wrath if you don't stay. Be wise and consent to eat those ducks."

We walked back to the house, and sat down on the rock. Tlexula dropped his knapsack at his feet, and lay back in his chair with a sigh of relief.

"It is deliciously cool here," he admitted. "I have had rather too much sun to-day."

"One can never have too much sun," said Marciera.

Tlexula disagreed with him, and they plunged into laughing argument. After a time Marciera went up to the house to give directions for the reception of his guest, and I was left alone with the singer.

"What a beautiful place this is!" he said, looking across to Castelmara and the sea. "And how different it was three thousand years ago!"

"There were no houses then?"

He shook his head.

"On the contrary, the whole of the slope was covered by an immense city. You see that three-cornered rock over there? That is the site of the King's palace. There was a temple, too, with a tower of gold and pillars of painted ivory. I have never," he added reflectively, "seen anything so beautiful since."

I started a little.

"Since?"

He ignored my remark.

"It was burnt, and all its inhabitants massacred by a neighbouring tribe. The



"HE BOLTED FOR THE STEPS"

King escaped into the mountains and was never heard of again."

"You take an interest in curious historical books, I expect?" I suggested, for how else could I account for his marvellously intimate description of this unknown city which had existed three thousand years ago?

"I never read books," said Tlexula, carelessly; "they are only inaccurate.

Your local guide-book, now, doesn't tell you about this city?"

"No."

"Of course not. It tells you instead how many tons of raisins Castelmara exports per annum, and that you don't want to know. But the city is really interesting: here is a fragment of one of the pillars."

He bent down and brushed a little

piece of rock aside. Beneath it lay something which looked like a small fragment of bone. Tlexula rubbed it with the palm of his hand, and I perceived that it was tinged with tarnished scarlet and gold.

"Fossilised, you see," he said. "There are lots of other bits about, I dare say; probably buried pottery, too. Their pottery was very beautiful. It would be worth while to excavate that mound over there."

"Why?"

"It was the Royal burying-place. There is a lot of armour there, or ought to be, if the vaults are air-tight."

I began to feel mystified. This man who never read books seemed to possess very strange information.

"You have not travelled a great deal?"

"Everywhere. I have hardly ever done anything else."

"But your singing—that keeps you to great cities, surely?"

"My singing," he answered, with a smile, "is a comparatively recent employment."

I sat silent, thinking, and the more I thought the more puzzled I became. Tlexula, I knew, had studied music since he was a child. He had appeared as a prodigy pianist at the early age of seven; at ten his first symphony had been performed in Paris. From ten to twenty-one he had worked hard at the piano and composition; then, indeed, he had gone on tour through Europe as a pianist for a few years. And on his return to Paris he had suddenly startled the world by appearing one night at the opera in the part of Lohengrin, to fill the place of an indisposed first tenor. After that there was no question as to his future career; the operatic stage claimed him as one of the greatest artists who had ever appeared on it, and gifted with dramatic capabilities as magnificent as his voice.

And yet he said he had travelled all his life—a thing I knew to be impossible.

"I should have called you a confirmed stay-at-home," I said.

He laughed. "Well, I cannot do much work here, can I? Personally, I

would rather be in Paris; there are circumstances connected with this place which make it singularly painful to me."

"But you will go back to Paris?"

"O, yes. The doctors ordered me away. They told me my brain would go if I did much more opera for the present, so here I am."

I reflected that he might be a little mad, and hence his singular ignorance of the facts of his own life and his equally abnormal knowledge of forgotten history.

That evening Tlexula came down to dinner in irreproachable evening dress. I wondered a good deal where he had carried it, but he did not volunteer any information as to the quantity of his baggage. He certainly looked superb, and I noticed that he had even provided himself with a button-hole.

"What a funny flower!" said Marciera, also noticing his guest's adornment. "It's like a chrysanthemum, only blue. Where did you find it?"

"It is a local flower," answered Tlexula, smiling at me across the table, "and bloomed three thousand years ago, when that city I told M. Bazarac about stood in the place of Castelmarija."

"Tell me about the city," commanded Marciera, who was carving the ducks. And the rest of our dinner was enlivened with marvellously realistic descriptions of the exterminated race of Vascans, their manners, their laws, their religion, their architecture, art, science, and music, until I said, in joke:

"Really, Señor Tlexula, I believe you are a Vlsacan native's soul in a Spanish tenor's body."

He looked up at me suddenly.

"Do you think that is impossible?" he asked with a curious smile.

Marciera dropped back in his chair with a groan.

"O, don't you two commence to discuss the transmigration of souls," he said imploringly; "it is really too hot—and dry."

Tlexula made a little quick movement of annoyance.

"If one's soul isn't interesting, what is?" he said. "As to the transmigration

of souls, don't you think it is a very reasonable idea? Perhaps," he added, laughing at Marciera's mournful face, "you are at this moment entertaining a Vlascan native, as M. Bazarac says, and I am talking to a some-time Visigoth, and a Senator of ancient Rome."

"I believe I was a gipsy," I said; "and I always tell Marciera, when I want to annoy him, that he is Paganini Redivivus."

"Paganini Redivivus performs at one of the London music-halls, doesn't he?" said Tlexula. "No, I don't think that Señor Marciera has anything to do with him. But he may be a Visigoth."

"And you are a Vlascan?" asked Marciera, as we left the table.

A strange expression shot across the tenor's face.

"Yes," he said quietly, "perhaps I am." And I felt that this time he was not joking.

The days went by, and Tlexula remained a fixture at the Casa Marciera. He seemed very pleased to stay, and Marciera would not hear of his departure. Indeed, the violinist had taken such a fancy to him as I never knew him show towards anyone else.

Certainly Tlexula was a most fascinating companion. There was nothing he could not talk, and talk well, about, and nothing he did not know. In fact, his conversation was so interesting that Marciera and myself would have inclined towards silence, with an occasional question, had he allowed us to do so; but he never did. It would have been impossible to find anyone at once so brilliant and so charmingly unconscious of his own powers.

All the time, however, I had an impression, curious and haunting, that there was something mysterious about the delightful tenor—what, I could not have explained. It was not that I did not like him—I have rarely admired anyone so much—and it was certainly not that I suspected him of any evil. But now and then, in moments of silence, I saw that strange expression on his face which I had noticed at the termination of our talk on the transmigration of souls.

Once or twice, too, I had a curious feeling, when alone with him, that there was a third person present—a feeling which I did not at all like, though I set it down to mere imagination. Having these peculiar sensations, I was hardly surprised when one evening Marciera came into my room, when I was alone, with a very disturbed air.

"Come here, Bazarac," he said, excitedly.

I followed him to the window, which was at the back of the house, and looked out upon the garden. Not twenty paces away two figures were walking on the wide path, having the moonlight full on them, and with their backs towards us. One was a woman dressed in blue of a very vivid shade; the other was unquestionably our guest.

"Who is she?" I inquired.

"Hang it all!" exclaimed Marciera, indignantly, "do you think I know? If it isn't cool cheek, though, I don't know what is."

"But what——"

"I don't object to his amusing himself," pursued Marciera, with much suppressed wrath, "but what—what does this mean? Where has he found that woman?"

An odd impulse prompted me to say something which I had never intended to say.

"Do you think she is a woman, Marciera?"

He stared at me.

"Do you suppose," he inquired, sarcastically, "that any right-minded man would walk about in blue petticoats? Or"—and he checked himself—"you don't believe in ghosts?"

"I've never seen one," I replied cautiously.

"No more have I," said Marciera, "and I never shall, either—Tlex-u-la!"

The two figures turned at Marciera's call and came towards us. And then a marvellous thing occurred. The path was wide, and the moonlight was shining brightly on it; there was not a tree nor a rock near, behind which anyone could have dodged. Further than this, I had my eyes firmly fixed upon the couple the whole time; but when



"LOOK! HE HAS NO SHADOW!"

Tlexula reached us, he reached us—alone!

I heard Marciera draw a quick breath; Tlexula looked up at us very calmly.

"Did you call?"

Marciera hesitated.

"Yes. I thought—I thought—I wanted to go down to Castelmarruja, if you cared to go. Were—was anyone with you just now? Perhaps it was the moonlight I saw?"

"Perhaps," said Tlexula; and he added, with a little ring of regret in his voice, "I am alone."

"Will you come with me, then?"

"Of course. I will come round to the front for you?"

He turned to go round the house, and Marciera suddenly gripped my arm.

"Look!" he whispered. "Look! *he has no shadow!*"

It was true enough. Tlexula was walking right between the moon and the wall of the house, but not the faintest suggestion of a shadow fell from his figure on the white plaster. Marciera looked at me.

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know;" and I added, rather unkindly, "you don't believe in ghosts!"

He went away, and I heard him join Tlexula at the front door. Their footsteps died away on the white road, and I went downstairs into the verandah and prepared to smoke a cigarette in the cool of the night.

I had just made myself comfortable and settled down to enjoy the prospect of the moonlight on the sea and the twinkling of the lamps in the town, when I again felt that curious sensation of not being alone. I sat for some moments trying to overcome it, but in vain. I was just on the point of rising from my chair when the moonlight in front of me darkened a little, and I saw the woman in the blue dress standing a few paces away. Her long, fair hair hung over her shoulders, and her eyes were fixed on me; they seemed alight with a wonderful moving fire which disconcerted me somewhat. Yet this apparition did not surprise me, neither did I feel any sensation of fear.

She walked into the verandah and sat down in a vacant chair.

"It's a fine night," I remarked.

I felt that it was a hideously prosy remark to make to a ghost, but, at least, it was a harmless opening to a conversation.

"Yes," she said, quietly. "You are not afraid of me?"

"Tlexula is not," I replied, attempting to discover her business with the tenor.

She smiled.

"No. You saw me before, then?"

"Both Marciera and I saw you. I suppose Tlexula saw you, too."

Her face grew very sad.

"No," she said, "Tlexula can't see me, nor hear me, nor speak to me. That is our punishment."

I began to feel sorry for this gentle and communicative spirit.

"He has forgotten you?" I asked, adding, with some hesitation—for it seemed a ridiculous thing to say to anyone so palpably present—"You are dead?"

"You would call me so. I died about three thousand years ago."

A light flashed across me.

"You are a Vlascan?"

"Yes."

"And Tlexula," I said suddenly, "is the King?"

She bent her head. "And my husband."

I got up and took off my hat—it was a sombrero, and lent itself to a sweeping salutation.

"You are the Queen of Vlasca!"

"No," she said, mournfully; "it was intended that I should become the High Priestess, therefore the priests would not recognise the marriage. They roused the next tribe against us, and the place was taken and everyone massacred. We fled to the mountains and they pursued us, and then—" she shuddered and stopped.

"You both committed suicide?" I suggested.

"He killed me," she murmured brokenly, "and—and then himself. It was best: they would have done such horrible things."

"And your punishment?"

She stood up suddenly and passionately, and stretched out her arms in the moonlight.

"He has to go on, on, on, living, and I am dead," she said. "He cannot see me nor speak to me, and I—I cannot make him hear me. And it cannot end until he gives back the two lives that he took."

"But that is impossible."

"Yes, I think it is—three thousand years," she repeated bitterly, "three thousand years! Will it never end?"

I considered for a moment.

"What about that little blue flower he wears so often?"

Her face brightened.

"That is the only thing I can give him. He finds that, and he knows it comes from me. It is the sacred Blue Chrysanthemum of Vlasca."

I cannot say what happened next, for the simple reason that I do not know. But I do know that Castelmara, and the sea, and the sky, got jumbled all together under my eyes, and that the verandah ran round and exploded. When I next remembered anything, I was lying in bed in my own darkened room, and Marciera was standing over me with a very grave face.

"What has happened?" I inquired feebly. "Where am I?"

"Where you'll stop. As for what has happened, you ought to know best. I found you insensible in the verandah. It may have been the sun, or——" Marciera's tone implied pretty distinctly that it might not have been the sun.

"Where's Tlexula?"

"Smoking. He wanted to nurse you, but you talked such nonsense about him for three days that I wouldn't let him."

"Three days!" I gasped.

"You have been delirious for a week," said Marciera, grimly.

"And—and the Blue Chrysanthemum?"

"Hang the Blue Chrysanthemum! Drink this." I drank it, and found it nasty enough to banish everything else from my mind; and by the time I had recovered from it I was asleep.

When I was well enough to think about my interview with the Blue

Chrysanthemum, as I called her, I must own that I was inclined to consider it as the vision of an over-excited brain, and the commencement of my illness. Certainly, the fact remained that Marciera had seen her, too, and that he was in full possession of all his faculties at the time. But the story which she had told me might be the outcome of my imagination, worked upon by the apparition in the garden, and Tlexula's description of the sack of Vlasca. The more I thought of the matter, the more I was inclined to accept this as the only possible explanation of the matter.

But I did not accept it in this light long, before I experienced another extraordinary adventure. One morning I came down very early, a thing contrary to my usual habits. Tlexula was generally up and singing scales at six, but the scale practice was too beautiful a performance to annoy anyone. Marciera, used to a life of constant late hours and strong nervous excitement, rarely appeared until eleven. On this particular day I said good-morning to Tlexula, passed through the music-room, and sat down in the verandah. It was a singularly clear, bright morning. All at once I was surprised to see a thin mist rising from the sea. This mist gradually covered Castelmara, and came rapidly up the slope, until I could not see the road ten paces away. Then it cleared off as rapidly as it had appeared, leaving a sight behind it which made me doubt the evidence of my own eyes.

The verandah and the house seemed to have vanished, and I found myself sitting on a flight of white stone steps. A little space away rose a great white building with a tower of gold, and all around, from the Casa Marciera Gardens to the sea, stretched houses, palaces, temples, domes, towers, spires, all built of the same white stone and decorated freely with gold. Everything seemed deserted: no one moved in the silent streets, and for some moments I sat watching the great blue and gold banner flap idly over the temple tower. Then people came suddenly from all directions: some in armour, some as though



John H. Bacon 97

"STRETCHED OUT HER ARMS IN THE MOONLIGHT"

hurriedly and but half-dressed, some wringing their hands and others clutching weapons—soldiers and priests, and women with children clinging to their skirts—but all silent. Not a sound could be heard but the far-off whisper of the sea; and it was a wonderfully impressive and awful thing to mark the grief and consternation of that great assembly and yet hear no sound of crying, no rattle of arms.

The cause of their distress soon appeared. Into the streets burst men in armour of another fashion—men with heavy maces in their hands and scarlet plumes in their open helmets. They struck down the priests and the soldiers, and even the women and children, and flung lighted torches into the doors. Then a great smoke and flame began to rise from the city, until it was one blaze of leaping fire from the heights to the shore, and then city and flames vanished, and I sat once more in the verandah, and heard Tlexula in the room behind me practising a trill on his upper C.

I re-entered the room, and he stopped. "Did you see anything just now?" I asked.

He appeared surprised at the question.

"Nothing at all."

"You can see Castelmara from where you are sitting. Are you *sure* you saw nothing?"

"Positively sure. Why?"

"I thought—something was on fire down the slope."

He jumped up from the piano.

"We'll go and look round. Mind you don't come without a hat."

I followed him into the road. There was no fire to be seen, and everything was quite calm.

"There is nothing," said Tlexula.

"What a glorious morning! Let us walk down the road, Bazarac. We may meet the post."

We proceeded down the road until we reached a very steep descent, at the end of which the path swung round in an abrupt curve. It was a dangerous place, for on the one side was the solid rock in which the road was cut, and on the other the cliff shot straight down into the dried channel of a stream eighty

feet below. Tlexula paused to light a cigarette, and I sat down on a stone in the shadow of the rock.

"What noise is that?" asked Tlexula, suddenly.

I listened, and hearing a sound of distant wheels, laughed.

"That's the French Consul's carriage."

Tlexula looked disturbed.

"A carriage, and on this road—is the French Consul mad?"

"No, he's married, and his wife likes a drive. She's taking an early one this morning."

"It's not safe," said Tlexula.

"O, yes, if you drive slowly."

"But," returned the tenor shortly, "they are *not* driving slowly."

It was true enough. The wheels were evidently revolving at a furious rate—it was possible that the horses had taken fright at something and were running away. I looked blankly at Tlexula.

"If they reach the curve at that pace," he said, "they will go over the cliff."

I had no time to reply before the carriage came in sight, swaying from side to side like a feather behind the racing horses. The box was empty, and the reins were trailing on the ground. In the carriage, clinging to the side, sat the French Consul's wife with her little girl in her arms. When she saw us she shrieked out for help, and the horses redoubled their speed. They were almost upon us when Tlexula sprang into the middle of the road.

How he stopped those horses I don't know to this day, but stop them he did. He caught their heads before they had time to swerve, and brought them up almost into the air. A yard further and they would have gone straight over the precipice. His strength was more than marvellous—it was as if the furious animals and the heavy carriage had suddenly come into contact with a rock.

The shock shook the doors open, and the Consul's wife dropped, rather than jumped, from her perilous position, and fell fainting at my feet.

I propped her up against the cliff, and went to take the child out of the carriage. The little thing was only

about three years old, and too young to realise the awful fate it had just escaped. It laughed as I lifted it off the seat, and evidently considered the affair a race arranged for its own special amusement.

Tlexula was still standing before the horses, soothing them and stroking their velvety noses with his disengaged hand. They drooped their heads and shivered as he touched them, and seemed ashamed of their conduct.

"Wonderfully intelligent things, horses," he remarked, in very matter-of-fact tones. "Move out of the way, Bazarac, while I turn them round."

I obeyed, and went to attend to the Consul's wife. She was still insensible, and we had no restoratives at hand.

"I will take her back to the Consulate," said Tlexula, "if you will put her into the carriage, and carry the child; I will lead the horses—they are quite safe now."

In this manner we proceeded to the Consulate, to be met at the gate by the Consul himself, in a state of distraction, and unable to believe that his wife and child were not only alive but unhurt. We had some difficulty in persuading him of this, and when we at last succeeded in our efforts, his gratitude was boundless. It was several hours later when we returned to the Casa Marciera, and then we found that the news of our adventure had reached there before us.

"You'll have some fresh coffee in a moment," said Marciera, looking up from the table. "Upon my word, Tlexula,

you are an exciting person, going and saving people's lives in this way—the next thing will be a murder, or a suicide, I suppose."

To my utter surprise Tlexula turned



"A BLUE CHRYSANTHEMUM"

deadly white, and dropped into a chair as though he had been shot. In a moment Marciera, flinging off his flippant manner, was beside him.

Tlexula waved him off.

"No, no," he said, "I'm all right. I think I'll go and sit down in the next room, if you don't mind."

He went. When Marciera and I rejoined him he was sitting at the piano.

"Do you feel better?" inquired Marciera, tenderly. He was keenly alive to the effect of his unfortunate remark. Tlexula began to play.

"Yes. Get your violin."

Marciera got it, and stood awaiting further orders.

"Second Spanish Fantasia," directed Tlexula.

They began it, and I sat listening and watching the tenor's face. The same strange expression which I had noticed before passed across it, and his eyes had a wide-open, strained look. Marciera, engrossed in his music, was not attending to him, and as I looked I distinctly saw the woman in blue appear behind Tlexula's seat. She bent over him until

her hand rested on his shoulder. He turned his head, and I felt sure he saw her. The light that surrounded her was reflected in his face, and she looked down at him with a smile. He went on playing, but gradually the blue figure grew indistinct, and a curious mist seemed to rise between me and the piano. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. The accompaniment to the Second Spanish Fantasia was drawing softly to a close, and when the last chord died away I sprang up with a cry.

"Marciera!" I shouted. "Marciera!"

He turned quickly and almost dropped his Guarnerius. The piano-stool was unoccupied, and the music closed—and across the keys which the vanished tenor's fingers had last touched lay a Blue Chrysanthemum.



Romantic Leaves from Family Histories

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE PERCYS

A VERY great nobleman indeed is the Duke of Northumberland. He is the lord of more than 180,000 acres in the county

from which the title of his Dukedom is derived, the annual value of which was set down in the famous Domesday Book of 1086 at £161,874, and is probably even more than that sum to-day, notwithstanding the prevalence of agricultural depression. He also has property, small in extent, but doubtless very productive, in the metropolitan area. The great town mansion that used to show so

ugly a front, or rather rear, to Trafalgar Square, disappeared more than twenty years ago to make way for Northumberland Avenue; but many Londoners will well remember it and the big lion that surmounted it. When the property was acquired by the Metropolitan Board of

Works they had to pay nearly half a million for it; nor was the price excessive, in view of the central position of the site and the amount it now yields in



NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, CHARING CROSS

ground-rents. The transaction must, however, have been very profitable for the Duke, who possessed in Sion House another fine town mansion, and is master, in Alnwick Castle, of one of the noblest baronial palaces in all broad England. In the family name he bears he possesses what to some people will seem even more precious than his many acres and his splendid houses. For more than five hundred years it has been famous in English annals. Who can pronounce it without recalling the memories of centuries of Border warfare—of Otterburn and Homildon Hill, of fiery Harry Hotspur and the Douglas? There are other and more tragic associations connected with the name of Percy. Few indeed of our historic families have sustained such a



ALNWK CASTLE

long series of misfortunes as they; and possibly one reason why, during the last two centuries, the annals of the great



HENRY PERCY, FIRST EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

House have been a record of peaceful and uneventful prosperity is that the hot blood of the old Barons has been so plentifully diluted from other and less illustrious sources that very little of it flows in the veins of the present representatives of the hero of Homildon Hill, so much having been spilled on the battle-field and on the scaffold.

There were Percys firmly established



SCROOP, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
From the drawing by S. Harding

in Northumberland soon after the Conquest, and they speedily attained baronial rank. But they first achieved a leading position among the great families of the North after the union of Josceline of Louvaine, son of Godfrey the Bearded, Duke of Lower Brabant, with Agnes, the only daughter of William, third Lord de Percy, early in the twelfth century. This Josceline, when he wedded the heiress and acquired her great estates, assumed her name and quartered his arms with hers. For several generations after this infusion of foreign blood the family continued to prosper and waxed so great by the martial prowess and fortunate matrimonial alliances of successive Barons, that the Lord Percy of



JOHN DUDLEY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
Engraved by H. T. Ryall from the painting by Holbein

Richard II.'s time was the foremost noble of the North, and was created Earl of Northumberland. He was the father of Hotspur, whom Shakespeare's genius has made the most famous of all the Percys; and he and his warrior-son were among the most ardent supporters of Henry of Bolingbroke, when he engaged in the enterprise that ended in the deposition of King Richard, and his own accession to the throne.

But Henry IV. was distrustful of a vassal so powerful and so ambitious as Northumberland: and the Percys, on their side, thought their services to the new King had been inadequately rewarded. Hence their memorable conspiracy with the Welsh rebel, Owen Glendower, and the Douglas, that

ended so disastrously for them on the bloody field of Shrewsbury; and hence, too, the beginning of a succession of disasters that darkened the annals of the House, almost without intermission, for nearly two hundred years. The Earl of Northumberland, as every reader of English history and of Shakespeare will remember, took no part in the fight of Shrewsbury, where his gallant son fell on the field, and his brother, the Earl of Worcester,



THOMAS, SEVENTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

was made prisoner only to be sent immediately to the block. The Earl was on his way to join the rebel army with all the forces he could raise, when the news of his son's defeat and death caused him to retreat northward. He was still powerful in Northumberland, but found it expedient to surrender in the following year to the King at York. He was detained for a while as a State prisoner at Coventry, and as his peers refused to convict him of treason, he was released on renewing his oath of allegiance



JOCELYN, ELEVENTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

But the quarrel between him and the King was too bitter to permit him to keep that oath for long. In a few months he joined Scrope, Archbishop of York, the Lord Bardolph, and other nobles in a fresh rebellion. It was speedily repressed by the stern King,



DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
Natural son of Charles II



THOMAS THYNNE

and the Archbishop, to the horror of all the Northern folk, expiated his share in the business on the scaffold. A similar fate would undoubtedly have befallen Northumberland had he been



ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND
Engraved by T. A. Deane from the painting
by Sir Peter Lely

captured. But he and Bardolph contrived to escape into Scotland, and thence, doubting the hospitality of the canny Scots, they found their way into Wales, where rebellion was still rife. In the year 1408 the fugitive Earl and his companion suddenly reappeared in Yorkshire at the head of a large following, but they were encountered and utterly defeated at Bramham Moor by the Royal forces under the High Sheriff, Sir Thomas Rokeby, and both fell on the field.

The long tragedy of the career of the



CHARLES SEYMOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET

first Earl of Northumberland was, as has been said, only the beginning of a succession of disasters for the Percys. They soon recovered the title and their great possessions; but the second and third Earls both fell in battle during the Wars of the Roses, and the fourth was brutally murdered by a mob of enraged Yorkshiremen at Thirsk while endeavouring, in his capacity as Commissioner of King Henry VII., to enforce the collection of the unpopular taxes imposed by that monarch. The fifth and sixth Earls did indeed die on their

beds, but the latter was under attainder at the time, and his title was assumed by the notorious John Dudley, who in the reign of Edward VI. created himself Duke of Northumberland. He, however, was speedily sent to the scaffold for his share in the attempt to secure the throne to the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey; and the earldom was revived by Queen Mary in favour of Sir Thomas Percy, the recognised head of the House, who became the seventh Earl. An ardent Catholic, he was never a loyal subject to Queen Elizabeth; and he displayed what may be termed the family tendency



WIFE OF ALGERNON, DUKE OF SOMERSET

direct line ended in Charles II.'s time with Josceline, the eleventh Earl, who left an only daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Percy. She succeeded to the great possessions of the family. The title, the succession to which was restricted to heirs male, became extinct, and was promptly appropriated by the King in

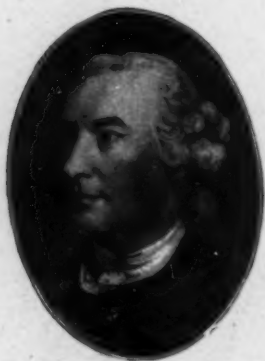


ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF SOMERSET

to rebellion by forming the "Rising of the North" against that energetic sovereign, was taken prisoner and executed in 1572. His brother and successor, Henry, eighth Earl, died—it was alleged by his own hand—while a prisoner in the Tower; and the ninth Earl was condemned to confinement and to an enormous fine on the mere suspicion—which was never verified—of his participation in the Gunpowder Plot, in which, however, a near kinsman of his undoubtedly took an active part. No further misfortune happened to the House of Percy during the next two generations. But the

ALGERNON SEYMOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET,
AFTERWARDS NORTHUMBERLAND

favour of his second natural son by the Duchess of Cleveland, whom he created Duke of Northumberland.



LORD HUGH PERCY, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

It seemed, however, as though the title with which they had been associated for three centuries could not sustain itself apart from the Percys. The new Dukedom of Northumberland expired with its first possessor, who died without issue in 1716. A pretender to the honours



COUNTRESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND
Engraved by S. W. Reynolds from the painting by
Sir Joshua Reynolds

of the House now made his appearance in the person of one James Percy, who had been a trunk-maker in Newcastle. He attempted to make himself out a lineal descendant of the ninth Earl, and though his claim was soon proved to be without foundation, he so audaciously persevered in his pretensions that the House of Lords sentenced him to be pilloried in Westminster Hall, wearing round his head a paper inscribed:—"A false and impudent pretender to the Earldom of Northumberland." Meanwhile the Lady Elizabeth Percy, as one of the greatest heiresses in the country, had been wooed by many aspirants and had been married, while still a mere girl, to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, who, however, died



DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
Photo by Russell and Sons

very shortly afterwards. The young lady was next contracted—though it is doubtful whether she was actually married—to Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, the then head of the wealthy family now represented by the Marquis of Bath. Thynne was murdered under very extraordinary circumstances in February, 1681-82, and in the same year the Lady Elizabeth contracted a happier, or at least a more illustrious alliance with Charles Seymour, the "proud" Duke of Somerset, to whom she bore no fewer than thirteen children. Her eldest son, Algernon Seymour, became Baron Percy in right of his mother, and in 1741 inherited the Dukedom of Somerset. In 1749 the Earldom of Northumberland was revived in his favour,

with remainder to Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet, who had married his only surviving daughter. Sir Hugh succeeded in 1750, assumed the name and arms of Percy, and in 1766 was created Duke of Northumberland—having thus ascended, with almost unexampled rapidity, from the lowest to the highest hereditary titled rank. That he looked upon himself—though without one drop of their blood in his veins—as the true representative of the Percys of the North, is illustrated in an anecdote told by that genial and gently malicious gossip, Horace Walpole, who was a great authority on questions of pedigree. Horace relates in one of his letters that in 1759 Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry—the notorious “Old Q”—visited

the Earl, as he was then, at Alnwick Castle. “My lord received him at the gate, and said: ‘I believe, my lord, this is the first time that ever a Douglas and a Percy met here in friendship.’ Think of this from a Smithson to a true Douglas!”

But if the Smithson-Percys can claim but a remote connection with the turbulent family whose honours and estates they possess, it may at least be allowed that they have borne those honours and used that wealth worthily. In each generation they have enjoyed a high reputation as good landlords, and, though they have taken no prominent part in public affairs, have been distinguished for their activity and liberality in works of benevolence and philanthropy.



MATHEMATICAL MASTER: Now, then—if I tell you the area and length of a field—what else can you tell me about it?
 Boy (after some thought): The height.

The Habit of S. Bridget

WRITTEN BY K. L. MONTGOMERY. ILLUSTRATED BY G. G. MANTON

"**F**LOW'S all wid yez, Mrs. Connor, the day?"

The relentless east wind of early springtime whistled over the bogland, at the edge of which the dozen cabins, marked in the surveying maps as Knocknaclish, leaned their mud walls at every possible angle. The women, gathering their shawls round weather-beaten faces, set their backs more firmly against the lean-to tenanted by Mrs. Kavanagh's pig, the possession of which animal conferred on its owner a position equal to keeping a carriage in the class above hers.

"Ah, sure, woman dear, 'tis a slavish day," Mrs. Connor opined, pushing back sundry elflocks under her shawl; "cowl'd enough to freeze the nose off av a brass monkey!" Then her voice sank into a mysterious whisper: "How is it wid Rose, Mrs. Kavanagh, ma'am? They do be sayin' it's worse an' not better it's gettin' wid Dan ivery stroke av the clock!"

"Musha good gracious!" returned Mrs. Kavanagh, "isn't it the quare thing the child should take on this fashion, an' him afther givin' her the go-by not six months ago? There she sits on the knees av her the day long wid the beads over her fingers continuous, and not a han's turn av work to be got out av her. I'll go bail, Mrs. Connor, there's Theresa Murphy wouldn't do as much, wid her fine husband dyin' on her, an' it not three months since they wint before the praste."

"Thru for ye, alanna, an' at the first Rose wasn't lettin' on that she cared a trauneeen for him. 'Twas the sickness done it; Rose is mighty tinder-hearted."

"She'd a right to hould up her head, annyhow, an' not go make a show av herself to the place," grumbled Rose's mother. "Young men is mighty pre-

carious, an' ne'er a wan'll be comin' afther Rose if she frets the life out av her this away."

They were interrupted. A girl, dressed in a madder-coloured petticoat with her long black hair streaming as she ran, approached the door of the cabin she had left swinging on its crazy hinges.

"Mrs. Connor, what will I do at all?" she burst out; "there's himself tuk worse an' fillin' the place wid the bawls av him. An' Father Doyle's off on the praichin', an' the dear knows where he's got to be this! An' Dan roarin' an' cryin' that the death's on him, an' the wafer not in his mouth. Och, wirra! isn't it mesilf's the misfortnit woman!"

"Ah, whisht wid yez screechin', Theresa," Mrs. Connor admonished, turning in the direction the girl had come; "maybe 'tis a taste av the faver the crather's got on him, an' plaze God he'll be doin' finely yit!"

But in spite of national hopefulness Mrs. Connor recognised the look on Dan Kelly's face, as she entered the cabin. She had learnt to know it in the famine year, when the strange twilight shadow, cast by the approach of death, crept over the faces of all who could count kin with her. Memories of her upbringing among the black-veiled, low-voiced Sisters of the Sacred Heart, stirred in her as she bent over the dying man.

"Ah musha, Dan, hould on a bit!" she said cheerily, "take a sup av the broth, it'll put stren'th in ye. Och, but it's illigant stuff," she went on, slipping her arm under his head; "yez pounds bether already, be the look on ye; ye'll cheat the boneyard this time, man alive!"

Dan fixed his eyes on her with painful intensity.

"Don't be puttin' yourself about to deaive me, Mrs. Connor dear," he whis-

pered, "sure don't I know be the feel av one the cowl'd death's now. An' sorra much I'd be carin'," he went on hoarsely, "if the praste was convenient wid the oils an' the holy wather. Och, how will I die at all at all," he cried, starting up in terrible appeal, "widout them: won't it be the hard thing if I'm left in the fires, because Father Doyle tuk himself off out o' the way?"

"Whisht, man dear," said Mrs. Connor helplessly, laying him gently back on the straw mattress. "Musha, wouldn't it be the gran' thing if we'd S. Bridget's habit here wid us? 'Tis the holy Sisters have it up beyant where I was rared, and they do be saying the man that dies wid it over the shouldhers av him goes straight to the Blissid Mary herself. But och, av coorse it's kep' for the holy women, not for the likes av us," she added, with a sigh.

"But why wouldn't we have it?" Mrs. Kavanagh demanded. "Sure I hear tell that the Sisthers is the wondherful kind-hearted craters, an' if they'd a comprehension av the way it is wid him, 'tis for loanin' it they'd be wid all the pleasure in life, so they would!"

The sick man's eyes rested on them with a flickering hope in their sunken depths.

"Ah whisht, dear!" Mrs. Connor whispered, "isn't it aisy seein' he won't last the night? An' the Convent is iveryy stip av twelve miles off: who's to leg it there and back that fashion?"

A compulsory resignation settled on the faces of the on-lookers, women mostly, for the masculine contingent of Knock-naclish had absented themselves on a turf-cutting expedition—Kelly's glance roved feverishly from face to face.

"For the love av God!" he cried not, "is there ne'er a sowl av yez that'll have a thry to save me? If it's me dyin' on yez ye're afeard on, I'll undertake to could on till ye get back!"

Sobs broke from the women, stirred by the evanescent sympathy of their race; but the hopelessness of such a mission possessed them more strongly.

"Arrah! be aisy, Dan!" Mrs. Connor entreated, "sorra a wan av us but'll have a mass said for the good av yer sowl, if

bit or sup doesn't come inside av our mouths for a twelvemonth. We'll pass our word to ye be the Mass!"

"I'll not be afther throublin' ye," the man panted bitterly. "The black curse of God to yez!" he muttered to himself.



"HOWLD ON, DAN DEAR!"

Amid the stir of superstitious dread that moved the group, a girl left her place in the shadow of the door. She moved to Kelly's side, the brown-cloak drawn over her head falling back, displaying a fair pale face set in red-gold hair such as Luini gives his Saint Catherines.

She spoke low and clearly: "Shure I'll go for yez, Dan," she promised. "I'm quick wid the walkin', an' no fear but I'll get the habit for yez, plaze the saints! An' maybe the sickness'll take itself off at the touch av it."

Mrs. Kavanagh's hand fell on her shoulder: "Millia Moses! Rose Kavanagh, is it mad ye are?" she exclaimed. "Isn't it the wonderful way yez goin' on, sthravaging over the roads for the man

that's been the heart-scald to ye? Sorra foot ye'll stir this night. Sure, hasn't Mrs. Kelly, Theresa Murphy that was, as many legs as yerself, that ye'd go

me, let alone leavin' Dan to die on me whin I'd be gone!"

Rose twisted herself from under her mother's hand.

"Howld on, Dan dear, that's all ye need do," she whispered, and ran swiftly out of the cabin.

"Tare an' agur! Did anyone iver see the like av that?" exclaimed the women, simultaneously crowding to the door to watch the figure already some yards away. The bare feet passed quickly and lightly down the white road, every step sharpened to Rose with the thorns of memory. There, black under the callow afternoon sunshine, lay the turf-stack under which she had leant when Dan Kelly woke her from childhood by telling of his love; here she had knelt gathering the bog-cotton, flickering its tufted whiteness in the wind, when news of Theresa Murphy's legacy from America came to the lovers. At the turn where the road wound into the mountain shadow, Dan had stood again, speaking of hard times, till the meaning of his broken sentences struck chill on her heart, and, out of her pride, she had bidden him go free.

And now Theresa was

married, and Dan lay dying, and on Rose herself hung the chance of the gates of Paradise opening to the man she loved.

The sunshine was fading now, and Rose toiled up-hill with a pace that slackened in spite of herself. Beneath her lay one of the loveliest views in Ireland, shining fiords running up into the land, their waters glimmering white like a troop of wandering mermaids, and beyond islands resting in a shimmering sea over



"LET ME IN, FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN!"

cousin' over the country like a turkey-poult!"

"An' indade, Mrs. Kavanagh thin, I'll thank ye to kape that tongue av yez to yersilf, an' not go layin' it on what doesn't consarn ye," Theresa interposed stormily. "Sure it's wore to splinters I am wid the sick nursin'," she added in an angry aside. "Twould make a leprechaun turn Christian to hear that wan gabbin' about me walkin' the legs off av

which the western radiance brooded like a benediction, but the girl looked neither to right nor left. On! into the heart of the night stealing up over the mountains, on!

The chill breath of the night was on the white, set face, scarcely less white than that haunting her thoughts, with eyes straining wistfully to the cabin door. Rose broke now and then into a short tremulous run, but strive as she might, to her impatient senses her limbs felt like lead. The mountain path grew rough with stones; she hardly felt them. Blood, in more than one place, stained the brown shapely feet; she pressed on, her whole being pulsing to one thought, a veritable Pilgrim of Love.

She had reached the shoulder of the mountain now, her road taking a downward curve. Below, set in a green place between the hills, lay the Convent of the Sacred Heart! Lights kindled its windows yet, the prayers that women, sheltered themselves from evil, rose nightly to offer for the sins of others, were being said.

Stumbling, once or twice falling her length in the darkness, Rose sped downwards. She stood before the heavy nail-studded door at last, beating upon it with her fists.

"Let me in, for the love of Heaven!" she cried wildly.

From a wicket level with her eyes the portress looked

out doubtfully. Midnight wanderers were rare at the convent.

"Who is it at all disturbin' dacent people at this time av night?" she asked. "Sorra fut will ye budge in here till I've got the holy mother to yez!"

Five long minutes wasted and a soul at stake! Then the door opened and Rose rushed in: "'Tis for the loan av the habit I've come to beg," she gasped, flinging herself before the nun standing



"HE IS THE MAN I LOVED!"

beside the portress. "Sure, 'tis Dan that's dyin' and his sowl not shriven, an' no praste handy to help him die. Give me the blissid habit, mother, as ye hope to die aisy, for the love av Jesus an' Mary!"

"Is he your husband?" the nun questioned pitifully.

Rose looked up, all her short pathetic story in her eyes.

"He is not, nor like to be," she whispered, "but he's the man I loved."

It was not in woman's heart to withstand the white agony in the upturned face. Silently the Superior passed in the direction of the chapel. The darkness that shrouds the coming of dawn lay around, more intense for the yellow flame of the lay Sister's lantern, Rose pressed near, her heart leaping in sickening throbs.

Through the low-browed door the women entered the chapel, the incense-laden air stealing to their senses like the breath of bygone prayers. Behind the Altar the mother knelt down, fitting a key into a cumbrous lock. Under her hand lay a brown hair shirt—the habit of S. Bridget!

Ten minutes later Rose was speeding over the homeward way. Fast as fear

she went, but hope grew with the waning of the night, for in her arms she clasped the precious relic of the Sisters, yielded, despite its sanctity, to her pitiful appeal.

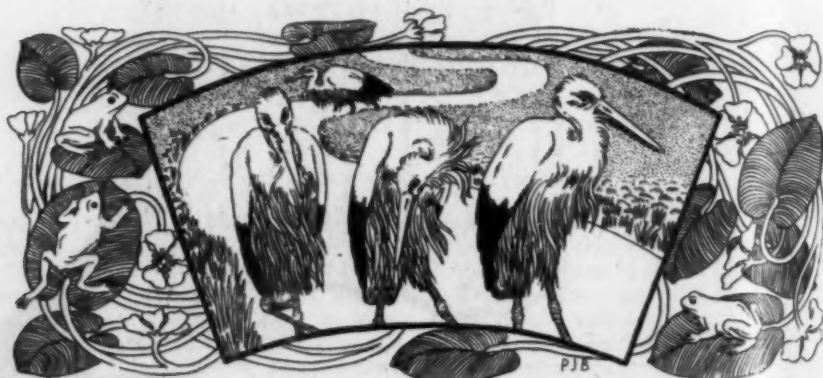
The miles vanished under her feet, the darkness thinned into grey; nearer grew the bogland, the cabins of Knocknaclish. Bounding, running, leaping, Rose won closer to her goal; leaving the track sometimes, she scrambled for speed's sake down the hill-side, heedless of all save the soul that lingered for her coming in the Black Valley.

She fled along the level, triumph in her eyes. Her body seemed subservient to her will; the fire of love in her heart mastered mortal weariness.

Behind the mountains the sky trembled into light, a new day flushing into rosy life at the coming of the sun. Knocknaclish lay clear on the bogland.

One by one the cabins flashed past her. At her back the sky kindled into pearly colour; a sun ray, golden and straight, touched the thatch on Kelly's hut.

The half-latched door yielded; with her precious burden Rose stumbled over the threshold. But in the brown murkiness of the cabin, Dan Kelly lay—dead.





WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY D. MACPHERSON

VI.—CANAL CHILDREN

*"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitant,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"*



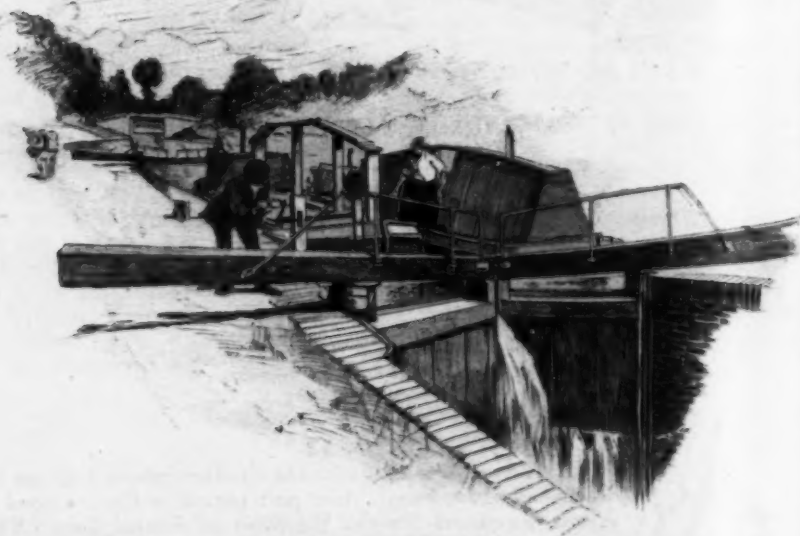
ALTHOUGH two Acts of Parliament have been specially passed for the protection of children whose parents gain their livelihood upon canal boats, certain sections of these Acts are more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and there still remain many hardships in the lives of these little ones against which the law seems powerless to prevail. As I have pointed out in the course of these articles, it is a natural law in certain classes of the community that children should begin to work at the earliest possible age, and as with the weary little toilers in the East End, so

with the children whose lives are for the most part passed in the cramped space of the cabin of a canal boat. There is always work to be done where the father is lazy or has too deep an affection for the sordid alehouses that line our English water-ways, and it is the children who aid the mother in its accomplishment.

Despite the particular regulations of the Act with regard to the education of canal children, there is scarcely a boat, however far it may be from its place of registration—where the children are supposed to attend school—that has not its full complement of little ones, and the mothers with furtive eyes will answer when questioned, "O! they go to school sometimes." But children gain their chief education from the rough life of the canal, with its oaths, and blows, and

curses, its weary plodding for miles in slush and mire, or under a burning sun, and in the pernicious atmosphere of the cabins, which are almost Japanese in the ingenuity of their construction. It is, therefore, scarcely a matter for wonder that the canal people are a race apart, marrying and intermarrying amongst themselves, each generation transmitting the traditions of its fathers to the children, living and dying upon the "cut," and

for a space that contains not much more than two hundred cubic feet of air cannot afford a particularly healthy sleeping-place for a mother, father, and sometimes five children. In the corner close to the ladder is a tiny stove upon which, by dexterous management, all the meals for the family are cooked—no light undertaking, for whatever may be his shortcomings the "bargee" lives as well as, and often better than his means permit.



THE LOCK

seeing in their offspring only so many assistants in their daily toil.

The barges, laden to the water's edge with every variety of produce, go up and down the country dragged through the narrow canals by long-suffering and hard-working horses. In the stern of each of these barges is the cabin, its roof rising a little higher than the deck, from which it is entered by a steep ladder. As a rule the exterior woodwork is elaborately carved and painted, but so far as the night-time is concerned the outwardly gay appearance is but the whitening of a sepulchre,

Cupboards, the space under the sleeping-bunk, and the table itself, all serve as resting-places for the children that cannot be accommodated in the same bed with their parents. Already uncomfortably heated by the stove, the atmosphere in the confined space at night can be easily imagined; yet there are thousands of children who are born and brought up in these canal-boat cabins. When the weather is fine, however, the canal-child has nothing to complain of regarding the amount of fresh air it is able to enjoy, but it pays heavily for a privilege denied to

its unhappy little brethren of the East End.

From earliest dawn when the boats continue their journey, the majority of the children are hard at work. Some of them walk mile after mile at the horse's head, with perhaps a brutal father taking his ease at the helm, showering curses and oaths upon them, with the promise

tugged and pushed, exerting all his little strength to raise the iron doors in the lower part of the gates, but easily as they moved through constant use the effort was beyond him, and finally one of the bargemen had to come to his help. Then when the gates were opened the boy ran off at the horse's head, still breathless and palpitating from his



TOWING

of blows if they do not move fast enough to suit his pleasure. The locks are frequent, each boat carrying a key with which to open the gates, and it is no uncommon thing to see a boy of ten or twelve, clad in corduroy many sizes too big for him, struggling to turn the iron handle which opens the sluices, the father meanwhile smoking placidly in the sinking or rising barge. Not far from London the writer saw a small boy vainly attempting to move the sluices whilst the men in three barges in the lock remained idly in their boats. He

struggle. Such a strain, if constantly exerted upon the tender muscles and slight bones of a growing child, must have a disastrous effect, nor can much advantage accrue to a girl of thirteen or fourteen who constantly helps in the roughest kind of work connected with canal life. Quite close to this particular lock was a long quay at which several barges were waiting to discharge their cargoes of coal. A series of buckets placed one after the other upon a revolving chain, worked by machinery, took

the coal from the hold of the barge, each bucket discharging its contents when the chain reached the point at which it turned over. One barge had been emptied, and the next in order of precedence was at some little distance from the shed in which this apparatus stood. Whilst the father pulled at a rope fixed to the bow, a girl and boy both pulled at another rope fixed to the stern. Twisting the thick rope once or twice round her waist, and leaning backwards, the child, aided by her younger brother, pulled with all her force, the muscles in her hands and arms tense and strained, and her face crimson. This went on for quite ten minutes, the children almost lying flat upon the ground in their efforts to move the barge, the father's work in the meantime being of the most perfunctory character. The mother stood in the cabin doorway,

and in the intervals of drying plates with a cloth, screamed directions and reproofs at the top of her voice.

In cold weather, the exposure to which these children are subjected is most serious, and it is a fact little short of marvellous that so many of them reach maturity. It may be argued that since from their earliest years they are accustomed to the hardest of lives, circumstances that to the uninitiated have the appearance of hardships are not so regarded by the children themselves. It may also be further urged that they are protected by the law, and that their lot is infinitely happier than it was fourteen years ago. But surely no arguments can prove that it is right for the strength of growing children, whose nights are passed in a vitiated atmosphere, to be strained and tired, hourly and daily, by work which is only fitted



A BARGE FAMILY

for a man. Apart from the question of education which, despite laws and regulations, inspectors and penalties, leaves everything to be desired, the toil to which the larger number of canal children are subjected is, alone upon the score of humanity, a most serious matter. The law is very clear and precise in all the essentials affecting not only the education of these children but also as regards the number, age, and sex of the persons living upon each boat, yet "They go to school sometimes" is the invariable formula of the parental replies as to their children's education, and the boats literally swarm with little ones of all ages! The great majority begin life upon the "cut" and end it upon the "cut," arriving at manhood and womanhood by a childhood of hardship and bodily toil, that, well fed as are the greater number of them, must leave indelible marks not only on the body but on the mind. In this class it is not a case of children's labour being exploited for the benefit of semi-starving parents compelled to labour at ill-paid tasks; but the work is there—hard, body-tearing work—and the canal children bear an all too large share in its accomplishment. There are stories of little children fainting from sheer fatigue upon the towing-path, of young girls standing half-frozen at the tiller, whilst a young brother or sister splashes miserably through mud and snow and



GALLEY SLAVES

slush on the canal bank showering oaths of which he does not know the meaning upon the equally miserable horse. There are stories, too, of horrible cruelties that need no repetition; for is not the cruelty that condemns weary little children to sleep night after night in a closely-confined space, arranged in their beds like wares upon the shelves of a grocer's shop, sufficiently great and sufficiently harmful? There is nothing hidden in the labour of canal children; for upon the banks of the narrow waterways fathers and mothers may be heard yelling directions to children who are working like galley-slaves, and each one of whom, according to the law, should be at school. And the yells and the work are there for all the world to see, yet the children are still toiling—little water-gipsies whose hearts are filled with terror of the "inspector" and the "strap."





GOLDEN MEN AND MAID

WRITTEN BY OWEN OLIVER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

A FELLOW must stop work sometimes, if he's to keep his head clear, don't you know. I always take a rest and look out of the bow window about two o'clock, when the manager has gone to lunch.

By a pleasant coincidence May Fenton generally passes about that time, sometimes alone and sometimes with her cousin Alice. I can see her coming all the way from the music-shop at the corner, if the road is clear.

On ordinary occasions she looks in Tape the draper's for about two minutes; if there are fresh hats in the window she stops for ten, and I begin to be afraid that the manager will be back before she reaches the bank. When a sale is on she goes in, and I never see her come out at all; but, fortunately, that is only twice a year.

After tearing herself away from Tape's, she trips along, nodding to Bun the baker and Mrs. Bones the butcher's wife. Just before coming to Smelt the fishmonger's, she crosses over to this side and gives the wooden-legged sweeper a penny. Sometimes she gives him a lecture too, but that is only when she

hears that he has been beating his wife—with the wooden leg.

Next she glances at herself as she passes the big mirror at Brush the barber's, to see if her hat is on straight, and says good-morning to Mrs. Rock at the sweetstuff shop if she is at the door. By this time she is getting near, so she looks demure and studies her shoes, as if she doesn't expect to see anyone she knows for the next half-hour. Then she reaches the bank, and I bow and smile from the window—unless I can think of an excuse to go to the door.

What used to annoy me was that Jones, of the insurance company, next door, was always looking out of his window at the same period. It is a pity that his governor doesn't give him a little more to occupy his time! You see I never could tell whether I got the leavings of a smile for Jones, or he had the beginning of a smile for me. I always believed that *my* share of her smile was the brightest; but even then it might be either because she liked me best, or because she didn't. Girls are such funny creatures, don't you know!

Another annoying thing about Jones was that you could never go to Dr. Fenton's (her father, you know) without meeting him. If you went to Lawyer Fenton's (he's her uncle) when she was there, it was just the same. Of course, he had a right to go if he chose, but I couldn't see that he need go so often, so I thought we'd better have an understanding.

"Look here, old chap," I observed, one evening, when we were walking home together after a football match—

he and I play together on the wing, I may mention, and I couldn't wish for a better partner—"you and I have been jolly good friends ever since I came to Mugford." That was about six months.

"Let's try and keep so, old man," he answered. He's a capital fellow on the whole, you know.

"The only drawback is that our tastes are so *very* similar," I suggested, meaningly.

"A bit too similar," he agreed, understandingly.

"Well, yes," he assented doubtfully. "I suppose they might." Then he brightened up. "What do you say to half-past one?"

"The very thing!"

"And I'll keep to two o'clock."

"What!" said I. "I thought you meant half-past one for yourself!"

"No, no," he responded. "Two was my time long before you came. *You* must change."

"I'm hanged if I do!" I didn't say "hanged," but the editor doesn't ap-



"HE AND I PLAY TOGETHER"

"Exactly; I was wondering if we couldn't—" I didn't know exactly how to put it, so I paused.

"Umph!" said he. "In what way?"

"Well—er—the fact is, old man, I notice that you are always at your window about two o'clock."

"For the matter of that, so are you."

"I know; that's where it is. I was thinking that perhaps people might think it—er—seemed peculiar, don't you know; and that we might look out at different times."

prove of realism. We walked on for some time in moody silence.

"Give me the bag," he said, shortly, when we came to the corner where our ways parted. I was carrying his things as well as mine, because he'd had a beastly kick.

"Don't be a fool. I'm going to carry it to your door."

He nodded.

"The fact is, old man," he said solemnly, "we're both at our windows for the same purpose. It's a deuced pity."

"It is; but it can't be helped, I suppose."

"I was in love with her long before you came to Mugford. So it seems to me that I have the best claim, Morton."

"That's nonsense, Jones," I replied indignantly. "I fell in love with her the moment I saw her. I couldn't possibly do so before."

"It is a pity she is so *very* good-looking and nice," he remarked thoughtfully, "because I should be satisfied with her if she were only half as jolly. And perhaps you——"

"I should be in love with her if she were only a quarter as nice as she is," I protested vigorously. "She would be nicer than anyone else then."

"Some people think her cousin nearly as nice," he suggested doubtfully.

"But that's nonsense."

"I think so." He sighed. "But it is a pity we both want her."

"Since only one can have her."

"If either. I tell you what it is: if we don't mind someone else will carry her off whilst we're hindering one another."

"Jones," said I, "you're quite right. We mustn't let that occur. If I can't have her myself I'd—rather it be you—dash it all!"

"And I'd rather it be you, Morton—if—if—Confound it! it won't bear thinking about."

We walked along silently for a few minutes.

"We won't hate one another more than we can help, old boy," I proposed, when we came to his door. He held out his hand and I shook it.

"Come in a minute," he said suddenly. "I've something to propose." So I went in. He didn't even get out the whisky, he was so upset.

"For the last six months," he said bitterly, "whenever I've wanted to talk to her you've been somewhere about."

"You seemed to make yourself pretty attentive to her cousin," I retorted.

"For the matter of that, so did you, whenever I was talking to her."

"A fellow must be civil, my dear boy."

"Her cousin is very nice too," he said,

looking at me out of the corners of his eyes. "I suppose you couldn't——"

"No, I couldn't," I glared. "Perhaps you——"

"Don't be a fool! As if I could compare anyone with her."

"Or as if I could," I said scornfully. "Why she's prettier, cleverer, nicer, better in every way."

There was a gloomy silence. I lit my pipe, ignoring the cigar-box which he pushed towards me, and he twirled his moustache.

"We'd better get it settled one way or the other," he said, at length. "We shall never do it while we both hang round together. Suppose we agree to go there alone for a week in turns; neither to propose during his first week, but to make his intentions clear."

"Done," I responded. "Shall we toss for first week?"

"No. I'll give you first."

"Then you don't care for her as I do," I told him passionately, "or you wouldn't offer me any advantage." He tried to light a cigar without taking off the end.

"Don't be too sure," he said quietly. "She's known me for six years, and you for six months. If she hasn't learnt to care for me enough to hold out against you for a week—why, she'd better not marry me." I grasped Jones' hand suddenly.

"Good old partner," I said huskily. "I won't take any advantage over you. It's no use your arguing."

"Then we'll toss," said he, producing a coin. "Sudden death!"—and he spun it.

"Lady, of course!" said I. "Lady" it was. Jones tried to whistle, as if he didn't care; but I knew he did.

"I—I'm deuced sorry we're rivals, old man," I said. Then I went, leaving him looking at the fire.

After dinner I smartened myself up and went round to Dr. Fenton's. As luck would have it, May was alone in the drawing-room; and she certainly seemed pleased to see me.

"You will be dull to-night," she said, with demure face and laughing eyes;

"Alice isn't coming."

"So will you," I answered; "Jones won't be here, either." I held her hand



"IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY THE FOOL WITH ME," HE BEGAN FURIOUSLY

for several seconds, and I felt sure she liked me, don't you know.

"I don't mind—for once."

"Neither do I."

Then we talked about all sorts of things. You've no idea how jolly May is to talk to! I was getting near the Seventh Heaven when the door opened and in walked Jones.

"You here!" said he.

"You here!" said I.

"This is a surprise," said May.

"It certainly *is*," I added, angrily.

"I am equally surprised—to see Mr. Morton here," said Jones, looking as if he would like to punch my head.

May looked at us in wonder, and evidently thought it desirable to turn the conversation. "Why—it isn't so astonishing, is it? You've both been here before, you know, and we're always pleased to see you. How is your leg, Mr. Jones? It was a nasty kick, I'm afraid; but it was a pure accident, don't you think, Mr. Morton?" she chattered on; whilst Jones and I looked murderous.

"If you think you're going to play the fool with me," he began, furiously.

"If you're not man enough to keep your word," I said, hotly, "let us put it to Miss May now." I took hold of her arm.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you two silly men?" she asked, in bewilderment. But she didn't take her arm away. Then Jones burst into excited laughter.

"My dear old friend," he cried, "we've been at cross purposes, thank God! I meant—someone else!"

"Alice!" I cried, delightedly.

"Of course!" We shook hands.

"I *am* glad," I said; "but you certainly described—someone else." We both laughed, and May looked at me with her dear, big, blue eyes wide open.

"I don't understand," she said, blushing because I wouldn't let go her arm.

"Morton will explain," said Jones, chuckling. Then he bolted.

So I explained; and now May's smile begins as soon as she comes round the corner, and I know it is all for me. It always was, she says!

Quaint Seals

WRITTEN BY ROBERT MACHRAY.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOS

IT would be too much to say that the engraving of seals is a lost art. It is, however, undoubtedly the case that our modern custom has tended, and tends more and more, not only to the vulgarisation—if I may use the word—of seals, but also to the doing away with them altogether. For the seal—elegant as to its design, frequently fine beyond all words in its execution, beautiful even as to the very material of which it was made—is one of the many things that come to us from the days of old which are passing away.

As a matter of fact, seals have become less important nowadays than they were even a century ago. We pay far greater regard now to the signature of the person than to his seal. Formerly the seal was everything, now the signature is. We are all familiar with the precautions taken in safeguarding the lock and key of a treasure-chamber; even more extraordinary care was taken with regard to the matrix, or stamp from which the impression was made, of a seal. Thus, we are told, it was a common thing to have the matrix divided into three or four parts, each portion being kept by a different person, so that, when it was necessary to have any document attested everyone in-

terested in the matter had to be present when the seal was affixed, or had, at least, to indicate consent by permitting the use of the part required. At the present time a small wafer or even a circular bit of red or gold paper opposite the signature is thought quite sufficient.

There used to be something very personal about a man's seal, particularly if the seal was one made by a signet ring. So, to give to anyone another's signet ring was held to indicate that the latter had transferred to the former the power to act for him. How very personal and individual was the seal may be seen from the fact that the official seal of any person of importance was, in



NO. I

ancient times, nearly always the likeness of the man himself. The custom has in some degrees survived to our own day, for when the effigy of her Majesty appears on the Great Seal she is simply following in the beaten track of all her ancestors from William the Conqueror downwards.

I do not know any more interesting example of this kind of seal than that presented here of the great and famous Simon de Montfort, the historic Earl of Leicester, whose name is generally identified with Magna Charta and the never-to-be-praised-enough British Con-

stitution. The seal (No. 1) represents the knight, mounted on his steed, blowing a horn calling to the chase, while alongside of the charger runs a fleet-footed hound.

A large seal of this sort was known by the Latin word *authenticum*. It was usual, however, to further test its authenticity, and this was done by putting a smaller seal, called *secretum*, on the back of the big one. The second illustration is that of the *secretum* of Simon de Montfort. It is interesting also to notice that these two kinds of seals are



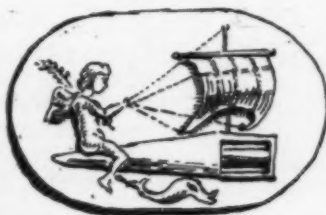
NO. 2

tinople to the first kings of France.

The great majority of these ancient gem-seals are very beautiful specimens of the engraver's art, and I have selected for representation here some of the quaintest



NO. 3



NO. 4



NO. 5

the primitive types of the

I have been able to find. In

Great Seal and of the Privy Seal.

Seals have been made both from valuable and from common materials. They have been made not only from, but also of gold and silver, for in certain countries the seal was a piece of metal with an impression on it struck from a die, exactly like a coin. We have probably all seen seals of this kind, with this difference, however, that the material used was neither gold nor silver, but a chunk of lead. The Assyrians and the Egyptians, the

the first (No. 3), a skeleton—a ghost, according to classical ideas—is seen leaning upon a tall wine-jar; he holds a scent bottle; the whole being a symbolisation of the philosophy of Epicurus—a hint to enjoy life and its sweets while you may. I commend the device to the attention of the Omar Khay'yam Society. The second (No. 4) shows Cupid making a boat of a scent bottle, while for the sail of his craft he uses the kerchief of a lady. This gem-seal is in Berlin



NO. 6

The next (No. 5) has for its central figure a stork, the bird of passage, carrying Abundance, an indication of success in business. The fourth (No. 6) is perhaps more amusing than quaint; three children are at play, and one of

porations, but it will be readily understood that such seals can hardly be brought under the heading of quaint.



NO. 7

them is scaring the other two by wearing a large mask. The fifth (No. 7) is extremely quaint, and emphasizes a moral. The locust, the personification of idleness and mischief, is seated, driving a plough which is drawn by a pair of bees, the types of industry. Of the other examples chosen (Nos. 8, 9, 10), it is not necessary to say much, except, perhaps, in the case of that where the two figures are seen carrying a wine-skin in a galley or a primitive boat. These two gentlemen are intended to stand for the inventors—shall I say?—



NO. 8

of navigation and commerce; the wine-skin, full, is the somewhat dubious cargo they bring to mankind.

The most beautiful of all seals were those employed by ecclesiastical cor-



NO. 9

They generally introduce religious symbols, and figures of the Saviour or of the Saints, while a very favourite subject is that of the Mother and the Child. It not infrequently happens that some of these devices appear rather grotesque,



NO. 10

but we may be quite sure nothing of the kind was intended. The specimen given here (No. 11), while it is not the seal of



NO. II

any ecclesiastical body, is yet of a religious character. The main idea is borrowed from the old mythology, but it has been changed into a Christian symbol. In the centre, a pelican is seen



NO. 12

nourishing her brood with the blood which she has pierced her own breast to obtain for her young ones. The meaning of the allegory is made clear by the rhyming couplet:

Jesu me smyte smertte
Deep into the hertte.



NO. 13

Very handsome seals were used by lay corporations, especially by the municipalities of towns. The device employed was quite often a model of the town itself. Here (No. 12) is a somewhat grotesque seal of Dover. Perhaps I ought to say it is an ancient one, and not in use now. From the centre of an antique vessel rises a mast crossed by a yard to which the sail is reefed in seven festoons; above this is a top-castle, and higher still floats a three-tailed pennon. The bow and the stern of the ship are both



NO. 14

alike, each having a fighting gallery. The figure seen climbing up the shrouds is nude—this peculiarity on the part of Dover sailors has, I understand, been discontinued.

In the next illustration (No. 13) is seen the seal of Sir Thomas Lucy, the

the representation of the name being given by a bolt, and a tun (cask) combined within a shield. Another example is afforded by the name Wylmot. In South Kensington Museum there is a signet ring on the bezel of which is WY, next, a tree—presumably an elm, followed by OT, the whole forming Wylmot. The illustration opposite (No. 14) is another instance.



NO. 15

knight who flourished in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and whose name is connected with the early adventures of Shakespeare. The seal is decidedly quaint, as it displays the three *Lucies*

interlaced, which the dramatist has been accused of ridiculing. The three *Lucies* are pike (*Lucius*, a pike) and the pun was too much for the engraver.



NO. 16

A feature of the Middle Ages was the use by tradesmen of certain marks or symbols, introducing a name in the form of a rebus. A common example is furnished by such a word as Bolton;



NO. 17

It was very usual to indicate a man's business by some device on his seal: thus, a horseshoe betokened that of a farrier. But perhaps the quaintest of all seals, so far at any rate as I have been able to discover, are to be found in connection with the scholastic foundations of the time of Edward VI. Here are some: The first (No. 15), a large



NO. 18

seal, is that of the Free Grammar School of Dronfield, founded 1579, by a certain Henry Fanshawe, Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer. In the centre of the seal the reference to chequers will be observed. According to Camden, "The exchequer is a long, square board about ten feet long and five broad, like a table for persons to sit at. On each side it has a border about four fingers broad; over it lies a cloth, not of any colour, but black striped with white, the stripes being about a foot or hand's breadth asunder."

The next (No. 16) is given because it is the *secretum* of William of Wykeham;

notice his memorable motto, *Manners makyth man*.

The next (No. 17) is the seal of the school at Rivington, near Bolton. It represents a schoolmaster seated, with a pupil in front of him. The formidable-looking arrangement which he here has in his hand is not a frying-pan, although it certainly looks like it, but a ferrule—to be applied to the child (see the child) when the said child required it. The last (No. 18) still further gives point to this idea of the birch, as it affords not only a practical illustration of its use, but also has as its motto, *Qui parcat virge, odit filium*—who spares the rod, &c.



THE YOUNG CAVALIER

Photo by Lallie Garett Charles

A LITTLE SHIP WAS ON THE SEA



WRITTEN BY H. D. LOWRY. ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR



THE Visitor had been writing during the afternoon, and the end of it all was disappointment. There were private matters, vague and hardly to be defined in words, that made him discontented with the whole wide world, and, beyond all, at enmity with himself. He ceased from his labours, and the quiet of his cottage lodging began to prey on him, until he could bear with it no longer. He took his cap and went to get comfort with Doris.

She was lying on the hearth-rug, a book of fairy-tales open before her, and her dog was at her side. Both welcomed the new-comer. "If you have come to dinner," said Doris, "you will have to wait a long time. They have gone to a garden-party at Lanjestyn, and it is a long drive back. Are you very well?"

The Visitor sat down beside her on the hearth-rug in a curious lazy way he had. "I'm quite well in my body," he said, "but I am not a bit happy. And yet there is nothing wrong."

Doris stretched out a hand and touched him lightly, so that he knew she understood. "I know," she said softly.

There was silence for a little while. "Will they be really long?" he asked at last. "I am not going to have dinner alone."

"I expect they'll be an hour or two," she said. "What shall we do?"

The Visitor reflected. "It is a lovely evening," he answered. "Do you think we might go down to the harbour and look up at the village? I should be better tempered if we were down by the sea."

"I'll get a hat," said Doris promptly, "and may 'Christmas' come?"

The dog answered for himself, and so they quickly descended to the harbour. A little pier runs out from the shore, then turns at right angles, and wards some hundred yards or more of it from the onslaught of the sea. They walked slowly to and fro, with the lights of the village running up the hill beyond the water. They had the swell of the harbour in their nostrils; they could hear the quiet movements of the sea, the broken sounds that told of life on the hill. They looked beyond the harbour

wall into the dusk that brooded over the sea, and Doris did not speak, until the Visitor drew in a great breath of the clear air and sighed contentedly.

"I knew you wouldn't mind soon," she said.

"You are a very wise child," he answered. "I don't mind a bit. But what have you been thinking of? I'm sure there was something."

The twilight had deepened while they

promenaded on the pier. The lights on the hillside shone yellower through the thicket of masts and rigging in the harbour; and the figures that moved now and again on its further side were shadows hardly to be distinguished. Doris gazed out at the sea. "It is the Galilee ship," she said dreamily. "I was watching that big light which rises and falls so gently and wondering if it were the ship waiting. Do you think there is a storm coming up? It would hardly be there, if the sea were going to be calm much longer."

The little waves lifted and fell most gently. "What do you mean, Doris?" said the Visitor, turning to watch the light. "I never heard of the ship. There will be no storm for a long time, if I know anything of the weather."

"You know how there was a great tempest on the Sea

of Galilee, so that the little ship was covered with waves? And the disciples saw that Christ was sleeping, and were afraid. So they called on Him to save them, and He spoke to the waves. Then there was a great calm, and the moonlight came on the waters, and the ship glided towards the harbour in safety. That is the ship I mean."

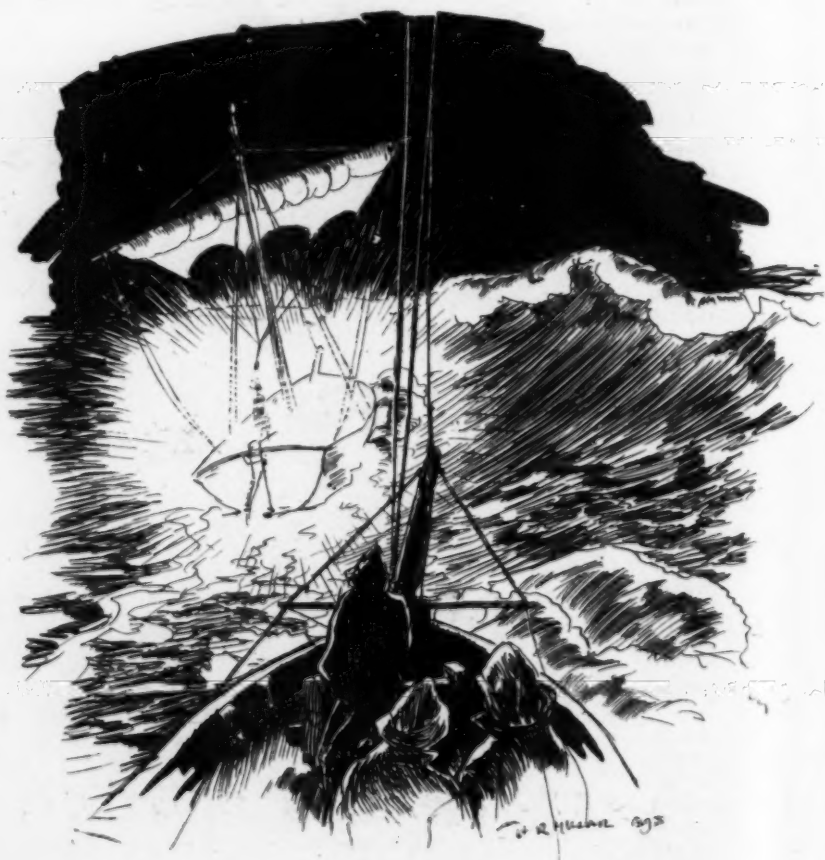
"Tell me everything," entreated the Visitor.



"DORIS GAZED OUT TO SEA

"Do you think the ship fell to pieces afterwards, like the boats down by the slips when they are old? I thought you knew about fisher people and sailors. It is a thing that every fisherman knows, and every fisherman's wife: the Galilee ship is still on the sea, and never a storm

"I tell you everything," said the child, "because you seem to know so much, and then you understand. But I can't remember when I was in danger. Perhaps it was long ago—even before I was a mermaid in the days I told you of. I remember it all in the same way, and



"THEN THE SHIP CAME"

can wreck it. It travels on all the seas, but only those who have been in danger know of it, and afterwards they do not tell, for it is a beautiful thing to know, and they keep it to think over."

"But when were you in danger, Doris?" asked the Visitor. "And why do you tell me?"

It does not seem long ago, except that I must always have known it. The night was dark, and the great waves broke over the deck, so that we were wet, and cold, and afraid. Some one had tied me to the mast, and I sang the sea-hymn that you taught me (isn't it strange that I must have known it then, long and

long before I knew you?), but the wind beat on my face like a flapping sail, and I think the sailors did not hear."

"Sing the hymn now," said the Visitor softly, and Doris sang to the accompanying lap of quiet waves.

*Master and Lord, O come Thou near,
Rebuke the waters once again:
The dark night shuts us round with fear,
And awful is Thine angry main.*

*Master and Lord, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wilt bring us to the land;
Silence the storm, make still the sea
Thou holdest in Thine hollowed hand.*

*But chiefly for this grace we pray:
That Thou wilt purge our hearts of sin,
And keep them clean until the day
That Thou shalt choose to enter in.*

*Master and Lord, on Thee we call,
Out of this dark and awful night;
For Thou alone canst save us all
And change this darkness into light.*

"I sang on in spite of the wind, and suddenly a wonderful thing happened; for in a second it grew utterly quiet, so that I could sing no longer. It was still dark, but you felt just as you do a moment before the moon rises: you knew that something beautiful was coming, and you waited. Then the ship came. There was no more wind. It moved through the waters as a cloud floats in the sky, and somehow our ship followed it. Everyone was quiet, for the ship was all surrounded with a lovely golden light, so that we could only half see the people on its deck. But we knew who they were, and we should have been afraid if we had not felt so wonderfully safe.

"The sea was still quiet, and we moved quickly after the other ship. I suppose that I was tired after the storm,

for presently I grew more and more contented, and in the end I fell asleep."

"And afterwards?" said the Visitor.

"Long afterwards I woke, and at first I wondered where I was. It was a beautiful still night, and all the stars were shining. We were at anchor in the harbour, and the sailors were sleeping, tired out with fighting the storm. They lay resting on the deck, and none of them was afraid any longer, for they had known the ship and its crew. There were a few lights shining in the village, but the only sound was the noise of the stream that comes down the valley. So I sat on the deck and waited till the sunlight came, and then we all went ashore."

"And had they also seen the ship that saved you?"

"They could not help it; but they did not say a word. The thing was too beautiful to talk about: they kept it to think of in their hearts. But they would never forget, and all the people who go down into the sea have the same secret."

"I have been often on the sea, and sometimes in danger, but I never saw the ship. I must look out for it. But why did you tell me, Doris?"

Doris looked up gravely out of the twilight. "Because I knew you would understand, and because you were not happy. But I can see that you are happier now, and . . . Ought we to go back to dinner?"

The Visitor looked about him and saw that the night had fallen. "I am afraid we must," he said, "I am afraid we must. But the harbour is just beginning to be pleasant, and I love the sea better now that I know the secret."

Then they went back through the village to the house on the hill.



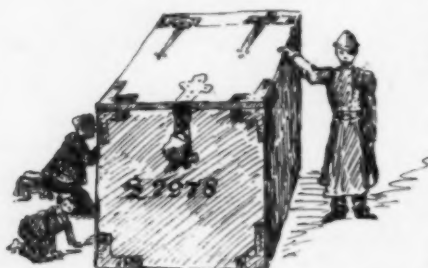
The Value of London

WRITTEN BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE

LONDON is said to be the biggest city in the world, and there is little doubt but that the saying is well-founded. It is also frequently quoted as being the wealthiest metropolis, and while this fact is pro-

no two authorities agree in respect to its limitations. Thus we have the area of London described variously by the County Council, the Poor Law authorities, the Metropolitan School Board, the Metropolitan Police, and the Central Criminal Court, each with its jurisdiction over a varying area with proportional acreage, number of houses, and population.

Taking the Metropolitan Police area as a starting point, I find that it covers no less than 442,750 acres, of which 74,771 acres are contained in the County of London. The number of men in the Metropolitan Police Force to-day is 13,525, maintained at a cost of £1,266,311, and the rateable value of the property they guard amounts to £38,716,378. The rateable value is, of course, less than the actual value of the property referred to, but making allowance for this it may be assumed that every constable is responsible for the safe custody of property to the value of £3,000. In this connection it is also worthy of note that each



EVERY MEMBER OF THE POLICE FORCE GUARDS ON AN AVERAGE PROPERTY TO THE VALUE OF £3,000

bably correctly stated, it is well to bear in mind that it can only be founded on guesswork, since to decide the point one must become acquainted with the wealth possessed by other cities, and to do this were no easy matter.

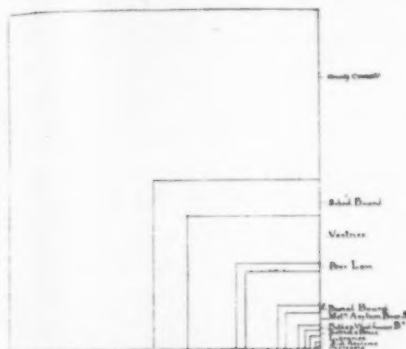
The bare statement contained in the above paragraph suggests a series of calculations. What is London worth? What would be a fair price to name supposing some multi-millionaire desired to do a deal in the great metropolis? What would it cost him to run the city after he had paid the price, and what probable margin of profit would he be able to realise on his investment? Let us set to work on the problem and see where it leads us in the realms of value.

But first of all, before we proceed to put a price on the city, it is necessary to lay down a definition of what we are to value. What is London? Where does it begin? Where does it end? What authority are we to go to for our boundaries? The choice is considerable, for



EVERY MEMBER OF THE POLICE FORCE PROTECTS THE LIVES OF 384 PEOPLE

policeman has to afford protection to 384 persons, though as only forty per cent. of the force is on duty at one time during the day, and sixty per cent.



THIS DIAGRAM EXHIBITS THE RELATIVE PROPORTIONS OF THE EXPENDITURE OF THE VARIOUS GOVERNING BODIES. THE COUNTY COUNCIL SPENDS FIFTY TIMES AS MUCH AS THE BOARDS OF OVERSEERS

during the night, the actual number guarded is nearly doubled.

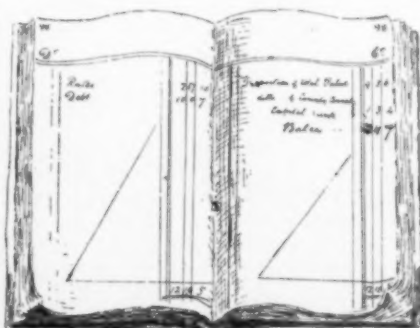
We thus get our first set of figures as to value standing at £38,716,378, but this represents merely buildings and house property. It says nothing of such items as capital sunk, wages earned, profits derived or unearned increment. And to get at these it is necessary to enter on a series of somewhat complicated calculations.

It is no exaggeration to state that London is the most complicated city in point of organisation in the world. Not only does its very territory vary for different purposes, but it is governed in ever so many different ways, all disunited, yet linked together in certain details. Thus there are the County Council, the School Board for London, the Poor Law authorities, Commissioners of Baths and Washhouses, Vestries and District Boards, Commissioners of Public Libraries, and a host of minor authorities all taking part in the complicated machinery for governing the metropolis, and all spending money and acquiring property which serves to swell the total value of the city as a whole. The value of each of these governments varies from the others according to its territories, but as the rates levied on the rateable value

of each are frequently insufficient, each vestry, as well as the County Council, and other boards, has a large amount of outstanding debt, which, according to the latest returns available, are as follows:

County Council	...	£37,300,000
School Board	...	£8,200,000
Vestries and Parish Unions		£29,600,000

And as outstanding liabilities must be taken over by the purchaser, being secured in every case on property within the area of London, these vast sums have to be included in the reckoning. I have thus dealt with the value of the buildings and the outstanding debt, and by adding the figures obtained together we get the sum of £113,316,378. In order to get at the approximate value of property other than bricks and mortar, we must turn to the income-tax returns, which show that under Schedules A and B, covering incomes in London, property to the value of £37,414,399 is taxed, while the total of incomes assessed under Schedule D, representing trade and professional profits, amounts to £134,568,227. This last-mentioned sum, gigantic though it is, does not represent the actual value of the capital invested in London. The



THE RATEPAYER'S BALANCE SHEET, SHOWING THAT THE NET AMOUNT EACH INHABITANT OF LONDON PAYS TOWARDS DEFRAYING THE COST OF MANAGING THE METROPOLIS IS £2 11s. 7d.

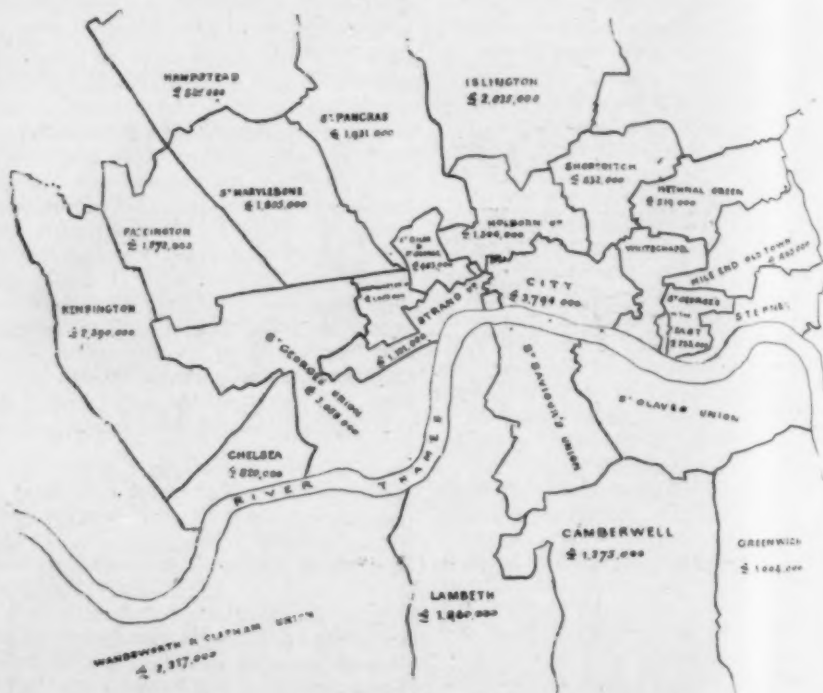
figures give the amount upon which income-tax is levied, in other words, the year's income, and in order to get at the amount of capital represented, a calculation is necessary. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the average tradesman does his business on the basis

of a ten per cent. profit, the sum named as the amount assessed must be multiplied by ten in order to get at the approximate grand total; and I take it that a basis of ten per cent. is as near the mark as is possible in a calculation which is entirely based on supposition.

The proportion of profit varies greatly in different trades, but while ten per cent. appears to me to be a very fair average, it has also to be borne in mind that a

that my estimate of ten per cent. is probably rather under than over the mark. Taking the ten per cent. bases, we get the total capital sunk at £1,345,682,270, which, added with the returns from Schedules A and B to the figures already set out, brings us to the enormous total of £1,496,913,047, or in words more than fourteen hundred and ninety-six million pounds.

We have now reached an estimate of



panies reaches a total of £15,522,488, which sums, added to those already obtained, give a grand total representing approximately the value of the great metropolis of £1,528,874,648, or a trifle under *fifteen hundred and twenty-nine millions pounds sterling*.

The reader who has followed me thus far will probably not be particularly struck at the first sight of these figures. Ten numerals in a row do not convey overmuch to the casual spectator. Let us see if we can put them differently, so as to be more eloquent in their signification.

There are in the County of London 588,106 houses, not counting 4,007 now being built. The sum total given above divided between these houses would give a sum of £2,605 to each, irrespective of size, rent, or position. As a guide to the proportions between the actual and the representative value in house property, it may be noted that the proportion of rateable value averaged on each house is £60. Supposing that the value of London was divided between the population of London on strictly Socialistic principles, allowing every man, woman, and child to share alike, the result would be that each person in the population would receive a sum of £359 14s. as his or her share of the spoil.

To put it another way. Supposing the multi-millionaire before referred to actually concluded the deal and contracted to buy London at its par value. Assuming further that he paid the purchase-money amounting to £1,528,874,688 in sovereigns, they would weigh 10,696 tons, and would require 8,000 horses to draw them a short distance. Placed one on top of another, they would make a pile 1,290

miles high, or placed side by side along the ground would reach a distance of 24,856 miles, or rather more than nine times round the earth. And when the bullion had been finally conveyed to the appointed place for payment it would take a man—let us see how long it would take a man to count it.

A fair average count may be taken at a hundred a minute. Of course, it is possible to count sovereigns very much more quickly than this, but long-continued counting creates a considerable



tax on the enumerator's energies, and over long periods it is doubtful whether a person could keep up the allotted 100 per 60 seconds. One hundred a minute is 6,000 an hour, or 72,000 per day of 12 hours, which gives 26,280,000 in the year. It would therefore take a man *fifty-nine years* to count the value of London in sovereigns, working 12 hours a day, and every day, Sundays included, for 12 hours, and counting at the rate of 100 per minute. If my reader does not believe this, perhaps he can sit down and count it himself. I shall be glad to hear the result.



STUFF — AND NONSENSE

BY
CLARENCE
ROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIME

QUITE a number of new papers have started during the last month or two, and every one of them on wrong lines. That is to say, on lines which must lead them inevitably to bankruptcy, the workhouse, and a pauper's grave. For all of them propose to secure famous writers as contributors at enormous expense, and to make advertisers pay through the nose for the privilege of appearing upon their pages. One single paper, however, has hit upon the right way to go to work, and that is an American paper. It has discovered that the person who should pay for a place in its pages is the contributor; and it announces that no contribution will be accepted unless accompanied by a remittance. The idea is so simple and obvious, and so exactly in accordance with all the laws of economics, that I cannot imagine why I never thought of it myself. When I edited a paper I was foolish enough to pay my contributors, and the paper paid for my folly with its life.

If you know nothing of literature you may contend that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the contributor entitled to his cheque. The view is erroneous. There are, I sorrowfully admit, writers who deliberately take advantage of the ignorance and weakness of editors and demand payment for their articles. As

often as not they get it. But looking back over my past experience I can plainly see where my mistake lay—a mistake which is being made by every editor in London. There was never the least difficulty in getting articles; I was always offered enough to fill the paper half a dozen times over. But there was enormous difficulty in getting advertisements, which, as everybody should know, are the most important part of a paper. Contributors called day after day at the office, wildly anxious to get their articles published. The advertisers stayed in their own offices and never worried themselves in the least about getting their advertisements into my paper. And yet the obvious solution of the difficulty never struck me. It did not occur to me to charge the contributors a fee for appearing in the paper and to pay the advertiser, whom I wanted so badly.

In the new paper which I am scheming out I shall not make the same silly mistake again. Advertisements are the life-blood of a paper. So in the first place I shall get together all the best advertisers in London and pay them—in no petty spirit of penury—for their contributions. The really well-known firms will get as much as ten guineas a thousand words, which is what many of the other well-known writers of fiction ask—unjustly—and obtain. Then I shall turn to the literary side of the paper. I shall not dream of approaching such people as Mr. Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry James, or

Mr. Anthony Hope. They have so often seen themselves in print that the novelty of it has worn off, and I do not suppose they would pay me a guinea a column to get their stories published in my paper. I shall go for the neglected millions who have a message to deliver to their generation, and no pulpit to preach from.

You have no idea of the prevalence and potency of the passion for publication if you have not sat in an editorial office or talked with a publisher who issues books at the author's expense. The crank and the faddist, the gentlemen who would persuade us that the earth is flat, and that we are the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel, the young man who has failed to make his mark in grocery and would fain make it in literature, the young lady who tips an over-full soul into verse that the world would willingly let die—all these will find a welcome in my paper, at so much per column. The less grammar the more money, and bad spelling will be an extra. You may argue that such a paper would not appeal to the reading public, and would have no circulation. It would circulate among the contributors. And if you knew anything about newspapers you would know that the circulation doesn't matter a bit so long as you have the advertisements.

And after all the inversion is not so complete as it seems. For the carefully selected advertisements, for which I propose to pay, will convey to you just the information you require—where to buy

soap, how to get pianos on the hire system, who will lend you money on personal security with no publicity, and distance no object, what will remove that tired feeling, remind you of the delicious teas of thirty years ago, and cause the little cherub to awake as bright as a



"AN OVER-FULL SOUL"

button! Here we have facts, and facts are worth money. On the other hand, the contributors yearn only for publicity, and for that they must pay. So, you will perceive, the advertiser is the most valuable contributor, and the contributor the most easily obtained advertiser, and my idea is not absurd at all. Finally, I



"A PICKAXE AND A SPADE, A SPADE"

am extremely sanguine about my new paper.

• • • • •

About twice in every year someone protests in print against our habit of speaking with familiarity of famous people. Six months ago Canon Ainger

was rebuking us for writing of "Tom Hood," though I fear no one would recognise him disguised as "Mr. Thomas Hood." And now an anonymous newspaper writer wants to know where our manners are that we write of Marie Lloyd without according to her the prefix which is

claimed by her sex, to say nothing of her eminence.

The protest is really a very absurd one, though its motive may be entitled to respect. For the dropping of the courtesy prefix is the most unmistakable tribute we can pay to the great ones of the earth. We talk of Cromwell, of Nelson, of Wellington, of Pitt, of Darwin, meaning no disrespect thereby, but implying that they are too great for petty compliments to their gentility. England has produced two William Shakespeares who have done credit to their name. But when we speak of Mr. William Shakespeare it is understood that we allude to the musician, who would never have denied that the Shakespeare—without the Mr.—was the greater of the two. In truth, familiarity is a tribute to fame, and by no means a breeder of contempt.

It is not only the illustrious dead of whom we speak curtly by their surnames alone. We pay the compliment to the living, if only they are great and good enough. Could there be a more convincing instance than that of the most illustrious lady in the world, of whom we have sung so many times in the past year

"Long may Victoria reign!"

and is not that unadorned name a thousand times more dignified than—I hardly dare write it—Mrs. V. Quelph? Indeed, it may be said that no man is hall-marked as a genius until the world has agreed to set the seal of familiarity upon his fame. The same statement applies, of course, to women. We speak of Bernhardt, of Duse, of Patti, of Chaminade, of "La Belle Otero." That is not rudeness but apotheosis. It would however, be a shocking discourtesy to write of "Chant," pure and simple, when we mean Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

In fact, you have only to keep an eye on the names of people as they appear in conversation or in print to determine whether they have won their way to a

place among the stars or are still struggling to emerge from the grosser atmosphere which weighs down *nous autres*. If a man is always spoken of as plain Smith, or Gladstone, or Bismarck, or Barnum, he has arrived. Do we think it necessary to add any prefix to the glory of Grace, or Irving, or Sullivan? On the other hand, Mr. W. S. Gilbert is still hampered by his prefix. Ibsen is safe enough; but we have no living English dramatist who can stand forth unabashed in his naked name. Nor have we any statesmen of the first rank, since Gladstone no longer counts. For we still speak of "Lord" Salisbury, "Mr." Balfour, "Mr." Chamberlain and "Sir" William Harcourt. Of novelists Meredith, Kipling and Thomas Hardy are beyond danger. But Mr. W. E. Norris and Mr. Quiller Couch—to take examples at random—are scarcely recognisable as Couch and Norris. Marie Corelli has shed her mortal prefix and put on immortality, and Sarah Grand has nearly, if not quite, completed the process; but we are still compelled to regard "Mrs." L. T. Meade as a lady. The literary agent is remarkably cunning nowadays. It might pay him to put about paragraphs which allude to his clients by their surnames alone, and so raise their price by anticipating their fame. Yet this would be something like warming the thermometer to hasten summer. For familiarity is a consequence, and not the cause of fame.

This, of course, is a case of the meeting of extremes. "Mr." is a mark of mediocrity. You may remember the case of a young man who was lately convicted of assaulting a lady in Wales. The paper wrote of the supposed criminal as plain Spriggs. When he was released as innocent they called him "Mr." Spriggs. But if he employs his freedom by writing an immortal epic, or discovering the North Pole, or making four hundred runs in a cricket match against Australia, he will become plain Spriggs again. For when people put "Mr." in front of our names they only mean to imply that we are not known to have done anything notice-



THE PUBLIC EYE

able—either for praise or blame. When they put "Esquire" after our names they only mean that we are not known to keep a shop. Prefix and suffix alike are meant as some small consolation to people who have nothing else to be proud of.

* * *

Wherefore, to return to the point whence we started, those who write of "Marie Lloyd" are paying that lady the compliment of elevating her to the serene altitude at which she will find

Edna Lyall, Charlotte Brontë, Rosa Bonheur, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth Fry, and Boadicea to keep her company. The people who, with the politest of intentions, write of "Miss" Marie Lloyd are dragging that lady down from her well-won eminence, and thrusting her into the ruck of such estimable but commonplace people as Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Mrs. Sheldon Amos. For my own part, not wishing to do anything so unkind, I shall stick to Marie Lloyd, pure and simple.



A GOOD SUBJECT
Photo by H. C. Shelley

The Failure of the Infallible

WRITTEN BY ROBERT CHICHESTER. ILLUSTRATED BY M. STROUD



HE sun slipped slowly behind the huge black wharfs on the Surrey side of the river. Over the green of the Temple Gardens stole a grey mist, heavy, autumnal, picturesque, changing every shade and tint into a uniform pale tan and steele.

A woman with a pale face, and a soft, grey gown, almost matching the creeping fog, stood at one of the windows of the second-floor chambers in Plowden Buildings, looking out, and swinging the blind-cord vaguely. Behind her on the leather-topped writing-table there was a lamp, with a red shade, and standing by the fire was her husband, Claude Hardinge, the eminent counsel, in a chaos of papers and law-books, littered with markers, and scraps of reference and red tape. From the place she held at the window where the heavy crimson curtains were, she could see a circle of soft light reflected on the ivy of the bow-projection from the room next to her husband's. It was Halyard Coombe's room: Coombe, in whose debt she stood so deeply; he who had, in a moment, lost head and what of heart he owned, and had told her he would do for her anything she chose. But that—all that was yesterday, and the day before; but this hour she had come to Plowden Buildings after some tiresome *matinée*, on purpose to tell Claude everything.

Everything? Yes. She was not going to fail. Even to the book of quite impossible sonnets with Coombe's initials in the corner, and—"In memory of the dog-roses and—June."

Even to that night on the terrace at the house, when she and Coombe had

talked sentiment about the stars and their reflection in the river: even to the day when, having recovered from some nervous breakdown, she had gone for a drive towards Twickenham, and had chanced to meet him alone in the summer dusk. But that, with many other things, half pleasant, half foolish, were all over and done with; the illusion—if illusion it were—had died out; she no longer imagined that she cared for Coombe; his attentions no longer fitted in, even partially, the sore gap left by Claude's coldness.

Yes, she would begin again—begin life all over again, from to-night's confession. But could she ever tell him everything? Then Dick's white face, and Dick's desperate appeals to her for help—the call of the only relation she had—came and strengthened her resolution; she was all he had in the world—the younger brother that a dying mother, years ago, had given into her care!

She stood very silently, fingering restlessly the high oak panels, while outside a stray strand of ivy tapped with a ghostly echo on the pane.

Five hundred pounds! It was a big sum—a big debt to owe a stranger. And when she told Claude,—when she broke through the reserve of the last seven dreary months, and told the story of poor Dick's wildness and her own anxiety for him,—how her distress on his behalf had made her blind and deaf to what the world would say, would he, then, believe her? Would see no more in her intimacy with Coombe than her small way of showing gratitude for generosity?

Claude had moved back to the table, and the restless pen scratched on by the glow of the red reading lamp.

Then there came a pause; she felt Claude's eyes upon her, and, even with



"A WOMAN . . . STOOD AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS"

her face turned to the darkening autumn garden without, a warm, soft colour crept up over her delicate face. The little china clock on the shelf struck the hour—just six-thirty; it was one she had given Claude in the idyllically happy fortnight at Cologne when the world was forgotten, and something greater and more powerful than friendship had held them together.

And now she was actually wondering if his belief, his trust, in her should fail; if he should refuse to believe— But surely his faith in his wife's honour, his acceptance of his wife's word, must be infallible; otherwise. . . . She turned, the soft frou-frou of her gown rustling with a feminine charm of its own over the Indian rugs. She paused, and the glow of the logs fell almost theatrically on the bent head and the golden hair and the sad, shining eyes. Then she touched one of the empty vases on his shelf with a sigh that was partly real, partly assumed.

"Why don't you have any flowers here?" she asked, slowly.

He started and turned. "Flowers? No one gives me any," he said.

"You should like to look at pretty things—it is an education," she laughed.

"So I do." He closed the book of notes at his elbow with a jerk. "I like looking at you," he said dreamily.

She had taken the Parma violets from the laces at her bosom, making them into a posy for one of his vases. From some reason or other her fingers shook as she touched them, and when he spoke again she started and dropped them to the floor.

"Do you know how significant this day is?" he asked. She turned, flushing slightly.

"No! How?" she said in a low tone.

The quill he held was being torn into shreds.

"This is our anniversary," he muttered. She coloured vividly and painfully.

"Our—what?"

He did not look at her as he replied: "Our wedding-day. A year ago."

"Only twelve months!" she said. He laughed, but very mirthlessly.

"Your tone is complimentary—so you have found the time hang fire?"

There was a long, dead silence.

Out beyond there, where the white mist was beginning to lose itself in the coming November twilight, a tug on the river was snorting and screaming, threading her way through barges and boats. The noise of the vast world without crept up, softened by the distance and the dusk, into the quiet room.

She crossed to his side quickly till she stood behind his chair.

"Stop writing a moment, Claude. I want to speak to you."

Her eyes fell on the brief he was apparently correcting. It was upside down. Almost tenderly, but very diffidently, she laid her hand on the dark head so plentifully sprinkled with grey hairs.

"Is it a conundrum? I am not clever at guessing riddles, Kate."

She did not answer for a moment.

"It is a confession," she said lightly, "a request for absolution."

He whitened obviously.

"Nothing overwhelming, I trust, dear. I am not in the mood for tragedy. Besides, it is our—our—red-letter day"

His tone was jesting, but his eyes as he raised them were miserable. There was a bust of Plato opposite him, and an old print of Louis Philippe, and one of Viscount Esher and Lord Palmerston; years hence he will see them all as he saw them at that moment; and they will recall to him this hour, this scrap of life, this interlude.

"I am labouring," she began breathlessly, "under the conviction that you are misunderstanding my position towards yourself, and—and—your friend, Halyard Coombe. You will be surprised that I speak of the subject; still more surprised when I tell you—when you hear—" Her voice broke and stopped. Looking up he saw two big tears falling slowly down her face. He looked away again and frowned.

"Go on," he said huskily.

She steadied herself with an effort.

"You remember about Dick? And how I told you that at Oxford he was

spending more than he had? And how, when I used to speak of it, you said you had no sympathy, no patience, with boys of his stamp, and that—that you would never make yourself party to his extravagances, by advancing money for him to waste——”

The glow of the dying fire fell almost dramatically across her face as she stood there, lending it a colour that it did not own.

He turned and spoke impatiently.

“You will pardon me when I say that I fail to see your reasons for dragging me in this, I must say, painful subject——”

“Listen then!” The words were almost a cry. “You *must* see! You *must* have guessed! Coombe had money—a legacy, I believe—that he did not want directly. It was five hundred. I know that it was foolish—blind—unorthodox! I should have gone to you again, only I did not think that you would help me, and Dick—Dick was wanting it.” There was a pause. Her voice changed and became dry and hard. “You need not tell me how I have given the world the chance of lying about me; you need not say how I have, by throwing myself upon his generosity, allowed Coombe to consider me—to speak—to think——” She covered her face with both cold hands. “But you understand? You see now? You believe me?” The questions came in rough, harsh sobs.

He had risen to his feet and drew his damp hand across his feelingless forehead. The iciness and the fever of it seemed to be eating through into his very being. The little Cologne clock filled up the hush: that and the tapping of the ivy outside and the falling-in of the fire. She went nearer to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

“You do not *doubt* me?”

With obvious difficulty the words came in broken gasps and fragments.

“It would not be the first time,” he laughed loudly.

So the failure of the infallible had come at last!

“You do not believe me?”

The words were almost an appeal. She looked up in his sere face, lined

and altered, scared and greyed, ten years older than he had been the day she married him.

There was a sob that was only half aloud, then a dead hush in the room, saving his heavy steps walking across to the door. When he got there he groped for the handle blindly, as if sight and brain were both confused. Then he turned. “You acted superbly,” he laughed wildly. But outside, in the dark of the chambers’ passage, the laugh, dying away, left his face both grey and cold.

She stood, swaying a little, in the spot where he had left her. Then hope came. He would be sure to see at last that she had spoken truth; his honour for her honour must be as changeless, as eternal as the sun’s path among the clouds. A flush of trust in him, a tender—very foreign—sense of peace, stole over her gradually.

He would come back and beg her pardon. What would follow then? She would not listen to his self-reproaches. They would be friends again at least, if nothing dearer, nothing nearer. It seemed a possibility of life again—of life and all its passion and delight: it seemed a probability of heaven once more. The door opened noisily, and the sound of fresh voices startled her. Coombe and a man called Fane came, talking loudly, into the room.

Very vaguely she knew that Batscan, her husband’s clerk, was with them over there in the strange mistiness of the room’s end; part of her seemed to have gone astray. Then Coombe came up in his easy fashion; told her Fane had come for “somebody on something,” ordered Batscan to shut the door and move the library steps, and suavely expressed his pleasure at finding her in “their ugly old quarters.” It all seemed like a dream to her: she scarcely realised what he said when he lent over her chair, saying how lonely she looked, and suggesting that he should help to keep the ghosts at bay.

Her head seemed troubled and confused: only partly did she notice that Fane, the clerk, had gone, and that the



"HE HELD HER CLOSER"

violets she had dropped to the rug were being tenderly re-tied.

She did not quite know what happened then. All she could remember afterwards, as one recalls the filmy details of a dream, was that Claude had come back looking paper-white, and ill, and grey. She remembered, too, looking from one to the other, starting up as though to explain something, to dispel something that threatened to choke her, and seeing her husband refuse to touch

Coombe's hand. She knew then that some terrible little scene had been going on without her knowing it.

Then silence came again, and Coombe had gone; silence, and Claude, who looked strangely unlike his old self, staring at her from the other side of the fire. Five, ten minutes, came and went. Then something — who can tell one, what? — told him the truth.

He did not ask for proof; he saw it written on her face. His belief in her,

though it had for a moment failed, had become his star of life once more. But the painful reserve of months could not be broken through in a moment. "I fancy I was discourteous to you just now," he began lamely; "you may as well be kind enough to forget it. If you knew, as you do not, what it is to love anything—any person—very much, you could understand my want of faith."

It was his apology, but something more. It was a declaration of all that she had mourned so much to lose.

He trusted her, then, after all? The light crept back again into her eyes: she felt as though something had, quite suddenly, filled her cup of peace to overflowing.

She went and put her arms round him, and he, in his turn, held her closer—closer; with his moist eyes searching the dear face they had been hungering to love so long.

Neither spoke aloud: both souls were holding an explanation, a confession. It was their wedding-day, and both remembered it.



COWSLIPS

Photo by Lallie Garey Charles

Artists in Sugar

WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

"**Y**OU English people are too fond of doing your work by the ton; you do not study detail sufficiently," said an artist in French confectionery to an inquiring Englishman recently, and there is truth in the remark so far as the average Englishman is concerned. Were we asked to characterise the work of the

hundred people. There is nothing suggestive of the Royal Academy in the approach to the works. The buildings, extending over some five acres, are solid and substantial in appearance, but hardly picturesque, and there is certainly no reason for the visitor to expect to find Fairyland within the weather-beaten walls; yet a veritable world of beauty



JAM BOILING

three nationalities—English, German and French—in a word we should claim strength and durability—iron bars and perspiration—for ourselves, cheapness of production for the German, and artistic quality, which always commands a good price, for the French—and the Swiss. And yet it was in an English factory in a London suburb that we watched the artists in sugar at their marvellous work. Within five minutes' walk from Victoria Park Station in North-East London are the works of Messrs. Clarke, Nickolls and Coombs, employing daily fifteen

and delicate art flourishes there. The better to realise this we ask our readers to untether their imaginations and tour with us through one or two of the factories and watch the practical skill of the artists as they work it out in sugar.

The first department we enter is that where the "Talents" are busy producing all the colours and symmetrical forms of the kaleidoscope by manipulative processes as fascinating as those of the potter who brings from the clay his vessels of graceful form. Dexterously pouring out the boiled loaf-sugar, after

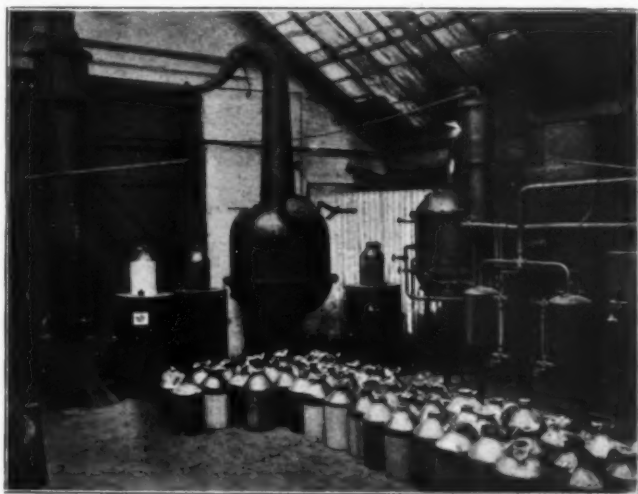


JAM FINISHING DEPARTMENT

the requisite tints of colour have been added, on to a slab, a workman throws it again and again over a large and strong hook standing out from the wall. This imparts to it a silver sheen, such as distinguishes the familiar satin pralines. Taking in his hands (all the best confectionery is hand-made) the "pulled" sugar, variously coloured and flavoured, the artist manipulates it with a touch here and a pinch there until his four-sided bar of sugar becomes slightly pyramidal in form. Putting together several of these figures, and rolling them round in a blanket of chocolate-coloured, chocolate-flavoured confection — much as needles are packed in hurden cloth to even them — he uses his shears freely and again builds up figures. To the observer who is not an adept in solid geometry, the artist appears

to be working haphazard. That this is not really so is soon apparent by the results. Having wrought his material into a cone-shaped mass some twenty inches round at the base, he commences to pull it out into long, thin, rounded sticks, severing these from the mass into lengths of about twelve inches. Energy and dexterity are called into play, for all this must be done before the confection cools, as it would,

of course, be impossible to work upon a cold and hard material. The slab upon which he works is steam-heated, covered with German board. Now take up a segment of the narrow "Swiss Rock," as the confection is technically termed, and carefully examine it. It measures barely half an inch in diameter, but in the middle is a perfect pattern, an eight-point star, with a Maltese cross, in pink



STILLS FOR ESSENCE MAKING

and red, in the centre. The design, of course, runs right through; it is evenly laid, and beautiful to look at. The artist, anxious that his work should be appreciated, says quickly: "In this Swiss variety I can produce from twenty to thirty different designs. See, here, in heliotrope and white, is a draught-board, or chess-board, which you will: here dominoes, and playing cards; or should you wish to see flowers and fruit, look in the centre of these sticks, and you will find pansies, pears, apples, plums, and delicate wreaths with Maltese crosses all truly portrayed."

At the other end of this department is an ingenious Swiss machine. Watching an intelligent workman as he approaches the ingenious piece of mechanism, we observe that he places a strip of chocolate in position, between sets of divided rollers, which instantly transform it into a necklace of rounded beads, precipitating it on to an oscillating plate, pegged at intervals. The



GUM DEPARTMENT, ROOM NO. 2

oscillation of the plate drives the necklace against the pegs and so severs them one from the other. Should a confection in the form of a fruit, a pear, or cherry be required, other sets of small rollers are supplied and a new impression results.

Before passing on to inspect the artistic work of the French Department, we gather some information as to sugar-boiling. "For high-class work we must have a beautiful transparency in the sugar we handle. This transparency is lost where sugar is boiled in open pans; the atmospheric gases must therefore be

excluded. Vacuum pans are used, varying in capacity from that in which two and a-half hundredweights of sugar are boiled at a time, to that into which six hundredweights are thrown. The sugar remains in the vacuum pans for twenty minutes."

"But pardon, Monsieur, we come to visit your French Department."

Over the nineteen large rooms which make up the "French" factory presides a highly-



GUM DEPARTMENT, ROOM NO. 1



PREPARING COCOA-NUTS

intelligent, vivacious, and able Frenchman.

"I am delighted to find that the English people appreciate real French flavours and designs," he says. "We Frenchmen do not work for low money; but then our confections are the best in the world. We study our work; we spare no pains; we are masters of our art."

We might feel inclined to consider these phrases as merely belonging to the native French *amour propre* were it not for the inexhaustible demonstrations of beauty and art shown us by Monsieur.

"I should like to show you my band of lady artists," says our guide as we enter a roomy and well-lighted apartment, "and some of their work."

Seated before long benches we observe six or seven nicely dressed girls, presided over by a tall, slender young

lady of intelligent countenance and active movements. Each artist holds in her fingers a small brush. Before her lie the forms upon which she is to paint the designs according to instruction. The confections are made of the finest almond paste, and the paint used is perfectly harmless, being prepared in the firm's own laboratory from vegetable colours. It would have been quite easy to mis-

take the room and its busy occupants for one of the ceramic art studios, either in Lambeth or in Derby or in Worcester, except that china, however artistically treated, could never look quite as appetising.

"While we are remarking upon harmless colours," said Monsieur, "I should like to tell you something concerning this green shade here." The shade referred to is a pale green, with the most



ALMOND SORTING

delicate golden tinge prevailing. "The Scotch are dreadful people, really worse than you English; they imagine, because the colour is such an attractive green, that it is obtained from a deleterious substance—say arsenic. Well, do you know that I am going to prove to you that in that particular shade no artificial colour is added. Listen now.

From the South of France we import tons upon tons of pistachio nuts. *Regardez-vous!* Here we have the nuts. Break one; you will at once observe that it is green, *that* green, throughout. Well, the pistachio nut, which is neither more nor less than a green almond, is ground up, and mixed with sugar. It is then decorated and built up into forms such as you see before you. So much for the prevailing prejudice! Do I say prevailing? That is scarcely the word, for the prejudice is fast dying out, and the



SORTING SWEETS

demand for these natural-tinted confections is daily increasing, even amongst the Scotch. The pistachio nut is much valued in Paris, seven francs a pound being frequently paid by French confectioners in that city, who know its worth."

Leaving the band of artists, in the course of our tour we came upon individual artists. Here was one at work decorating maple pyramids with walnuts and surmounting them with silver globes. Nearly thirty different sorts of maple

goods are hand-decorated in this room. There was a careful worker decorating marzipan with icing, by means of an incising tool. The marzipan is composed of ground blanched almonds and fine loaf-sugar, icing of white of egg and sugar; and this is put on in a variety of outlines. Crystallised sugar is subsequently sifted over the icing, and a dew-like glitter results.

Amongst the many dainty morsels



PAN ROOM

produced under the direction of Monsieur are those known by the class name of Fourre's Liqueurs. The best-liked are, perhaps, the Kirsch, Curaçoa, Maraschino, Benedictine, Chartreuse, Kummel, &c. The liqueurs are run out into starch moulds, left for twelve hours to become crusted, and then taken from the moulds and dipped in fondant cream, and flavoured and crystallised.

"In imparting the fruit flavours, we, as Frenchmen, endeavour to retain the full rich flavour of the fruit. Our object is to leave the fruit undamaged," said Monsieur. And the French method of preparation is certainly unequalled. By

as he severed another fantastic shape. In a moment we had pronounced it "cassis" (black-currant), and as fresh and delicate as though it had that moment been gathered from the tree. Lemon, orange, and other fruit flavours were equally as well preserved, thanks to that capacity for taking infinite pains which the French possess so notably. An illustration of the effects produced by the apt combination of chocolate and gold we found in the "Crown Jubilee Satin Pralines." The *tout ensemble* of these novel confections is unique, arresting, and gratifying. Around an oblong figure of carmine-tinted chocolate is a



FRENCH DEPARTMENT: FANCY ROOM

this method the whole fruit is put through a sieve with a flat piece of wood, bottled, and securely sealed, and then either sulphured or boiled for a certain number of hours. By the English method the fruit, too, often loses the fineness of its flavour in the boiling. Opening a box of the finest French chocolates, which it seemed almost a sin to disturb, so artistic were both the box and its contents, our painstaking guide selected a raspberry flavour (*framboise*), and, deftly cutting the sweet in half, withdrew the centre from its chocolate shell, requesting us to taste.

"It is a perfect raspberry; it might this moment have been plucked from the cane," was our comment. "Now distinguish this flavour," said Monsieur,

band of true gold colour. On either side of this central belt is impressed a crown. The interior of the confection—the soul of the sweet, so to term it—is *le nougat mon soul*. Body and draping must all be of the same temperature when the artist works upon them, otherwise something very inartistic is the result.

But here we arrive upon a different scene. We might be in Covent Garden, or, better still, in the land of flowers, golden sunshine, and gentle zephyrs. Lilies, double camellias, narcissus, marguerites, roses, and other lovely forms, surmounted by delicate green leaves, lie here, there, and everywhere.

A hundred scents perfume the air and involuntarily we raise one of the flowers

to inhale the scent, so perfect is the imitation. No finer work is produced, even in La Belle France, than that we saw in this department of one of London's largest confectionery factories.

Leaving the French quarters we proceed to visit a very interesting artist, and one who, while he compels our admiration, commands our sympathy from the sad fact that he is both deaf and dumb. His work consists in producing mosaic patterns in almond-paste. In spite of the fact that he is deprived of the powers of speech and hearing, he is wonderfully intelligent, and his expressive eyes ask and answer questions with astonishing ease. Understanding by a glance that we desired to see him at work, he quickly and dexterously operated upon some small bars of marzipan, kneading them and working them up into shape, placing them together, and finally, after a series of clippings and manipulations, handing us a section of the finished whole, which revealed a mosaic, perfect in form as any in the Egyptian Hall at the Crystal Palace.

All was done so unassumingly, so sensibly, and withal so well, that we acknowledged that art works entirely

independently of two, at least, out of the five senses.

And now, as we are moved hither and thither, and from one department to another, we noticed gaily dressed damisels bending attentively over dainty ribbons as they deftly tied a bow or fastened securely a rosette. Each was ready cheerfully to untie or unfasten the decoration to reveal the colour and symmetry within. One of these, called the "Crown Jubilee Fancy Box," was decidedly unique. "Every sweet is a crown," said the artist. "You see here chocolates, almond-paste and fondants, richly and prettily embellished, and as I have already said, every one is shaped as a crown."

Were it not that our title confines us to "Artists in Sugar," we should go on to describe "Artist Box-makers"; as it is we close our sketch by referring readers to the illustrations accompanying our article, merely observing that neither pictures nor words nor both together can do anything like justice to the Fairyland of Beauty within these confectionery works at Hackney Wick.

The photos illustrating this article are by Soper and Stedman, Strand.





THE GIPSY QUEEN

Drawn by J. Ley Pethybridge

The Fashions of the Month



FIG. 1



FIG. 2

1.—THIS is a princess gown of black cloth with a collar and waistband of Parma violet velvet. The left side has also a plastron of the same coloured velvet strapped across with cloth. Six gold buttons ornament these straps. The sleeves are perfectly tight-fitting, and have twelve tucks from the shoulder down.

2.—Redingote of purple cloth, with large storm collar, revers, cuffs and muff of chinchilla. Picture felt hat trimmed with velvet to correspond.



FIG. 3

3.—White satin ball costume, covered over entirely with jetted net. The corsage has a pouched front and a berthe of celestial fox fur. Black velvet band encircles the neck with a diamond ornament thereon.



FIG. 4

4.—Yellow satin dinner dress. The skirt is trimmed with two large flounces of Valenciennes lace. The bodice is also draped with the same beautiful lace, and edged round the neck with black ribbon velvet, a piece being tied lightly round the throat. Streamers of purple ribbon on the left-hand side of the bodice, and long transparent sleeves with falls of Valenciennes lace for the wrist. Pointed waist-belt of purple velvet, the front being finished with a large diamond buckle.

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FIG. 5

5.—This extremely picturesque costume would be eminently suitable for a "Lady Gay Spanker." It might be effectively carried out in a soft, dove-coloured cashmere, broderé with silver braid. A picturesque hat of white felt with band of jewelled ribbon, and a cluster of long yellow and white ostrich feathers.



FIG. 6

6.—This charming theatre coat could be admirably carried out in white brocade with a bold pattern of purple orchids. Storm collar and stole front of dark Russian sable. A rather new finish to the sleeves, which are small, is formed by four tucks.

INSOMNIA

is the bane of the refined mind.



BOVRIL

is the antidote, for it summons
 "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

BOVRIL LIMITED, Food Specialists & Hospital Purveyors, LONDON.

Chairman: The Right Hon. LORD PLAYFAIR, G.C.B., LL.D.

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7.—Pink satin evening toilette, veiled in black net studded with jet motifs and silver sequins. Transparent sleeves of the net only; the top of the sleeves being ornamented with pink velvet chou and purple pansies. Band of pearls round the neck with diamond pendant, and pink aigrette to be worn in the hair fastened with a diamond slide.



FIG. 7



FIG. 8

8.—This very chic costume for visiting is made of powder-blue poplin. A yoke effect is simulated by a narrow edging of beaver, as represented in the picture, which is continued down the front to the waist-belt of velvet of a corresponding shade. Black hat trimmed with a profusion of the now prevailing long ostrich feathers. Chou of blue velvet under the brim.

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"I CAUGHT HIM BY THE COLLAR AND WRENCHED HIS
BUGLE FROM HIM."



WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

VI.—THE PHANTOM OFFICER

WHEN His Excellency the Most Noble Marquess of Lisdoonvarna, K.P., Governor-General of India, in durbar at Simla assembled, declared war in the name of the Queen-Empress upon the King of Gonda, I was a captain of eight months' service.

Gonda is the shadow of a great Asiatic state, now parcelled out into "spheres of influence." Abandoned by the mainland in some forgotten hour of terrestrial convulsion, it lies, the greatest island in the world after Australia, asleep in the Indian Ocean.

Scattered along its immense coastline are many tolerably secure havens and ports; so many, indeed, that almost every power except the endemic government possesses one. Notably there are German, French, Portuguese, Dutch and Russian Gondas, all fortified and waited on by cruisers, and there are two British Gondas looking north-east and south-west. Also China has been for five hundred years suzerain of the island, a right to which more recently Japan has laid claim. Hence it can be understood that big as is the island of Gonda, there

is hardly room enough for all these spheres of influence, and it was the disinclination of the King to be elbowed any closer by those whom he regarded as visitors that led to the declaration of hostilities by the Marquess of Lisdoonvarna; the immediate *casus belli* being an indiscretion concerning a missionary who did not return from Gonda, and whose ultimate fate yet remains in doubt, although, whatsoever it may have been, it increased the British Empire by some twenty thousand square miles.

England had not gained her earliest foothold in the island without fighting for it. Her first expedition, made in the time of Sir Eyre Coote, ended in disaster. Opening her second far back in the 'Forties, with forces unequal to the task they were sent to do, she lost the first battle and it cost her eight years' flow of blood and treasure ere things came straight again.

This time she took a wiser course, and although busy at once in all the four corners of the world, worked hard until she had found forty thousand men to plant in Gonda, and of these nearly a third were Europeans. The Border

Light Infantry, brigaded with a battalion of the Royal Rifle Corps and a Madrassee regiment, were part of the division under General Ribblewood which, covered by the great guns of the warships in the offing, led the way ashore.

I have said I had my company when war broke out, but I did not command such men as followed Trafford into action down the glacis of Fort Dufferin. The morale of the whole corps had deteriorated since that time. Our Colonel, albeit a smart officer, had worked mainly on staff billets, and had never possessed himself of the regimental spirit. Destrée, too, Earl's successor in the adjutancy, was incapable of keeping up the standard that remarkable soldier had set, and for the rest had little to recommend him beyond an almost excessive good nature. With an unsympathetic commanding officer and a slack adjutant things were bad at best, and it only remained for the drafts of recruits supplying disease wastage to turn out unusually poor for the whole of the mess to look dismal. There was a feeling among us that the cholera itself was preferable to the dry rot which it left behind.

During the disembarkation the enemy's feeble opposition did not cost us a man, except for a boat upsetting through the nervousness of its occupants under fire, and dropping a jumpy lance-corporal to the bottom of the sea.

As party after party found their land legs and formed on the beach, the enemy discreetly withdrew towards a range of hills lying well back from the marshy terrene by the shore, where their shells, all percussion and not time-fused, failed to explode.

The transports bearing the cavalry and artillery were still at sea, so we did not attempt pursuit, pitching our camp on the first firm ground by the seashore, and still overshadowed by the cannon of our fleet.

In the morning, the second convoy of transports made the anchorage, and our horse and guns having been sent ashore in Masula surf boats, the Divisional General joined us, and we were ordered to break ground towards the enemy.

So far we had seen little of the foe, who had only bowled at us from Krupp guns, not particularly well-handled. The few figures our glasses smote into individuality were dingily-accounted cavaliers, half Cossack, half Tartar, mounted on undersized cattle. It was hard to believe that these paltry-looking horsemen had ridden over and chased a British regiment within living memory, and not twenty miles from our present camp; but such was the case, and the Commander-in-Chief of the present expedition, Sir Cholmondely Walsh, had been present at the engagement as a sixteen-year-old ensign of the broken regiment.

Our advance towards the enemy was mainly prompted by the necessity of occupying in some strength the whole area required for the large fortified camp mapped out by the Staff as our base of operations during the coming campaign. The first shovelful of damp earth which the sappers of our division turned that day has since grown into the bastion of St. Andrew, guarding British South Gonda from the landward.

We met with no opposition as we advanced to where some five miles from the sea the hills begin perceptibly to arise. Here the General halted us, and trotted on with only his staff and two squadrons of Bengal Lancers as escort.

As we stood, our regiment was in advance, with the Rifles on our right shouldering off that flank, and the Madrassese thrown out as a guard over the sappers, whose officers, theodolite in hand, had already started work on our left. Half a troop of the Bengalees was dropped in front of us by the General, and we could mark the gay flutter of their pennons about a mile up the hill.

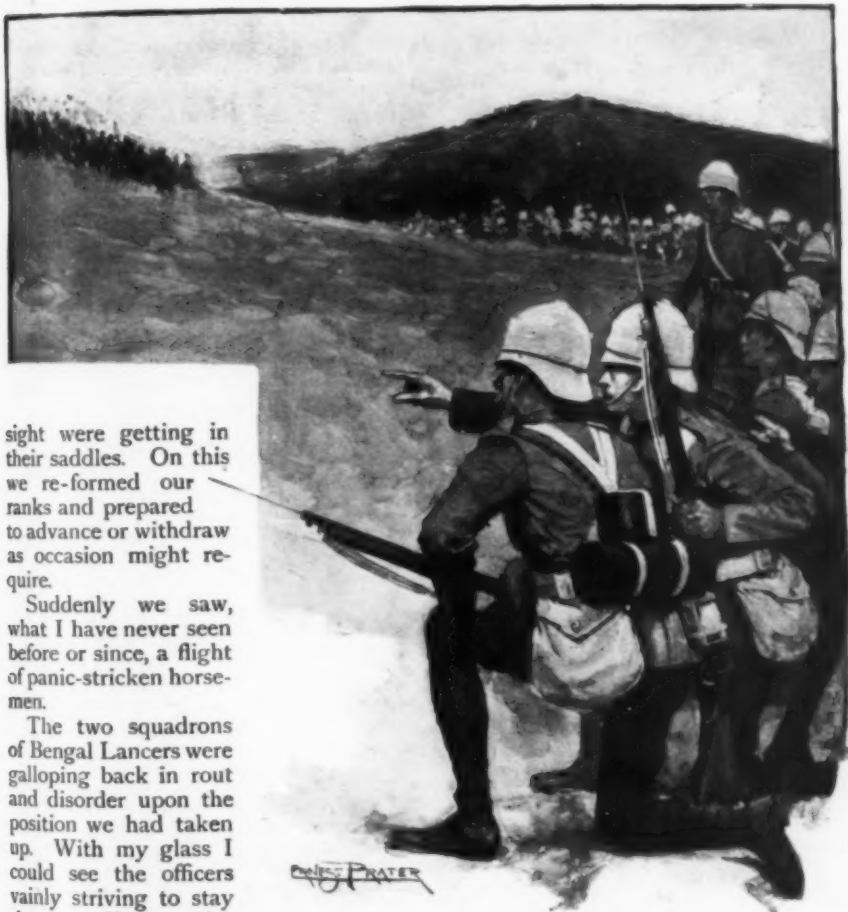
His leaving behind any detail of his scanty force showed that Ribblewood anticipated little danger from this reconnaissance, and not an enemy being anywhere in sight, we shared his confidence. The horsemen on the hill dismounted.

Ranks were broken and arms piled by all except one company, which was detached to supply pickets and sentries. Some biscuit was served out, and was

engaging the men's attention, when the rattle of small-arm firing was distinctly heard, although at some distance. This noise continued spasmodically for some time, but we thought little of it until a sentry reported that the cavalry within

enemy when they should expose themselves.

We watched impatiently while the flying squadrons came nearer and nearer, the hoofs thundering mournfully over sand and shingle.



sight were getting in their saddles. On this we re-formed our ranks and prepared to advance or withdraw as occasion might require.

Suddenly we saw, what I have never seen before or since, a flight of panic-stricken horsemen.

The two squadrons of Bengal Lancers were galloping back in rout and disorder upon the position we had taken up. With my glass I could see the officers vainly striving to stay the men. One, an aide-de-camp by his scarlet tunic, was ridden over in the panic terror. We all prepared for immediate action, and the supporting sabres, under that splendid fellow, Withers Thompson, who afterwards broke his neck in the hunting-field, although such a mere handful, trotted off on the flank and gallantly made ready to charge the pursuing

We saw Thompson wave his sword and dart off with his troopers. Then, to our amazement, we beheld him incline to his right and pull up. As he did so the pace of the driven horsemen visibly diminished. Their officers, two at least we could see, seemed to be stopping them at last. Wheeling out from their

"GALLOPING BACK IN ROUT AND DISORDER"

centre they spread in distorted lines, and through the gaps in their ranks we thought to see the Gondese scimitars cleave a way.

We rubbed our eyes. There was not a fighting man within sight but owed allegiance to Victoria of Great Britain and Ireland.

Up to our Colonel galloped General Ribblewood, flustered and furious.

"Fire on the swine," he gasped. "Fire on them, fire on them."

But, fortunately, the chief had the sense not to obey. It was insane terror, and no timid cowardice that had taken the Bengalees, and already as they wheeled up and re-formed behind us, we read astonishment and shame upon their bearded countenances.

No one seemed clearly to understand what had occurred. It would appear that some distance inland they had seen the smoke of a Gondese farmhouse, and approaching it found it to be occupied by an outpost of the enemy, which General Ribblewood thought of trying to capture for the sake of information. Accordingly he dismounted a troop, and sent them to work round the rear of the position with directions to fling themselves noisily on the building and seek to frighten the defenders out of it, so that his mounted men might have a chance of catching a few alive as they fled.

The plan went very well up to a certain point: the alarmed Gondese burst out from their shelter just as Ribblewood calculated, but apparently in greater numbers than he had prepared to meet. Finding themselves opposed only by horsemen, and horsemen at rest, the Gondese had gone for them with their bayonets, and a fantastic, sanguinary scuffle had ensued which might have ended in the annihilation of the troopers had not their dismounted comrades created a diversion with their carbines. The Gondese now lost their advantage and fell back upon the farmhouse, which the troopers fought furiously to prevent them regaining, and with some prospect of success, until, quite unexpectedly, was heard the order to retire. There was a momentary check, but the

men's blood was hot, and they were going forward once more when the command was distinctly heard again, uttered in imperative tones. Undecided what to do, the troopers gave way. The Gondese rushed down on them, and in spite of their leaders, English or Indian, the cowed Lancers made for their horses and fled in confusion, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. No officer, least of all the General, acknowledged having given the order to retire, but that someone had done so all were agreed.

"Between ourselves," said a Lancer officer to me, "I'm afraid it was young Brian O'Dowd. There was something wrong with him the whole day. And whoever gave the order called it in three syllables—'Retiyur, retiyur!' I heard it myself—as Irish as you please."

"That's a lie," groaned Michael Niel; "I alone heard him."

Lord Brian O'Dowd was the staff officer whom the Lancers had ridden down in their flight. A party was sent out to bring him in, but a horse's hoof had crushed in his skull, and all he could say for himself was "God ha' mercy." He died as he was carried back to camp.

Howsoever brought about, this unfortunate encounter had an evil effect on the spirit of the expedition. Absurd rumours grew up concerning the supposed magic wiles of the enemy, and the Indian troops were undeniably impressed by the mysterious incident, particularly the cavalry.

The enemy, in the other scale, appeared to draw no great encouragement from their success, and although we lay inactive while the bulk of the expeditionary force was landed, no counter-stroke was attempted. For all we saw of its inhabitants the island of Gonda was a desert.

Several days passed, and we were reviewed more than once by Sir Cholmondeley in person before there came the final order to advance. The cavalry trotted off soon after dawn to cover our march, and I noticed that the General had so arranged that the most forward squadrons should be European. The country, as far as one could see, was

fairly open, and we moved in line of battle; as on the day of the reconnaissance my regiment was about the centre of the first line, the Madrassees and the Rifles in echelon on either flank, and covering them some Hussars with two sections of a battery of Horse Artillery.

A long way behind us marched the second line, the Cameron Highlanders in the centre, a Punjaabee regiment on their left and the Welsh Fusiliers on the right; behind them two batteries of Field Artillery. Besides these, General Champion's division, including a battalion of Grenadier Guards and the Connaught Rangers, were also taking the field, but apparently on a different objective, as, after an hour's march, they increased the interval between us until their line of direction formed a not very acute angle with ours.

We halted for the hot hours of noon, and it was not until, these past, the advance was on the point of resumption, that the presence of the enemy was reported. We gathered that the cavalry had found the farmhouse strongly occupied, and the Gondese in force no great distance beyond.

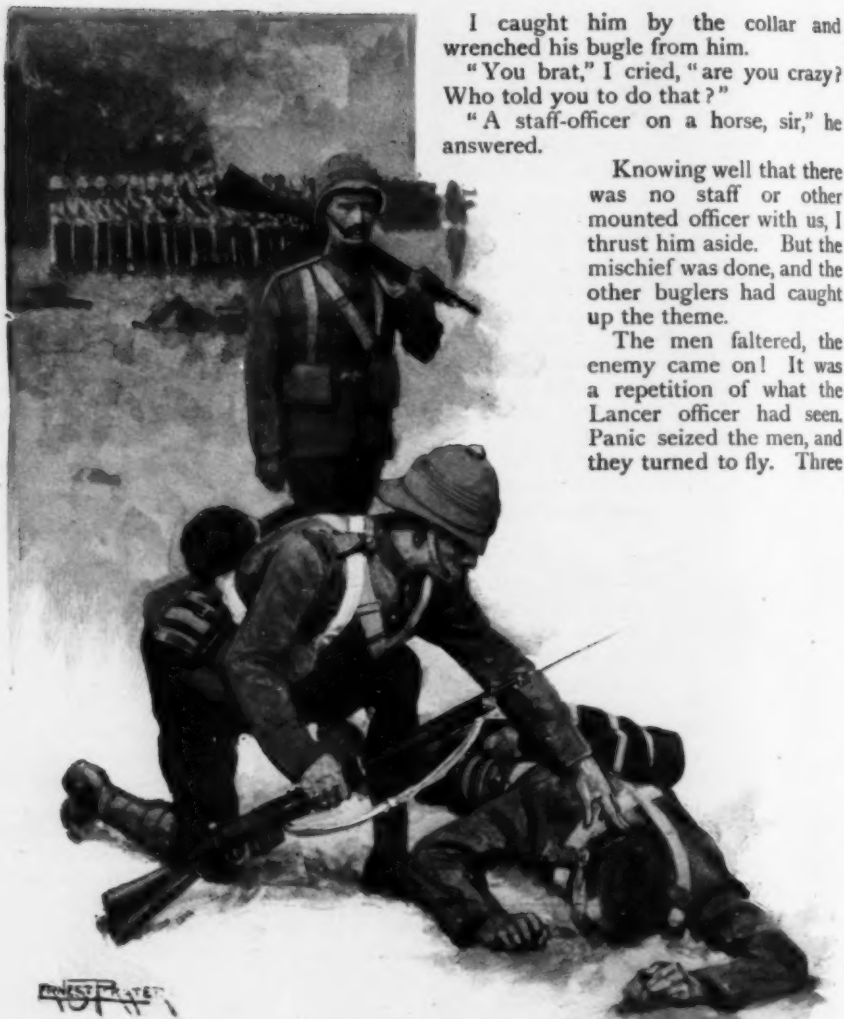
The horse-gunsners lobbed a damaging shell into the farmhouse, and another round or two making it untenable, its defenders skeddaddled without argument. The cavalry, however, reported that the enemy were coming up apparently to fill positions previously marked out, so methodical were their movements. Sir Cholmondely Walsh was not to be seen, but Ribblewood, galloping forward a moment to see how things lay, ordered a rapid advance of the rifles and ourselves, the former to incline somewhat to the right, the direction some of the horse and light guns were also taking, while we went straight ahead to occupy the farm buildings some seven furlongs in our front. The Madrassees were halted, a troop of cavalry protecting the flank exposed by the forward movement.

I noticed no artillery in support, although I have heard it constantly asserted that there were two guns detailed for the work. What became of

them I cannot tell. The few projectiles that came within my purview were fired obliquely from the right, where the other artillery were engaged in support of the rifles.

We were within half a mile of the farm buildings when the main body of the enemy came in sight. There appeared to be a very great number of them, and they moved with a precision which, if too rigid for modern war, was yet admirable and inspiring. French uniforms, Prussian drill; the trail of the European militarist was over it all. As they approached, some fold of the ground hid them from view, and none emerged again save a force of some three thousand men, moving to reoccupy the farm buildings, on which our guns had ceased to play. This force was supported by artillery, which halted and unlimbered a couple of thousand yards away, holding its fire, however, until we were breasting a sort of grassy parapet lying between us and the farm; here a time-fused shrapnel burst over our heads to rain death on several of us, and more shells followed. It was clear that the enemy had marked the ranges about this point. With the ominous skeletons of the Bengal Lancers still encumbering the ground, we quickened our pace to reach the cover of the buildings.

We had hardly reached these when the artillery fire ceased, and the enemy's infantry came pouring in at the other side. They fought well with the bayonet, but in the confined space their numbers could not avail them, and driving them out Michael closed the doors upon them. We stood on the defensive until our supports should arrive. We had not long to wait, although cooped up within four walls, with the thunder of the unseen battle raging around us, the suspense was heavy. Soon Major Tilly, the senior officer present, had over three hundred men available, and as the enemy appeared to be abandoning this part of the field, he ordered a further advance, a thing which, strictly speaking, he ought not to have done, however opportune it seemed. Flinging open the doors, we swarmed out, and, without waiting for any elaborate formation, ran on up the hill.



"WE FOUND MICHAEL LYING WHERE
HE HAD FALLEN"

Suddenly, from God knows where, the enemy rose up, and set upon us. And this time they were no European drilled parade troops, but a multitude of fiery Asiatics, who carved us with knives. In our open order we were ill prepared for this attack, and we were hard put to hold fast in the *melée*, when I heard my own company bugler deliberately sounding the "retire."

I caught him by the collar and wrenched his bugle from him.

"You brat," I cried, "are you crazy? Who told you to do that?"

"A staff-officer on a horse, sir," he answered.

Knowing well that there was no staff or other mounted officer with us, I thrust him aside. But the mischief was done, and the other buglers had caught up the theme.

The men faltered, the enemy came on! It was a repetition of what the Lancer officer had seen. Panic seized the men, and they turned to fly. Three

of the officers died in the attempt to rally them.

Fortunately for me, my company having caught an echo of my speech with the bugler, held together round me. "Men," I said, "this is a terrible mistake. There was no order to retire."

"I heard it," protested one man. "And I," "And I," said others. "From an Irish officer," cried a voice.

"You're all liars!" shouted Michael.
"There was no Irish officer."

"Yes there was: an Irish officer on a grey horse," declared my colour-sergeant, on whom, after Michael, I relied more than any one.

Order or no order, our position was critical, and I had no choice but to bring my men back to the farmhouse as quickly as I could without scampering. The retrogression cost us a couple of men, but we reached cover in some sort of formation, a feat to which none of the other companies were equal. Many individuals had quitted the field altogether, and those that had been turned back were broken and dispirited. The Colonel, who had arrived with the rest of the regiment, tried to pull the men together, and we were in hopes that as the Highlanders were seen approaching we might, stiffened by their backing, make another bid for victory. To our disgust, however, General Ribblewood, whose staff had been roughly handled by the enemy's cavalry, finding that he had lost touch with General Champion's division, ordered a withdrawal covered by the Camerons and a battery of artillery.

Sulkily we faced our men about and moved them off.

We had not gone far when Sir Cholmondely Walsh himself, with a single aide-de-camp tearing after him, spurred down on us.

"Where the blazes are you going?" he shouted.

"Running away, sir," answered our Colonel with bitter frankness.

"Well, do it with your head to the enemy, sir," retorted the General. "Right about turn! Steady there, you blackguards. Who sent you down here?"

"General Ribblewood, sir."

"Your divisional leader sent you scuttling off the field," bellowed Sir Cholmondely. "Drat the man, does he know that there's a German squadron in the bay!" Then Sir Cholmondely dropped off his horse and addressed us.

"Men of the Border Light Infantry," said he, "I've caught you running away, have I? Well, I've run off this identical

field myself fifty years ago, but I'm damned if I do it now, and I'm damned if I let you do it now. I'm told this position is defended by ghosts: upon my soul, I believe it is defended by ghosts. But if it's held by fiends from hell we've got to take it. So just you come along!" To cap the speech he flashed out his sword, and the somewhat transpontine trick did its work. We cheered him and advanced, he toddling in front of us on foot.

The Highlanders were still holding the farmhouse and the Madrassees were also moving in that direction, so we passed it on our left and came under the enemy's fire a hundred yards beyond.

Walsh's sword clattered to earth "Im hit," said he, "but I'm going on." Michael caught him in his arms and Walsh looked up at him. "Countryman of mine, carry me forward," said he. "I'm not bate, and I won't be bate."

He was a little man; Michael had him on his shoulder in a trice. The bullets were spattering round everywhere now, and he was hit again.

"Never mind," he cried; "they're giving us lead. We'll give them steel." He did not speak again, but shook his dying fist at the enemy's cavalry which now whirled down on us.

We formed only in double rank to meet them, Michael laying down his honoured burden to show a bayonet with the rest.

Suddenly a horseman galloped down our line, calling "Retiyr! retiyr! retiyr!"

Michael stared, the men quivered and grew pale. "He *is* Irish," he gasped.

A mad thought struck me. "Give that fellow a volley if he comes again," I said to my colour-sergeant. The words had not left my lips when the officer galloped up again. "Retiyr! retiyr! retiyr!" he cried. There was a rasp and rattle of musketry, but the horseman sped by unhurt, a piece of rope whisking behind from under his three-cornered hat.

Michael laid down his rifle, and fumbled under his tunic. "I'll cross it," he muttered, "if it comes again."

"Retiyur, retiyur, retiyur," we heard, and again the figure was before us. Michael flung himself in the way. "Get ye gone to your master!" he cried. The next instant phantom and man disappeared in the rush of the Gondese horsemen. But they never reached our line, for with a rumbling crash, the Border Light Infantry emptied their magazines into them at short range, and as the leading cavaliers bit the earth flinging those behind into confusion, Withers Thompson, with a single troop of the Bengalees, cleft through and through them.

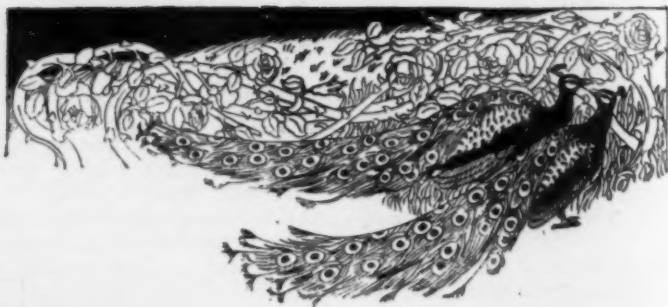
Almost simultaneously we heard the bellow of General Champion's guns on our right. And the field was won. It is unnecessary to say more; the details of the action, save what I have written here, are to be found in the official history.

We found Michael lying where he had fallen, stunned by a sword-cut. In his hand he held a fragment of that

statue of St. Patrick, the story of which has already been told.

I told this tale to Mr. Nicholson, expecting him to laugh me and it to scorn, but instead he took a volume of regimental records from his shelf and read me this extract: "During the expedition against the King of Gonda, 1774, Brian O'Dowd, titular Baron Thomond, serving on the staff of General Walker, was court-martialled and sentenced to death upon a charge of treasonable communication with the enemy. The sentence being irregularly carried out by hanging instead of shooting, an inquiry was held and incidentally the whole charge was disproved. General Walker had fallen in the campaign, but several of the surviving members of the court-martial were dismissed the service."

"That accounts for it," said Mr. Nicholson, in curiously matter-of-fact tones. "After the Hindoos, the Irish are the most mysterious people on earth. But I should like to see that fellow Niel."



A Celebrated Snake Savant:

DR. ARTHUR STRADLING, C.M.Z.S.

WRITTEN BY ANNESLEY KENEALY. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



DR. ARTHUR STRADLING AS
A SNAKE CHARMER
Photo by William Cules

URELY it would be difficult to find a more delightful diversion than a conversation with Dr. Arthur Stradling on snakes; for he is not only a snake savant, learned in the science and natural history of the serpentine family, but is an adept in snake-lore and a student of the romantic superstitions which from prehistoric times have been associated with snakes.

Taking tea in his drawing-room at Watford in Hertfordshire is like picnicking in the tropics. Huge snakes—safely stuffed—look down from the walls with a cruel longing to crush assembled visitors in anything but an affectionate embrace; while weird lizards appear to watch with bright eager eyes the crumbs of cake which fall to the ground as though these were their special perquisites. Fairy, ghost-like moths poise aloft as if about to alight with soft touch on the prosaic flowers of civilised millinery—a poor substitute for their own tropical blossoms. And terrible, gigantic spiders seem waiting to sit down beside you with cannibal purpose. The room is lined with glass cases, wherein the "strange gods" worshipped in many lands are disposed side by side with bundles of snake-skins and foreign pottery. So that a patient "waiting for the Doctor" has many distractions from his own diagnosis.

This menagerie is the more interesting from the fact that all its constituent creatures were with Dr. Stradling "in the flesh," for he has owned upwards of 3,000 live pets in the course of his career—counting, as he does, his cobras and rattlesnakes in the category of "pets." His lover-like attitude to the "creeping tribe" generally, as well as his scientific interest in these, is a hobby inherited from his father. Many naturalists are keenly interested in snakes—Dr. Stradling has a rare, strong personal affection for them, and any cruelty practised towards a snake rouses his utmost indignation. In his school-days he underwent great tribulations in an endeavour to outwit a scholastic expulsion of all "live stock" from the possession of the pupils. Even as St. Patrick banished snakes and toads from Ireland, so the head-master sought to deprive budding naturalists of their pets. For a long time the young savant successfully baffled detection by keeping a favoured toad in his Sunday hat. The head-master, while barring a taste for natural history in his pupils, encouraged the cultivation of flowers, and several boys set up window-boxes. Young Stradling gleefully seized the opportunity, and, turning his toad into the roomy quarters of a window-garden, he covered him with a cardboard roof sprinkled with a thin layer of earth, in which he set some bulbs. Naturally, these never grew, and the box was known as "Stradling's dustbin." But the toad grew apace beneath the bulbs that failed, and was the joy of his owner's heart, till a fateful thunderstorm, by removing the cardboard cover, divulged the happy hiding-place of the cherished creature.

Dr. Stradling is a charming lecturer, and frequently takes his snakes for an

evening with the learned and scientific, or to the Victoria Palace, where, to please the East-Enders, a popular science lecture is sandwiched in with a music-hall entertainment. Dr. Stradling and his serpents are adored by the White-chapellers, who never omit at the conclusion of these lectures to "call" for a particular python to which they are much attached, and who receives the ovation usually accorded to a star comedian or a burlesque brunette.

"Snakes," he says, "are troublesome travelling companions. But when going

to a lecture I have taken long railway journeys with 150 of them, measuring from 16 feet down to 8 inches in length, in one leather trunk. It's surprising how many snakes you can pack into a Gladstone bag. I have sometimes shown a whole brood of baby snakes in a claret glass. It's no sine-cure, though, to travel with snakes during cold weather. For you have to sit up practically all night to keep in the fires—snakes being so sensitive and susceptible to cold that the least variation in temperature may kill them. I invariably 'stoke' for my own snakes, for I should not like to entrust the duty to somebody who might neglect the fire."

Dr. Stradling recalls many instances when he has been due to lecture on snakes in various provincial towns, and has been rejected at hotels by proprietors fearing reptilian escapes, and conjuring up visions of boa-constrictors on the stairs holding an hotel at bay, while cobras stalked the corridors triumphant and secure of a meal off the landlord's baby. Southampton is apparently most inimical to snakes, for here Dr. Stradling was boycotted by every

landlord in the town, until he was in danger of finding a lodging for himself—and a grave for his shivering snakes—on the cold ground. But a courageous confectioner of a scientific turn of mind took pity on him and his strange travelling companions, sheltered him hospitably, and saved both the situation and the lives of the chilly snakes.

So far, no snake of his has ever gone astray, save in the solitary instance of a small, harmless one which escaped from his overcoat pocket while in a London 'bus. "I never heard his fate," laments

Dr. Stradling, "but doubtless he caused much consternation among the other fares. I did not miss him till I reached home."

Dr. Stradling initiated the practice of "cramming snakes"—a method of bringing up by hand, which has been adopted at the Zoo. This is an essential practice, since many snakes in captivity refuse all food, and if not "crammed" would die of starvation. The snake, however, beats all the records of "fasting men," for several

varieties of them can live for the space of two years with no inward or visible form of nutriment. To see a snake "crammed," as in the illustration, is intensely interesting.

"You can do anything with a snake in a bag," says Dr. Stradling in a matter-of-course tone. "First catch your snake, and then feed him," is the motto of this snake savant, who uses a domestic bolster-case while "cramming" the more obstreperous of his pets. The tamer ones he feeds in the manner shown in the illustration. "In the case of very bad-tempered snakes," he says, "I just turn a bolster-case inside out over my arm, make the snake seize the



A LIFE-LONG COMPANION

Photo by Frederick Downer

lower end in his fangs, draw up my arm, and there I have my snake safe and manageable."

It sounds lovely and easy—as Dr. Stradling puts it. If the snake be not first put in a bag, it is necessary to keep the feet firmly pressed on his body to prevent him from "coiling." The selected food is placed at the back of the throat and pressed down the gullet by constricting fingers so that the huge snake, ignominiously imprisoned in a bolster-case, is forced very much against his will to swallow a square meal. Dr. Stradling's son Renny, a handsome boy inheriting much of his father's talent, has already, at the age of ten, become a most accomplished "snake charmer."

"There is an occasional outburst of popular sentiment against providing snakes with small live creatures for food," he says, "but there is absolutely no cruelty involved in the practice, for a snake kills a rat literally in a second—quicker than if the creature were struck by lightning. That popular superstition of the 'fascinated terror' which a snake inspires in its victim has absolutely

no foundation. A pigeon contentedly pecks corn in the snake-case, up to the very moment the snake darts at it; and a rat—unless provided with a piece of meat—frequently begins to eat the snake for whose ultimate meal he is intended. Men and monkeys are the only creatures possessing natural instincts of terror at the proximity of snakes. I remember once when the late Lord Lil-

ford took some snakes from his bag when in the monkey-house at the Zoo, all the monkeys exhibited the utmost chattering terror—a terror which lasted for many days after the occurrence.

"The 'rare intelligence' of snakes is another popular delusion. One instance



IN THE HANDS OF THE CHARMER

Photo by Frederick Downer

of the crass stupidity of an anaconda may serve as typical of their mental deficiency. Whilst serving as sea-going surgeon in the Royal Mail, I was on one occasion bringing home an anaconda among a collection of lively zoological specimens. In my cabin was a rare tropical bird in a reed cage. During a temporary absence the anaconda emerged from his box, crushed this cage

to atoms, and was on the point of swallowing both cage and bird when I came on the scene, and gently persuaded him that the meal might prove indigestible!

"Another day I returned to find a



A SERPENTINE CIRCLE

Photo by Frederick Downer

brood of rattlesnakes had hatched out before the calculated time, and my cabin swarming with these little black venomous reptiles. I captured about forty of them, but the rest of the voyage proved most disquieting, for I never knew how many had really hatched out, and was always dreading that some of them might turn up in other quarters of the ship."

Dr. Stradling makes some amusing strictures on the snake of the novelist.

"Snakes," he says, "have come marvellously to the fore in fiction, and their remarkable habits in novels cause much entertainment to the naturalist. In a current popular story a snake is igno-

rantly made the instrument of homicide in the hands of an individual who thus easily disposes of his enemies. One of these, sleeping peacefully in bed, dies mysteriously. No perceptible mark or suggestive evidence is found. Another man is lured to the same bed and meets a similar fate—and so on to the end of the chapter of enemies. Now, the bite of a snake is as obvious as the track of a bullet, added to which are the unmistakeable local and constitutional symptoms, so that this kind of murder by proxy would easily be discovered."

Dr. Stradling was the first to establish the theory of immunity by means of inoculation. He has been bitten three hundred and fifty times by various snakes, having previously prepared and treated himself for the ordeal by carefully graduated inoculations of snake venom. His arms are scarred from shoulder to wrist with snake bites—the wounds caused by fangs of varying size and kind standing out clear and defined after a lapse of many years. For he no longer exposes his limbs to venomous attack—in the cause of science. "When I gave up bachelordom and settled down to general practice," he explains, "I had to give up personal experiments in snake bite. But the theory of compara-

tive immunity after venom inoculation was fairly established by personal test, proof and demonstration on the present *corpus*, twenty years and more before Calmette, Fraser, Giogli and others claimed the credit attaching thereunto by virtue of their bacteriological attainments and battues of guinea-pigs. But my bites and syringe-stabs were received in the gloom of a relative unknowing, at a period unilluminated by the later lights of the pertinent 'ologies. In my case, the microbe formed no factor in the reckoning, and what to me was simple dilution now becomes the dominant process of 'cultivation.' Now, however, the hypodermically-injected rat, rabbit,

or guinea-pig is offered on the altar of Science in the odour of the uttermost tribute of terminology that type can impart to paper, and canonised by votive articles in the medical journals, admirably adapted for quotation by the 'lay' press."

In the early years of his career he had a unique experience while taking medical charge of 3,000 Apahuais in Nicaragua. For a year and a-half he accompanied these red men on their rubber-tree cutting expeditions, going through malarial and horrible jungles, where probably no white man had ever before been. Here his opportunities for studying snakes were unequalled, since anacondas and huge serpents of every variety throng in the luxuriant and damp jungles of this part of Central America. "Candle-boxes and coils of galvanised wire represented my only naturalist stock-in-trade, but I managed to get some glorious snakes." The red men, grateful for his medical ministrations against malaria, initiated him into their medicine craft, though they would hardly credit that the "great snake man" was not already indoctrinated, since snakes form a leading feature of the cult.

"I never reached the last stage of initiation, for I drew the line at the terrible state of intoxication by tobacco and aguardiente which is necessary to complete a knowledge of the mysteries. During this last stage the soul is held to leave the body and learn the secrets of the higher initiation. On a tree-cutting expedition I was attacked by a severe form of malaria, and remained delirious

for six weeks, during which the red men behaved with great kindness and devotion. Their strict code of honour was shown by the scrupulous way in which they guarded my store of quinine—a very real temptation to men living in so malarial a district. And they not only convoyed me to safe quarters, but they carefully transported my bag of snakes, which they had always both feared and hated."

As to snake-charmers, Dr. Stradling says: "The snake-charmers of the East belong to a special caste and develop great dexterity in the handling of snakes. The earliest Oriental travellers tell of the marvels of snake-charming, and their feats are pictured on prehistoric tombs and ancient sculptures.

"Snake-charmers commonly use cobras in their performances, largely because



A DEADLY EMBRACE
Photo by William Coles

the cobra when excited 'sits up' in a peculiar manner natural to the species. But this idiosyncrasy gives the charmer an opportunity for a pretence that they have been trained to assume this posture. Many charmers sew the lips of the cobra together with fine silk stitches so that they cannot use their fangs—a deception invisible save to the expert eye. Others remove the fangs, although this by no means insures those who handle them from a venomous wound, since poison is still secreted after the fangs are taken away. But most charmers entirely rely for protection on their adroit handling of the snakes."

Dr. Stradling throws some interesting light on the hooded snake. "The hoods of snakes were unquestionably intended by Nature

birds specially—seizes him when prostrate, and ripping up the back of the neck speedily dispatches him."

He tells an amusing story of a cobra putting his head into a biscuit tin in search of a mouse regaling itself on macaroons. The rough sides of the tin irritated the cobra so that he involuntarily dilated his hood, and was consequently unable to remove his head from his tin prison. Found next morning in this awkward predicament he was safely and quickly dispatched.

The story of snake-worship, both ancient and modern, and the superstitions as to the inherent wisdom of the venomous tribe generally, as told by Dr. Stradling, is a story full of enchantment and interest.

"The natives of India are firmly con-



CONGENIAL COMPANY

to act as weapons of intimidation, for when suddenly opened, as they are during the excitement of a contest, these give their owners an apparent and formidable enlargement. But the hoods which have been so useful at some period in snake history, have now become so enlarged as to tend towards the extinction of their owners, just as the over-development in the tusks of prehistoric animals led straight to their destruction. During a fight the hooded snake in the act of striking his foe suffers from the outstretched and weighty hood—he overbalances himself and topples forward. His assailant—the mongoose and some

vinced that a snake loses one joint for every human being bitten. When the number of deaths he has caused equals the number of his joints, the venomous head alone remains. He has now reached the Mecca of his wicked desire, and at this point develops wings and triumphantly disappears.

"An exception to this rule is met with on the other side of the world in the case of the rattlesnake, of whom the natives aver that he gains a thimble for every man he kills. Carefully counting these they claim to calculate with mathematical precision the number of humans a particular rattlesnake has sacrificed.

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"In Central America the natives believe a rattlesnake has such keen sympathy with original sin that he invariably refrains from attacking or injuring an unfaithful wife. Her crime exempts her from his sting. The practical application of this test places the lady to whom suspicion attaches in an awkward situation. The Indian snakes are so confirmed in atheism and wickedness that they exhibit no alarm when the name of the King of birds is uttered in their presence—a name which strikes terror into all other living creatures. Indeed, the snake alone of the animal family cynically and contemptuously regards anybody who attempts to frighten him by such a cheap device.

"The natives of Central America assert that the 'aura' of a dying person is particularly attractive to all varieties of snakes, and that the presence in the house of a person *in extremis* attracts all the serpents of a neighbourhood—a drop of blood from an individual at the point of death being the heart's desire of every well-regulated snake.

"This creature," pointing to a ferocious spider in a glass case, "was the first specimen of his kind brought from South America to the Zoo. As I was the first to introduce him he was christened *Homæomma stradlingi*. He shares the epicurean tastes of the ancient Romans.

They regarded the brain of a nightingale as a most desirable table dainty. This species of spider lives only for the joy of regaling himself with the brains of the white mouse." The toad shown in the engraving was a life-long companion of Dr. Stradling, and has only recently shuffled off this mortal coil. His was a delightful personality, the only drawback to his perfect enjoyment of life being a confirmed dyspepsia. For several years Dr. Stradling mitigated his pains by feeding him only on food previously soaked in snake-venom, which he has discovered possesses very valuable pre-digestive qualities. "No chemical experiments or analyses have revealed any other quality in the venom than that of saliva, so that most probably its primary function is that of a purely digestive fluid—though nobody can doubt its deadly ammunitional value."

From snake to spider, and from toad to digestion, Dr. Stradling is so absorbingly interesting, that the interviewer entirely forgot that he is not only a great naturalist, but a very busy practitioner. It was impossible longer to disregard the many calls on his time, and the writer reluctantly passed from the tropical setting of live rattlesnakes and cobras, and a panorama of glistening venomous eyes, on to the prosaic pavement of a provincial town.



By
J. A. FLYNN



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES M. SHELDON



HE doctors said that the crisis would come about midnight. At eight I put on my hat and went half-way to the house before I turned back. At nine I walked as far as the square and watched the blinds from afar. At ten I returned to my rooms and cast my arms upon the table and my head upon my arms. At the eleventh hour I knocked at the door of the house where Geoffrey Dane lay struggling with death—Geoffrey Dane who held my secret.

It was Margaret Dane who answered the soft, muffled rap—sunny-haired Margaret, *my* Margaret. She said nothing; only put her finger to her lips and looked at me with sad, dry eyes, and took my hand to lead me into the library. First her look meant that she had recognised the knock; next it meant that I had been long in coming: then it meant that the turning-point was near. For between us there was little need of words.

"Well," I whispered at last, because I must say something; "Well—my dear?" "O, Harry!" she cried in a piteous undertone; "you do believe there is hope?"

I brushed a place on the table for my

hat and set it down. It was strange to see the room fireless and dusty.

"Surely," I answered, "surely, dear, there is hope." There was the hope of life—or death!

We stood awhile by the bare fireplace with one elbow each upon the mantelpiece, and the fingers of our other hands interlocked.

"You cannot realise," she whispered in a voice passionate with restraint, "how much it means to me."

I tried to say something, but the words stopped in my throat, and there came only an inarticulate sound.

"You are so tender-hearted, dear," she went on. Her eyes began to soften into tears.

"Don't!" I cried, pressing her fingers a little tighter. She nodded, and paused for a moment to recover herself.

"Do you know, Harry, I had been foolish enough to think that you two did not care very much for each other—were not *interested* in one another, I mean."

"Dear, you were wrong," I shuddered.

"Yes, yes!" she cried, "I am learning to know you better; my strong, kind—"

"Lover," I said, earnestly, putting my other hand out on the mantelpiece to hers. Should I ever hold it again after to-night? The clock on the mantel ticked out the answer. If he die—if he



"WE STOOD AWHILE BY THE BARE FIREPLACE"

die! We stood silent for a long time. Every few minutes she quivered at the mouth, and I pressed her hand; and the ticking of the clock seemed to grow louder and louder, till at last I turned it sharply sideways to stop the pendulum.

"I cannot bear it," I said, with a nervous laugh; and she nodded and quivered a little more.

"He has been so good to me, always so very good to me, Harry."

"Yes," I said, "I know."

"He stinted himself to keep me at school when I was a little girl, and he was working—working so hard in Australia."

"Yes, dear," I said again; "I know."

"He used to tell me that my portrait in a little locket, which I bought out of my pocket-money, was his chief comfort all through those hard times." She looked down on the ground, and I saw her bosom heave and swell.

"My poor little Margaret," I answered; "I know."

Yes, I knew. My memory went back to a summer night, when he and I smoked our pipes at the door of a little Australian hut, whilst the full moon sailed over the young corn as if it were a sea of waving, rippling green. For an hour we said nothing, and there was no sound but the splash of the little stream over the little fall, and the rare barking of the dogs. The moon crept further and further round the hut until he sat like a statue in the light; his shadow lay along the ground, just below my feet. At last he heaved a great sigh at his thoughts, and he talked to me of home and the little sister there, and showed me the sweet face in the locket. Many a time afterwards I begged a look.

"I have wondered so often," she went on in a voice of artificial calm, "if there was anything that I could do to make *his* life bright, as he made mine."

"You have done much, Margaret." She shook her head.

"I used to think so, dear, sometimes, but I know now how little I can do—since—since——" My hands went chilly with fear of what she might say.

"Since when?" I said, hoarsely.

"Since I found out what love was, my dear," said she, lifting up her face with a tender smile. "Since you taught me that there was happiness beyond a brother's or sister's gift!"

I bent over her hand upon the mantel-piece and kissed it with the passion of despair. If he should take her from me—if he should live!

"I have learnt this also from you," I told her, seeing that she paused.

"Since then," she continued, thought-

fully, "I have felt that there was happiness which I could not give——"

"Except to me, Maggie."

"Except to you, dear. I have learnt from many and many a little sign that there was something missing from his life. I have known that there must be a bitter secret in his past. Haven't you noticed, too, Harry? Don't you think there was?"

"Yes," I replied, huskily. "Yes, my dear, I think there was."

I remembered how he told me that night of his early life in Australia, before we met, and of the woman whom he loved—a woman bright as a poppy and light as flame. I knew the woman. Soon he found out that she was mixed up with a gang of ill-repute. He turned his face away from the light as he told me how he pleaded with her till she promised to break with them. But before she had done so a fracas arose one night in a low saloon between the gang, and a body of loafers nearly as bad as themselves. The lights were put out, revolvers were fired, and the woman died—shot through the gold locket which he had given her, and through her heart. Whether by accident or design, he said, no one knew. I moved a little further into the shadow, for I knew. It was by accident, I tell you! I fired at her accomplice, who had ruined me, and whose bullet in my shoulder spoilt my aim.

"I was not sure till the other day," Margaret went on, sadly, "when I found him seated at the table here." She waved her hand to the place. "I can see him now!" She paused chokingly.

"So," I said, "can I."

"He had a broken gold locket—that pale Australian gold, you know—before him, and a lock of hair, and a bullet, and two or three odds and ends; I scarcely remember what. He looked up at me so fiercely that I hardly knew him. O, Harry, you can't imagine how he looked!"

I dug my nails into my palms, until I flushed with pain.

"I think," I said, "I can."

"I put my hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Geoffrey, dear, tell me.' But he

pushed me aside almost roughly. Then he recovered himself, and tried to smile. O, Harry, it was a terrible smile."

I gripped the mantelpiece furiously.

"Yes," I said. "Yes."

"I began to ask him again, but he put out his hand gently—he *was* so good to me always"—I bowed my head in assent—"and just said 'don't.' I wouldn't have said a word more, indeed I wouldn't; but there was a bright-looking revolver on the corner of the table—one of those things with lots of chambers. You know what I mean?"

"Yes, dear," I said quietly. "I know what you mean." There was one in my coat pocket now.

"I just touched it, and said, 'O, Geofrey, *this?*' Then he gathered all the things up and put them into a case, and said, 'My child, these are my reminders of a great wrong; and perhaps the clues to the wrong-doer. Do not ask me any more.'"

"And you refrained?"

"No, not quite. But he told me nothing more. Poor, *poor* fellow! O, Harry, don't you pity him, whilst you and I are happy together?"

I seemed to hear the echo of the stopped clock ticking, "If he dies! if he dies!" But I answered her calmly.

"Yes, my little girl," I told her, "indeed I do—whilst you and I are happy together."

Then I thought of another night, when he and I faced one another with our fingers on our triggers and the overturned table between us, and of the hot words that we said. "Now I know that you were one of those cowardly ruffians I would shoot you like a dog," he shouted, "but—" "We were no cowards," I answered. "We were cheated and ruined and outnumbered two to one. I am no coward, partner. Try me now, if you will." Had I been a coward I had shot him then, for I was the quicker of hand and eye. "No," said he after a few moments. "Go your way and I will go mine. I am waiting till I find the man who slew *her*. I waste no shot till then. Bring me face to face with him and you may have my share of the farm." "I would not, if I knew," I told him. I

feared him not, but the thought of the innocent face in the locket tied my tongue. So we divided our property and parted without a shake of the hand. This was ten years ago. Now he threatened to part me from Margaret, who knew nothing of the past, and never should know—if he died!

"Do you know, Harry?" Margaret continued, "I have fancied sometimes that he did not care to see you, because you too have been in Australia and so reminded him of *it*."

"It?" I echoed.

"Whatever it was I mean. Did you—you won't be offended, dear?—ever notice a slight coldness in his manner to you?"

"Yes," I answered mechanically; "I have fancied that I noticed it."

"Just once in a way," she added soothingly, touching my hand upon the mantelpiece.

"Just once in a way," I assented.

Then there came a soft rap at the street door, followed by a subdued ring. "The doctor!" said she, pressing her hand to her side; "I will be back soon," and she went out. I stood motionless and dazed for a few minutes, till I heard them go upstairs. Then I sat down wearily in an arm-chair and tried to think, but could only remember.

It was in this very library that I had met him again, as his sister's accepted lover. In Australia we had gone by other names, and we had no reason to dream that we should meet that night. I stopped with my hand on the door-handle, when our eyes met, and he rose supporting himself by one hand on the table and the other on a chair, glowering at me like a wild animal. Then his face went cold and hard and he beckoned me to a chair.

"Well?" he asked sternly.

"Let bygones be bygones," I implored.

"I shall be good to your little girl."

He looked at me in silence for a minute.

"Tell me who did it," he demanded.

"I shall not."

"Then give up Margaret."

"I never will."

"If I tell her all I know of your past—"

"You will hurt her very much. But



"WHEN HE AND I FACED ONE ANOTHER WITH OUR FINGERS ON OUR TRIGGERS"

—I spoke with the boldness of knowledge—"she will marry me all the same." There was further silence for five minutes, ticked out by the clock.

"For Margaret's sake, then," he said at length, "we meet as if we had never met before. For Margaret's sake because the child loves you; and because you will be good to her."

"Before Heaven —"

"Yes, yes! Do you think I would parley with you, if I had any doubt of *that*? But hear me, Henry Nugent. If ever I find that you were in any way connected with *her* death; if ever I find that you in any way planned it —"

"I did not," I said.

"If ever I find that you saw it coming,

and would not stop it—I shall tell Margaret of that—aye, and of other things in your life.”

“Atoned for by ten years of hard work and good life,” I claimed.

“Atoned or unatoned, I shall tell her. And it will be my utmost effort to bring you within the arm of the law as a coward, and a murderer.”

“I am neither,” said I.

“I have in this house,” he went on, drumming the table with his fingers, “the bullet which killed her, and the revolver from which it was fired—an unusual make at that time and place. I have here several other clues, and I am spending some thousands of pounds to trace them to the end. For Margaret’s sake, may none of them tend in any way to incriminate you.”

“They will not,” I said. At the time I think he believed me. Anyhow, for months he tolerated my presence; shook hands with me when I came and went; was civil to me before people; agreed to a date for the wedding; and if our conversation was cold and formal, people knew that he was a reserved man, and noticed nothing strange.

Then, by some diabolical turn of events—perhaps through the associations recalled by my presence—the clues converged, and pointed to my hand as that which fired the shot. It was an accident, I swear, by all that’s holy.

He sent me a short, sharp summons to see him in the library, where I now sat. When I came he behaved like a madman. His face worked in every muscle, and the perspiration rolled down his forehead. His voice hissed like a serpent’s, his finger-tips rattled upon the table, and his limbs shook as he raved at me. I will not write down the words that he said. Had he been anyone but Margaret’s brother, I would have caught him by the throat, and strangled him as he stood.

The pith of what he said was this. The evidence he had gathered together, aided by the clues in his hands, was sufficient to prove that in the drunken, gambling fracas, twelve years ago, I had shot the woman. This, though an everyday occurrence in the wild mining settle-

ment, where people carried their lives in their hand, was manslaughter, if not murder, in the cold eyes of the English law. Moreover, there were episodes in my previous life which, though not legally punishable, would be worse than crimes to Margaret’s view. For her sake, he said, he gave me three days in which to leave her without explanation, or be handed over to the law and dishonoured in her eyes.

In vain I pleaded her love for me, and his for her.

“Do you think,” he shrieked, “that no one else has loved but you? Coward! murderer!”

I kept my hands off him still, because he was her brother; and I staggered out into the night, afraid to meet the eyes of men—I, who had atoned for my youthful follies by ten years of good and honest life.

Next morning there came a little pencilled note from Margaret—*my* Margaret—saying that her brother was stricken with brain-fever, and that at the third day the crisis would come, when he would recover or die.

It happened as they foretold. For three days he lay in the fever, tossing restlessly on his bed, and crying out incoherent things about Australia and a woman and Margaret and me, to which no one attached any serious meaning. For three days I went backwards and forwards to his house in an agony of suspense, and concealed my feelings under a calm, grave exterior. I drew my money from its investments, and carried it with me; and my bag was packed and waiting at Charing Cross station. Now the crisis had come, and I could do nothing, only sit and wonder whether he would live or die.

If he should live there was only one point to consider: whether I should fly alone or tell Margaret and take her with me. I knew she would come. In which way should I break her heart—my loving Margaret?

But there was the other chance: he might die! I pictured myself with Margaret, and children at our knees, growing slowly old in an honoured and useful life; with my business prospering

and my friends growing dearer as we aged together; with the past sinking deeper into the past, and hope always bright in the future—if he should die! My fingers played the words on the table, my feet tapped them on the floor, my life-blood throbbed them in my pulses, my watch ticked them in my pocket, the passers in the street walked to their rhythm: if he dies—if he dies!

I opened the window, my breath came in such stifling gasps; and afar a clock struck twelve. I gripped the back of a chair and clenched my teeth in my excitement. Still there was no sign—nothing but an occasional soft footfall in the room overhead, where Geoffrey Dane, my enemy, lay struggling with the fever.

It was about one o'clock when the door opened and Margaret came quietly into the room. I closed the window, seeing her shiver, and put my arm round her waist. I drew her shawl more closely round her with my other hand, and her head drooped wearily upon my shoulder.

"It will be some hours yet, the doctors say," she told me, "before they can tell if he will live."

"Or die," said my heart. But my lips said nothing.

"O, Harry, I do not know how to bear this suspense!"

"Nor I," I said huskily.

"It means *everything* to me—except you." To me it might mean even her.

We stood together awhile; then I stooped down in front of the empty grate and lit a little fire to warm her. She stood close beside me whilst I did so, and touched me now and then on the shoulder, as if she did not like me to be far away. Then we sat side by side on the sofa.

"It troubles me most of all," she said pitifully, "to think that he may not be at peace with everyone. Don't you think, Harry, that that is the most terrible thing of all?"

"It is a terrible thing," I answered.

"For I cannot help thinking that this is what the bullet and things mean. Do you not think so?"

"Yes, I think so." My lips twitched and she noticed.

"It need not trouble *you* so much," she murmured, "my kind dear! You mustn't let it."

"I cannot help it," I cried sharply. Then we were silent again.

"Perhaps we may be mistaken. Perhaps he has forgiven; or perhaps he would forgive—now. Let us hope so."

"Yes; we will hope so," I replied quietly. But I had no hope. Then there was another period of silence.

At last Margaret looked at me with big, solemn eyes. "Harry dear," she said, "let us pray—for my brother's life—that he may be spared—to us who love him!" A madman's cry almost escaped my lips, but I checked it. "Pray with me," she entreated. And we knelt side by side.

"O, God, spare my brother," she said, in her clear voice, "if it be Thy will."

"If it be Thy will," I repeated.

"And if it be Thy will that he should go"—her voice faltered—"let him first forgive his enemies."

"Forgive his enemies!" The words seemed forced from my lips.

"And leave us in peace."

"Leave us in peace," I echoed fervently.

We bowed our heads upon our hands, and again there was no sound. Whenever I looked up the tears were trickling through her fingers. At feverish intervals I prayed for happiness for her; but for him I prayed neither for life nor death. After a time we rose and sat side by side again, still keeping silence. It was nearly five o'clock when the nurse came to summon her upstairs.

"The turning-point will come within half an hour. Let us hope for the best—"

"But you fear?" asked Margaret.

"One can never tell," said she soothingly. "There is always hope of life." And sometimes there is hope also of death.

"Yes, yes," I said, "we will hope for the best."

"Will you not come?" asked Margaret wistfully, turning to me.

"Perhaps—I am afraid"—I looked appealingly at the nurse—"my presence might excite him, considering how he has talked of me."

"Yes, it might," said she coolly. "Come, my dear." She took Margaret's arm protectingly. I could see that she thought me a coward who feared to see death. How should she know the fear of life? So they went slowly out, and left me alone.

I walked to the window, and pulled up the blind. The prolonged strain had deadened my faculties a little, and for

ing the room, lest I should think, and wish that he might die.

If he lived! The birds twittered it as they woke in the trees, and fluttered to and from upon the eaves; and I heard it in the wakening city's indescribable hum. I clenched my hands, and turned away from the window to watch the white bust on the sideboard—Carlyle, saver of souls!—grow brighter and



"AND WE KNELT SIDE BY SIDE"

some ten minutes I gazed vacantly across the square at the housetops turning from black to grey, and at the moon growing pale in the coming light. The world looked dreary and lonely, and something in the greyness and desolation comforted me. Then, as the light grew stronger, my mind seemed waking again into cruel thought. I forced my attention to the brightening edges of the clouds in the east, to the sharpening of the housetops' outlines against the sky, to the track of the light that was invad-

brighter, as if it were giving out the light which shone upon it. "For the first of all Gospels is this, that a lie cannot endure for ever!" These were the words that he said. Now it was going to end—my lie—if he lived! No, it was the past that was a lie, not the present. Ten years of good life, one year of Margaret, had made me a man again. It was no lie. I went back to the old lie—if he lived.

If he lived! Not think of it? I *must* think of it. I saw myself with my head

bowed before Margaret to escape the agony in her eyes. I saw myself dependent on her love and pity, and no more her valiant protector and guide. No, it should not be—I would put the world between us sooner!

If he lived—and I went away? I saw Margaret standing by the window, with her face grown thin, her eyes listless, and her lips compressed and hard, looking for my return, which never came. I fancied her step grown slower, and her voice softer—that was always so soft—and her fingers thinner, that were already

white and thin. I thought that she staggered a little and pressed her hand to her side; and I saw her eyes mutely calling, calling——! And from my lips there came a hoarse murmur, "O God, let him die! Let him die!"

Suddenly there was a movement above; then a footfall upon the stairs. The door opened, and Margaret, with her hair fallen about her face, staggered into my arms.

"God has heard our prayers!" she cried. "He lives!"

IN APRIL

WITH ever a lighter note,
With ever a merrier rhyme,
I live as a bird that has tuned his throat
To joy for his mating time.

My heart at the dawn doth thrill,
And mine eyelids swift upleap—
Tho' I say to my heart, "Be still, be still!"
Tho' I say to mine eyes, "O, sleep!"

The glory of day comes in,
And I catch at the hands of the sun;
And I ask, tho' I know, "Do I win, do I win?"
And the bright eye smiles, "You have won!"

The trees at my window move,
To show me their buds that ope.
O, the world is decked in a flush of Love,
And belted around with Hope!

There, on the green below,
The crocuses mingle and meet—
Some gold, some purple, some white as the snow
That melted and left them sweet.

So, love has come sweet to me
Who waited the winter thro'.
O, the gladdest of all glad men is he
Who knows that his love is true.

J. J. BELL



FIG. 1

The National Thirst

WRITTEN BY HAROLD MACFARLANE. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



HERE was once a man who lived fifty-four years, and then died suddenly. The tables of statistics show conclusively that there have been instances known of other men who have died at the same age, but the surprising part of the affair consists in the

fact that the man ever lived as long as he did. The only funeral oration spoken over the deceased came from the lips of one whose identity is hidden under the anonymity of "A Juror": reflectively he quoth, "What a customer the whisky people have lost!" and the words were as full of truth as the departed man was wont to be of spirits. For fifteen years the thirsty one had partaken every night of eighteen half-quarterns of whisky, and of ale and stout no man reckoned any more than they did of his morning and afternoon beverages. The man died suddenly at the age of fifty-four, and it was not drink that killed him.

We are not all so thirsty as the afore-mentioned individual, however. We like our glass of beer—perhaps we like two glasses—but books that are Blue tell us that in the year we are individually content with less than thirty-one gallons of that beverage "called ale among men, but by the gods called beer"; of wine, three and one-fifth pints, and of spirits rather

over one gallon, are, on an average, sufficient for our needs. In addition to these intoxicants the Londoner on an average receives for all purposes thirty-eight gallons of water daily; a good portion of this he uses perhaps for his matutinal tub—perhaps he doesn't—but whatever purpose he puts it to we are ready to pledge our word that he does not drink it all. For the purpose of our calculations we have decided that our typical Londoner (and indeed each inhabitant of the United Kingdom) uses one two-hundred-and-third part of his daily water allowance for drinking purposes, and out of this daily one pint and a-half he makes his tea, coffee, cocoa, soda water, &c., and the "&c." includes a variety of fluids known as temperance drinks, together with that amount of the liquid that he drinks in its natural, un-

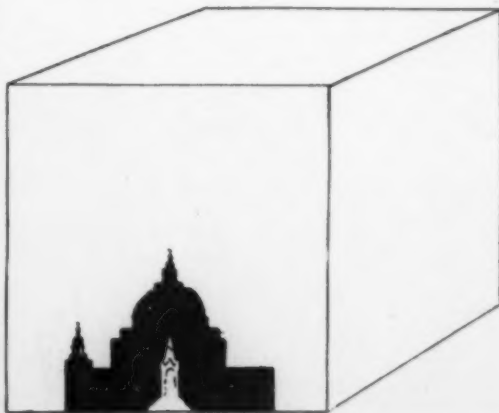


FIG. 2



FIG. 3

diluted state—the latter item, we are afraid, does not amount to much.

Fig. 1 represents the daily allowance (with two exceptions) of drinkables which each individual in the United Kingdom is entitled to according to the laws of averages: each of the glasses, holding, when full of liquid, half a pint, is filled to a different height varying with the allowance. Of beer, we see, we

are entitled to one full glass and one-sixth of a full glass, or, to be exact, 0.6728 pints a day; of wine our daily allowance would have to be measured with a "dropper," for in thirty days our 008,769 pints will only amount to a quarter of a pint, or half an ordinary tumblerful; and as the same amount of spirits is allowed to us every twelve days, this shows that our appreciation for spirits is just two and a-half times as great as our taste for wine. In allowing each inhabitant of Great Britain and Ireland a solitary pint and a-half of drinking water and less than a gill of milk per diem, we feel that we are not doing the Temperance cause justice, but we desire, when using arbitrary figures, to be well within the margin that borders on exaggeration; let us hasten to add that the calculation regarding the various beverages in the bulk are entirely satisfactory from the water-drinkers' point of view. (Brewery shareholders have no reason to grumble either.)

"But my doctor will not allow me to touch beer, wine or spirits, except the merest thimbleful purely as a medicine, and I have several glasses of milk a day," exclaims a dear lady.

"Madam," we reply, "there is some one somewhere in the United Kingdom, *et al* fifty-four or more or less, who daily sacrifices himself on your behalf, and perhaps that of others, by drinking your portion of beer as well as that of other non-beer drinkers in addition to his own share; moreover, he gallantly hands over his milk-jug to you saying, 'You want it more than I do.'"

"What generosity, what nobleness of character!" she urges. We turn to fresh facts.

In 1820 the number of inhabitants per square mile of the United Kingdom was 148, in 1890 the figures had increased to 184, and in this year of grace they are still greater; when we consider that there are 121,000 square miles thus covered, it follows that we are a fairly numerous family, and we are therefore not surprised when we learn that in the year we manage to drink over 1,212 million gallons of beer, 15,800,000 gallons of wine, almost forty million gallons of



FIG. 4



FIG. 5

spirits, not to mention 395 million gallons of milk and over 2,703 million gallons of water: we are not surprised, nor should we be if the figures were ten times as great or ten times as little, as it is almost impossible in the form of figures to realise their immensity. We see at a glance, however, that we

drink more than two and a-half times as much spirits as wine, exactly twenty-five times more milk than wine, seventy-six and three-quarter times more beer than

wine, and our wine is diluted with water in the proportion of 1 to 171. To show this pictorially we should, if we allowed the column representing our consumption of wine to be one inch high, require a page 14 feet 3 inches long in order to get in the water column. We quickly abandoned the idea of graphically portraying the difference.

Fig. 2, we observe, represents a large cube with a blot on one side. The cube represents a block of ice, which, if melted, would transform itself into a respectable flood and 2,703 million gallons of water, our drinking-water allowance. The cube is not far short

of 780 feet long (776·58 feet, accurately speaking), and being a cube its other dimensions are similar. Its contents include 17,350,200 cubic yards of material, which does not compare very favourably with the amount contained in the great Wall of China, which contains over 230 millions; but they serve a far more useful purpose. The base of this huge iceberg rests on almost fourteen acres of ground, which is larger than either "Lords," or the "Oval," and is about one-thirtieth part the area of Hyde Park. With regard to the blot, its dimensions (length and height) are those of St. Paul's Cathedral drawn on the same scale as the cube, and the object inside St. Paul's shows the relative height of the Albert Memorial as compared to the ice-cube. Before dismissing the cube we would point out that its weight is equivalent to that of seventeen hundred and twenty-four Eiffel Towers as made in France, and is a subject that cannot be treated lightly.

The parallelogram A B C D in Fig. 3 represents a map of Beer Lake, a tract of liquid remarkable for its uniformity of coast-line: partially superposed and partially stretching far beyond "Alefoot," we see a plan of Thirlmere as it is, now



DEERWATER AND CAUSEY PIKE



THIRLMERE FROM THE DAM

that the good people of Manchester have turned it into their reservoir and raised the water level. It may be remarked that the breadth of Beer Lake is greater than that of Thirlmere, and that that part of the former lake marked black, which shows the portion of the lake not covered by the reservoir, would more than cover the southern end of the mere; but although the breadth of Beer Lake (half a mile) is as great as the widest portion of Conistön, West Water, or Grasmere, and its length is equal to that of the latter lake added to Buttermere, it must be mentioned that there are parts of Thirlmere over one hundred feet deep, whilst Beer Lake has a uniform depth of only two yards. There are few more beautiful sights than the landscape

spread before one when standing on the great dam on an autumn afternoon when the leaves are turning red or yellow; but alas, we cannot deny the fact that some there be, *at* fifty-four, or more or less, who would gladly exchange the glorious colours of Thirlmere's foliage for the deep amber of the Lake of Beer.

After this sad reflection it is comforting to know that to hold one year's drinking-water supply, a lake

would have to be made five miles and one hundred yards long (Beer Lake is less than two and a quarter miles in length), half a mile broad, and six feet deep: that is to say, the length would be half that of Windermere or as long as Derwentwater, Grasmere, Rydalmere, and Brothers Water put together, which



BOWDER STONE, BORROWDALE

compares very favourably with the pond containing our spirit consumption for one year, the dimensions of which are six feet deep, 100 yards wide, and 1,184 yards long; moreover, whereas the skating on the former might be extremely good, the latter sheet of liquid would never be a popular resort—at all events, not for skating.

Our fourth figure represents a small portion of Derwentwater and Lords Island, with Causey Pike in the background, and an exaggerated and particularly dirty-looking milk-can very prominent beside it. The dimensions of the milk-can, except its height, are not drawn to scale; but it is 100 yards broad and 100 feet deep, and it contains our yearly milk supply of 395 million gallons. Causey Pike is 2,050 feet high, and our milk-can is 2,111 3·5 feet tall, or more than twice the height of the original Eiffel Tower; the difference in the height of the can and the mountain appears greater than 61 feet would justify, but this is accounted for by the fact that the height of the Pike is calculated from the sea level, whilst the can stands at the level of the lake—about 280 feet above the level of the sea.

The fountains in Trafalgar Square, which were designed by Barry, throw 500 gallons a minute when in play; if, instead of working thirteen hours a day in the summer and seven in the winter, as is now their practice, they were kept working night and day, summer and winter, and they threw a jet of milk instead of water, they would at the end of the sidereal year have emptied two-thirds of the afore-mentioned grimy-looking milk-can, *i.e.*, the level of the milk left in the can would only be four and a-half times as high as Nelson's monument, statue and all.

With regard to the amount expended on their yearly thirst by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, it is difficult to form an estimate; but if we put the sum for intoxicants alone at ninety-nine million pounds, we are assuredly not erring on the side of exaggeration. Ninety-nine millions is a large sum; if taken in the form of sovereigns, these would, when touching rim to rim, extend from Plymouth to Madeira as the steamer ploughs, or from London to beyond Malta or Bucharest, or almost to St. Petersburg, as the crow flies—if that bird does fly to those regions. Laid three abreast, the sovereigns would make a narrow path down the Great North Road from London to Edinburgh, and leave over thirteen million sovereigns unemployed. The same millions, if run up in columns as high as Scafell Pike, would provide one hundred and fifty-five such columns, with a small cairn left over, consisting of £280,238.

The parallelogram A B C D, in Fig. 5, represents a curtain of sovereigns 340 feet high and 107 feet wide, formed of 1,467 columns of sovereigns—their number totals close upon 98,685,000. Looming through the curtain, as if the latter were but a native fog, we see, by the kind agency of Röntgen or other potent rays, the Victoria Tower of the Palace of Westminster drawn on the same scale as the curtain, and, it is hoped, that we thus get from the comparison some idea regarding the cost of the national thirst for intoxicants. We can only add that the weight of the millions we thus expend would, if in the shape of sovereigns, amount to over 778 tons, or two-thirds of the reputed weight of that bulky pebble known in Borrowdale as the Bowder Stone.



Photography and Exploration

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE is more to be said about photography and photographers than artists who cannot think of anything but art have any idea of. Because photography, besides being as artistic as is possible to a more

suspicious of too much chatter about art, remembering this practice of the owl. And all this we set forth as a preface, because there is apt to be some scoffing in more or less æsthetic circles about what is called "mere photography."



T.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT AND PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK

or less mechanical process, can be of the greatest value apart from art altogether. There is an immense deal of talk about art nowadays, and that is often the case when no very big thing in art is being done. The Owl of Minerva, it has been said, does not begin its flight until the shadows begin to fall: which, by a free translation, means that philosophy is wise after the event, but asleep at the shaping of it. So we do well to be

For this article, as it happens, is all about a photographer who has travelled in far places and seen many strange things. When he was only twenty-one years of age Mr. J. Thomson, who is now by Royal warrant photographer to her Majesty the Queen, had the pluck to follow the example of so many of his compatriots—Scotsmen, of course—and visit foreign lands through the mere love of roaming, and desire to see and know

things undreamed of by the multitude. After studying at Edinburgh University, where, under Professor Playfair, who then filled the Chair of Chemistry, he learned much that was invaluable to him in after years, Mr. Thomson was seized with the idea of exploring more or less unknown countries with as little baggage as possible beyond a camera, which in these days was almost baggage enough. His first expedition was to

result of his explorations; and, nothing daunted, set forth again on a much more protracted and dangerous voyage of discovery through China.

"And what do you think of the Chinese?" a representative of *The Ludgate* asked Mr. Thomson.

"I like them," he said, "and formed, on the whole, a very good opinion of them. Like the Turks, the people are good, but the government is rotten. At



THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY AND CHILDREN

Cambodia, which lies between Siam and Tonquin. There he saw and photographed architectural remains of palaces and temples that in their days could not have been surpassed in grandeur and sculptural adornment throughout the whole of India. On his return to this country Mr. Thomson read papers about his travels before many of the learned societies. Ultimately he published in volume form, with many interesting photographs, the

the seaport towns, of course, the Chinese are not so admirable in their general behaviour; but the seaport towns have not a good reputation anywhere. In the interior, however, I found them generally quiet, simple and inoffensive."

"Were you never in danger of your life travelling alone among them?"

"Several times," said Mr. Thomson. "They are barbarians and very superstitious. Besides, they—especially the governing classes—have a natural hatred

of all 'foreign devils.' And if a 'foreign devil' carries a camera about with him he must do it to a certain extent at his own risk. On one occasion I

terrible spectacle to them with the black cloth over your head? They would naturally enough think you were something uncanny."



LORD ELGIN'S DAUGHTER

remember I was at Fatshan, and was taking a photograph of something that interested me. My position was close to the bank of the river, and I had hardly noticed that a silent crowd had slowly gathered around me. Suddenly some one raised a shout, and the next moment I was surrounded by a yelling mob of maniacs. Resistance was impossible, and my camera and I were flung into the river. I should certainly have shared the fate of my camera and remained permanently at the bottom of the river had not some Chinamen who were in a boat near at hand taken compassion on me and come to my rescue. That was a very narrow escape."

"I daresay you presented rather a

"Yes, Chinamen have a curious notion of photography. They imagine that photographers have some secret and mysterious means of melting down the eyes of little children with which they are able to make their pictures."

"Certainly a photograph is very different from a Chinese picture. The very difference might suggest something unnatural in the means adopted to produce it."

"Perhaps. Anyway, the fear of it is not restricted to the masses, but is shared by all classes; at least it was so in the sixties. On one occasion I had travelled very far inland, about fourteen hundred miles up the Yang-tsi, and was taking a photograph of a rapid. A Mandarin who was travelling in considerable state had his curiosity excited, and inquired of me what I was doing. Many questions I had to answer, for the Chinese are very inquisitive. At length I approached the Mandarin to show him some of the photographs I had taken. The effect on him was instantaneous. He shrank from me as though I was plague-stricken, and hurried off to the village whither I myself was going, where he informed the villagers that the devil himself was on his way to visit them. Accordingly, when I did show my face among them, I had what I suppose may be called a characteristically hot reception. Bricks and stones and mud were thrown at me, and I found it impossible to make them listen to reason. One rather curious

incident struck me at the time as showing that the Chinaman's reverence for his parents does not always begin when they are alive. The Mandarin had spread the report that anyone who happened to be photographed was certain to die soon from the evil effects of the operation. All the children were withdrawn from my evil influence, lest, I suppose, I should levy toll upon their eyes; but all the old people in the village were left entirely to my tender mercies. My adventures, however, for that day were not yet quite at an end. Seeing no chance of hospitality among those who took me for the devil, I returned to where I had left my boat and crossed to the other side of the river. The boats are very long, and the oars of immense length. They are worked from the stern, so that the boat can be turned round as if on a pivot. When I was crossing, a Chinaman in another boat thought himself wily enough to capsize the devil, even though he was a Scotsman. When I was within easy reach of his oar he accordingly swung it round so as to strike and capsize me into the river. Seeing his intention, however, I flung myself against the oar, with the result that it was the Chinaman and not the devil who got a good drenching. He was picked up a little below the rapids, not much the worse for his fall."

"Doubtless he was convinced by that time that it was impossible to contend with the devil. Were you ever compelled to kill anyone in self-defence?"

"No," said Mr. Thomson with evi-

dent satisfaction, "I was not. The principle on which I travelled was that of the old Spanish proverb, that he who travels gently travels slow, and he who travels slow travels far."

"But when you travelled so far inland you must have experienced great difficulty in procuring the means to carry on your photographic experiments."

"That is so," said Mr. Thomson. "All the illustrations in my book on China were taken by means of wet collodion plates, and I had to make them all myself. It was then that I found my knowledge of chemistry stand me in great stead."



"CHUMS"

"Did you go in for collecting old china and other curios?"

"I wish I had, and I should have been a very rich man to-day. In the sixties



MRS. GROVE AND HER CHILDREN

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when I was there I could have bought for a few shillings things that are now valued at hundreds of pounds."

"How long is it since you have taken to photography professionally?"

"About a dozen years ago. I presented a copy of my work on China to her Majesty, and when I started here at Grosvenor Street she was pleased to appoint me 'Photographer to the Queen.' This photograph of her Majesty," said Mr. Thomson, pointing to one which certainly seemed to an amateur super-

coloured photographs, not to mention some very charming landscapes in oil by Mr. Thomson himself. In another room were to be seen many backgrounds, against which some of the most beautiful and distinguished ladies in the land have sat to be photographed. Mr. Thomson paints these himself in black and white, and their depth and suggestiveness prove Mr. Thomson an artist. He gained the gold medal for photography in the great Paris Exhibition of 1889. For his work on China Mr. Thomson



BROTHER AND SISTER

latively good, "is the last I have done. The Dowager-Empress Frederick, who is an artist herself of some repute, thinks it the most beautifully modelled one of the Queen she has ever seen. Indeed, the Empress has worked upon it herself. No," continued Mr. Thomson, reflectively, "I don't think I can improve upon that."

Mr. Thomson's studio is filled with beautiful examples of his art, not only in photography but in miniatures, some of which have been done by his own hand. Pastels also you may there see, and

also received a medal and diploma from the International Geographical Congress of Paris. But, perhaps, the most delightful illustration of Mr. Thomson's work as a photographer is to be seen in the catalogues of works of art belonging to such great collections as those of Mr. Alfred Rothschild, the Duke of Bedford, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild and the late Sir Richard Wallace. The extraordinary delicacy and beauty of his reproductions of these priceless works of art must be seen to be appreciated.



WRITTEN BY STEPHEN CRANE. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THEY were youths of subtle mind. They were very wicked according to report, and yet they managed to have it reflect great credit upon them. They often had the well-informed and the great talkers of the American colony engaged in reciting their misdeeds, and facts relating to their sins were usually told with a flourish of awe and fine admiration.

One was from San Francisco and one was from New York, but they resembled each other in appearance. This is an idiosyncrasy of geography.

They were never apart in the city of Mexico—at any rate, excepting perhaps when one had retired to his hotel for a respite, and then the other was usually camped down at the office sending up servants with clamorous messages. “O, get up and come on down.”

They were two lads—they were called the kids—and far from their mothers. Occasionally some wise man pitied them, but he usually was alone in his wisdom. The other folk frankly were transfixed at the splendour of the audacity and endurance of these kids.

“When do those boys ever sleep?” murmured a man as he viewed them entering a café about eight o’clock one

morning. Their smooth infantile faces looked bright and fresh enough, at any rate. “Jim told me he saw them still at it about 4.30 this morning.”

“Sleep!” ejaculated a companion in a glowing voice. “They never sleep! They go to bed once in every two weeks.” His boast of it seemed almost a personal pride.

“They’ll end with a crash, though, if they keep it up at this pace,” said a gloomy voice from behind a newspaper.

The Café Colorado has a front of white and gold, in which is set larger plate-glass windows than are commonly to be found in Mexico. Two little wings of willow flip-flapping incessantly serve as doors. Under them small stray dogs go furtively into the café, and are shied into the street again by the waiters. On the side-walk there is always a decorative effect of loungers, ranging from the newly-arrived and superior tourist to the old veteran of the silver mines bronzed by violent suns. They contemplate with various shades of interest the show of the street—the red, purple, dusty white, glaring forth against the walls in the furious sunshine.

One afternoon the kids strolled into the Café Colorado. A half-dozen of the

men who sat smoking and reading with a sort of Parisian effect at the little tables which lined two sides of the room, looked up and bowed smiling, and although this coming of the kids was anything but an unusual event, at least a dozen men wheeled in their chairs to stare after them. Three waiters polished tables, and moved chairs noisily, and appeared to be eager. Distinctly these kids were of importance.

Behind the distant bar, the tall form of old Pop himself awaited them smiling with broad geniality. "Well, my boys, how are you?" he cried in a voice of profound solicitude. He allowed five or six of his customers to languish in the care of Mexican bar-tenders, while he himself gave his eloquent attention to the kids, lending all the dignity of a great event to their arrival. "How are the boys to-day, eh?"

"You're a smooth old guy," said one, eyeing him. "Are you giving us this welcome so we won't notice it when you push your worst whisky at us?"

Pop turned in appeal from one kid to the other kid. "There, now, hear that, will you?" He assumed an oratorical pose. "Why, my boys, you always get the best that this house has got."

"Yes, we do!" The kids laughed. "Well, bring it out, anyhow, and if it's the same you sold us last night, we'll grab your cash register and run."

Pop whirled a bottle along the bar and then gazed at it with a rapt expression. "Fine as silk," he murmured. "Now just taste that, and if it isn't the best whisky you ever put in your face, why I'm a liar, that's all."

The kids surveyed him with scorn, and poured their allowances. Then they stood for a time insulting Pop about his whisky. "Usually it tastes exactly like new parlour furniture," said the San Francisco kid. "Well, here goes, and you want to look out for your cash register."

"Your health, gentlemen," said Pop with a grand air, and as he wiped his bristling grey moustaches he wagged his head with reference to the cash register question. "I could catch you before you got very far."

"Why, are you a runner?" said one derisively.

"You just bank on me, my boy," said Pop, with deep emphasis. "I'm a flier."

The kids sat down their glasses suddenly and looked at him. "You must be," they said. Pop was tall and graceful and magnificent in manner, but he did not display those qualities of form which mean speed in the animal. His hair was grey; his face was round and fat from much living. The buttons of his glittering white waistcoat formed a fine curve, so that if the concave surface of a piece of barrel-hoop had been laid against Pop it would have touched every button. "You must be," observed the kids again.

"Well, you can laugh all you like, but —no jolly now, boys, I tell you I'm a winner. Why, I bet you I can skin anything in this town on a square go. When I kept my place in Eagle Pass there wasn't anybody who could touch me. One of these sure things came down from San Anton. O, he was a runner he was. One of these people with wings. Well, I skinned 'im. What? Certainly I did. Never touched me."

The kids had been regarding him in grave silence, but at this moment they grinned, and said quite in chorus, "O, you old liar!"

Pop's voice took on a whining tone of earnestness. "Boys, I'm telling it to you straight. I'm a flier."

One of the kids had had a dreamy cloud in his eye and he cried out suddenly: "Say, what a joke to play this on Freddie."

The other jumped ecstatically. "O, wouldn't it though. Say, he wouldn't do a thing but howl! He'd go rrazy."

They looked at Pop as if they longed to be certain that he was, after all, a runner. "Now, Pop, on the leve," said one of them, wistfully, "can you run?"

"Boys," swore Pop, "I'm a peach! On the dead level I'm a peach."

"By golly, I believe the old Indian can run," said one to the other, as if they were alone in confidence.

"That's what I can," cried Pop.

The kids said: "Well, so long, old man." They went to a table and sat

down. They ordered a salad. They were always ordering salads. This was because one kid had a wild passion for salads, and the other didn't care. So at any hour of the day they might be seen ordering a salad. When this one came they went into a sort of executive session. It was a very long consultation. Men noted it. Occasionally the kids laughed in supreme enjoyment of something unknown. The low rumble of wheels came from the street. Often could be heard the parrot-like cries of distant vendors. The sunlight streamed through the green curtains, and made little amber-coloured flutterings on the marble floor. High up among the severe decorations of the ceiling—reminiscent of the days when the great building was a palace—a small white butterfly was wending through the cool air spaces. The long billiard hall led back to a vague gloom. The balls were always clicking, and one could see countless crooked elbows. Beggars slunk through the wicker doors, and were ejected by the nearest waiter. At last the kids called Pop to them.

"Sit down, Pop. Have a drink." They scanned him carefully. "Say now, Pop, on your solemn oath, can you run?"

"Boys," said Pop piously, and raising his hand, "I can run like a rabbit."

"On your oath?"

"On my oath."

"Can you beat Freddie?"

Pop appeared to look at the matter from all sides. "Well, boys, I'll tell you. No man is ever cock-sure of anything in this world, and I don't want to say that I can best any man, but I've seen Freddie run, and I'm ready to swear I can beat him. In a hundred yards I'd just about skin 'im neat—you understand, just about neat. Freddie is a good average runner, but I—you understand—I'm just—a little—bit—better." The kids had been listening with the utmost attention. Pop spoke the latter part slowly and meanfully. They thought he intended them to see his great confidence.

One said: "Pop, if you throw us in this thing, we'll come here and drink for two weeks without paying. We'll back

you and work a josh on Freddie! But O!—if you throw us!"

To this menace Pop cried: "Boys, I'll make the run of my life! On my oath!"

The salad having vanished, the kids arose. "All right, now," they warned him. "If you play us for duffers, we'll get square. Don't you forget it."

"Boys, I'll give you a race for your money. Book on that. I may lose—understand, I may lose—no man can help meeting a better man. But I think I can skin him, and I'll give you a run for your money, you bet."

"All right, then. But, look here," they told him, "you keep your face closed. Nobody gets in on this but us. Understand?"

"Not a soul," Pop declared. They left him, gesturing a last warning from the wicker doors.

In the street they saw Benson, his cane gripped in the middle, strolling through the white-clothed jabbering natives on the shady side. They semaphored to him eagerly. He came across cautiously, like a man who ventures into dangerous company.

"We're going to get up a race. Pop and Fred. Pop swears he can skin 'im. This is a tip. Keep it dark. Say, won't Freddie be hot!"

Benson looked as if he had been compelled to endure these exhibitions of insanity for a century. "O, you fellows are off. Pop can't beat Freddie. He's an old bat. Why, it's impossible. Pop can't beat Freddie."

"Can't he? Want to bet he can't?" said the kids. "There now, let's see—you're talking so large."

"Well, you——"

"O, bet. Bet or else close your trap. That's the way."

"How do you know you can pull off the race. Seen Freddie?"

"No, but——"

"Well, see him then. Can't bet with no race arranged. I'll bet with you, all right—all right. I'll give you fellows a tip though—you're a pair of asses. Pop can't run any faster than a brick school-house."

The kids scowled at him and defiantly



"THE KIDS HAD MUCH BUSINESS WITH CERTAIN ORANGE, RED, BLUE, PURPLE AND GREEN BILLS"

said: "Can't he?" They left him and went to the Casa Verde. Freddie, beautiful in his white jacket, was holding one of his innumerable conversations across the bar. He smiled when he saw them. "Where you boys been?" he demanded, in a paternal tone. Almost all the proprietors of American cafés in the city used to adopt a paternal tone when they spoke to the kids.

"O, been 'round," they replied.

"Have a drink?" said the proprietor

of the Casa Verde, forgetting his other social obligation. During the course of this ceremony one of the kids remarked: "Freddie, Pop says he can beat you running."

"Does he?" observed Freddie without excitement. He was used to various snares of the kids.

"That's what. He says he can leave you at the wire and not see you again."

"Well, he lies," replied Freddie placidly.

"And I'll bet you a bottle of wine that he can do it, too."

"Rats!" said Freddie.

"O, that's all right," pursued a kid. "You can throw bluffs all you like, but he can lose you in a hundred yards dash, you bet."

Freddie drank his whisky, and then settled his elbows on the bar.

"Say, now, what do you boys keep coming in here with some pipe-story all the time for? You can't josh me. Do you think you can scare me about Pop? Why, I know I can beat him. He can't run with me. Certainly not. Why you fellows are just jollying me."

"Are we, though," said the kids. "You daren't bet the bottle of wine."

"O, of course, I can bet you a bottle of wine," said Freddie disdainfully. "Nobody cares about a bottle of wine, but——"

"Well, make it five, then," advised one of the kids.

Freddie hunched his shoulders. "Why, certainly I will. Make it ten if you like, but——"

"We do," they said.

"Ten, is it? All right; that goes." A look of weariness came over Freddie's face. "But you boys are foolish. I tell you Pop is an old man. How can you expect him to run? Of course, I'm no great runner, but then I'm young and healthy and—and a pretty smooth runner, too. Pop is old and fat, and then he doesn't do a thing but tank all day. It's a clinch."

The kids looked at him and laughed rapturously. They waved their fingers at him. "Ah, there!" they cried. They meant they had made a victim of him.

But Freddie continued to expostulate. "I tell you he couldn't win—an old man like him. You're crazy. Of course, I know you don't care about ten bottles of wine, but, then—to make such bets as that. You're twisted."

"Are we, though?" cried the kids in mockery. They had precipitated Freddie into a long and thoughtful treatise on every possible chance of the thing as he saw it. They disputed with him from time to time, and jeered at him. He laboured on through his argument.

Their childish faces were bright with glee.

In the midst of it Wilburson entered. Wilburson worked; not too much, though. He had hold of the Mexican end of a great importing house of New York, and as he was a junior partner he worked. But not too much, though. "What's the howl?" he said.

The kids giggled. "We've got Freddie rattled."

"Why," said Freddie, turning to him, "these two Indians are trying to tell me that Pop can beat me running."

"Like the devil," said Wilburson, incredulously.

"Well, can't he?" demanded a kid.

"Why, certainly not," said Wilburson, dismissing every possibility of it with a gesture. "That old bat? Certainly not. I'll bet fifty dollars that Freddie——"

"Take you," said a kid.

"What?" said Wilburson, "that Freddie won't beat Pop?"

The kid that had spoken now nodded his head.

"That Freddie won't beat Pop?" repeated Wilburson.

"Yes. It's a go?"

"Why, certainly," retorted Wilburson. "Fifty? All right."

"Bet you five bottles on the side," ventured the other kid.

"Why, certainly," exploded Wilburson, wrathfully. "You fellows must take me for something easy. I'll take all those kinds of bets I can get. Cer—tain—ly."

They settled the details. The course was to be paced off on the asphalt of one of the adjacent side-streets, and then, at about eleven o'clock in the evening, the match would be run. Usually in Mexico the streets of a city grow lonely and dark but a little after nine o'clock. There are occasional lurking figures, perhaps, but no crowds, lights and noise. The course would doubtless be undisturbed. As for the policemen in the vicinity, they—well, they were conditionally amiable.

The kids went to see Pop; they told him of the arrangement, and then in deep tones they said, "O, Pop, if you throw us!"

Pop appeared to be a trifle shaken by

the weight of responsibility thrust upon him, but he spoke out bravely. "Boys, I'll pinch that race. Now you watch me. I'll pinch it."

The kids went then on some business of their own, for they were not seen again till evening. When they returned to the neighbourhood of the Café Colorado the usual stream of carriages was whirling along the calle. The wheels hummed on the asphalt, and the coachmen towered in their great sombreros. On the sidewalk a gazing crowd sauntered, the better class self-satisfied and proud, in their Derby hats and cutaway coats, the lower classes muffling their dark faces in their blankets, slipping along in leather sandals. An electric light sputtered and fumed over the throng. The afternoon shower had left the pavé wet and glittering. The air was still laden with the odour of rain on flowers, grass, leaves.

In the Café Colorado a cosmopolitan crowd ate, drank, played billiards, gossiped or read in the glaring yellow light. When the kids entered a large circle of men that had been gesticulating near the bar greeted them with a roar.

"Here they are now!"

"O, you pair of peaches!"

"Say, got any more money to bet with?" Colonel Hammigan, grinning, pushed his way to them. "Say, boys, we'll all have a drink on you now because you won't have any money after eleven o'clock. You'll be going down the back stairs in your stocking feet."

Although the kids remained unnaturally serene and quiet, argument in the Café Colorado became tumultuous. Here and there a man who did not intend to bet ventured meekly that perchance Pop might win, and the others swarmed upon him in a whirlwind of angry denial and ridicule.

Pop, enthroned behind the bar, looked over at this storm with a shadow of anxiety upon his face. This widespread flouting affected him, but the kids looked blissfully satisfied with the tumult they had stirred.

Blanco, honest man, ever worrying for his friends, came to them. "Say, you fellows, you aren't betting too much?

This thing looks kind of shaky, don't it?"

The faces of the kids grew sober, and after consideration one said: "No, I guess we've got a good thing, Blanco. Pop is going to surprise them, I think."

"Well, don't——"

"All right, old boy. We'll watch out."

From time to time the kids had much business with certain orange, red, blue, purple, and green bills. They were making little memoranda on the back of visiting cards. Pop watched them closely, the shadow still upon his face. Once he called to them, and when they came he leaned over the bar and said intensely: "Say, boys, remember, now—I might lose this race. Nobody can ever say for sure, and if I do, why——"

"O, that's all right, Pop," said the kids, reassuringly. "Don't mind it. Do your derndest and let it go at that."

When they had left him, however, they went to a corner to consult. "Say, this is getting interesting. Are you in deep?" asked one anxiously of his friend.

"Yes, pretty deep," said the other stolidly. "Are you?"

"Deep as the devil," replied the other in the same tone.

They looked at each other stonily and went back to the crowd. Benson had just entered the café. He approached them with a gloating smile of victory. "Well, where's all that money you were going to bet?"

"Right here," said the kids, thrusting into their waistcoat pockets.

At eleven o'clock a curious thing was learned. When Pop and Freddie, the kids and all, came to the little side street, it was thick with people. It seemed that the news of this race had spread like the wind among the Americans, and they had come to witness the event. In the darkness the crowd moved, mumbling in argument.

The principals—the kids and those with them—surveyed this scene with some dismay. "Say—here's a go." Even then a policeman might be seen approaching, the light from his little lantern flickering on his white cap,



"ONCE A KID PUT HIS HEAD OUT OF THE WINDOW"

gloves, brass buttons, and on the butt of the old-fashioned Colt's revolver which hung at his belt. He addressed Freddie in swift Mexican. Freddie listened, nodding from time to time. Finally Freddie turned to the others to translate. "He says he'll get into trouble if

he allows this race when all this crowd is here."

There was a murmur of discontent. The policeman looked at them with an expression of anxiety on his broad, brown face.

"O, come on. We'll go hold it on

some other fellow's beat," said one of the kids. The group moved slowly away debating. Suddenly the other kid cried, "I know! The Paseo!"

"By jiminy," said Freddie, "just the thing. We'll get a cab and go out to the Paseo. S-s-h! Keep it quiet; we don't want all this mob."

Later they tumbled into a cab—Pop, Freddie, the kids, old Colonel Ham-migan and Benson. They whispered to the man who had wagered, "The Paseo." The cab whirled away up the black street. There were occasional grunts and groans, cries of "O, get off me feet," and of "Quit! you're killing me." Six people do not have fun in one cab. The principals spoke to each other with the respect and friendliness which comes to good men at such times. Once a kid put his head out of the window and looked backward. He pulled it in again and cried, "Great Scott! Look at that, would you!"

The others struggled to do as they were bid, and afterwards shouted, "Holy smoke! Well, I'll be blowed! Thunder and turf!"

Galloping after them came innumerable cabs, their lights twinkling, streaming in a great procession through the night.

"The street is full of them," ejaculated the old colonel.

The Paseo de la Reforma is the famous drive of the city of Mexico, leading to the Castle of Chapultepec, which last ought to be well known in the United States.

It is a fine broad avenue of macadam with a much greater quality of dignity than anything of the kind we possess in our own land. It seems of the old world, where to the beauty of the thing itself is added the solemnity of tradition and history, the knowledge that feet in buskins trod the same stones, that cavalcades of steel thundered there before the coming of carriages.

When the Americans tumbled out of their cabs the giant bronzes of Aztec and Spaniard loomed dimly above them like towers. The four roads of poplar trees rustled weirdly off there in the darkness. Pop took out his watch and

struck a match. "Well, hurry up this thing. It's almost midnight."

The other cabs came swarming, the drivers lashing their horses, for these Americans, who did all manner of strange things, nevertheless always paid well for it. There was a mighty hub-bub then in the darkness. Five or six men began to pace the distance and quarrel. Others knotted their handkerchiefs together to make a tape. Men were swearing over bets, fussing and fuming about the odds. Benson came to the kids swaggering. "You're a pair of asses." The cabs waited in a solid block down the avenue. Above the crowd the tall statues hid their visages in the night.

At last a voice floated through the darkness. "Are you ready there?" Everybody yelled excitedly. The men at the tape pulled it out straight. "Hold it higher, Jim, you fool," and silence fell then upon the throng. Men bended down trying to pierce the deep gloom with their eyes. From out at the starting point came muffled voices. The crowd swayed and jostled.

The racers did not come. The crowd began to fret, its nerves burning. "O, hurry up," shrilled some one.

The voice called again: "Ready there?" Everybody replied: "Yes, all ready. Hurry up!"

There was more muffled discussion at the starting point. In the crowd a man began to make a proposition. "I'll bet twenty—" but the crowd interrupted with a howl. "Here they come!" The thickly packed body of men swung as if the ground had moved. The men at the tape shouldered madly at their fellows, bawling, "Keep back! Keep back!"

From the distance came the noise of feet pattering furiously. Vague forms flashed into view for an instant. A hoarse roar broke from the crowd. Men bended and swayed and fought. The kids back near the tape exchanged another stolid look. A white form shone forth. It grew like a spectre. Always could be heard the wild patter. A scream broke from the crowd. "By Gawd, its Pop! Pop! Pop's ahead!"

The old man spun towards the tape

like a madman, his chin thrown back, his grey hair flying. His legs moved like oiled machinery. And as he shot forward a howl as from forty cages of wild animals went towards the imperturbable chieftains in bronze. The crowd flung themselves forward. "O, you old Indian! You savage! Did anybody ever see such running?"

"Ain't he a peach! Well!"

"Where's the kids? H-e-y, kids!"

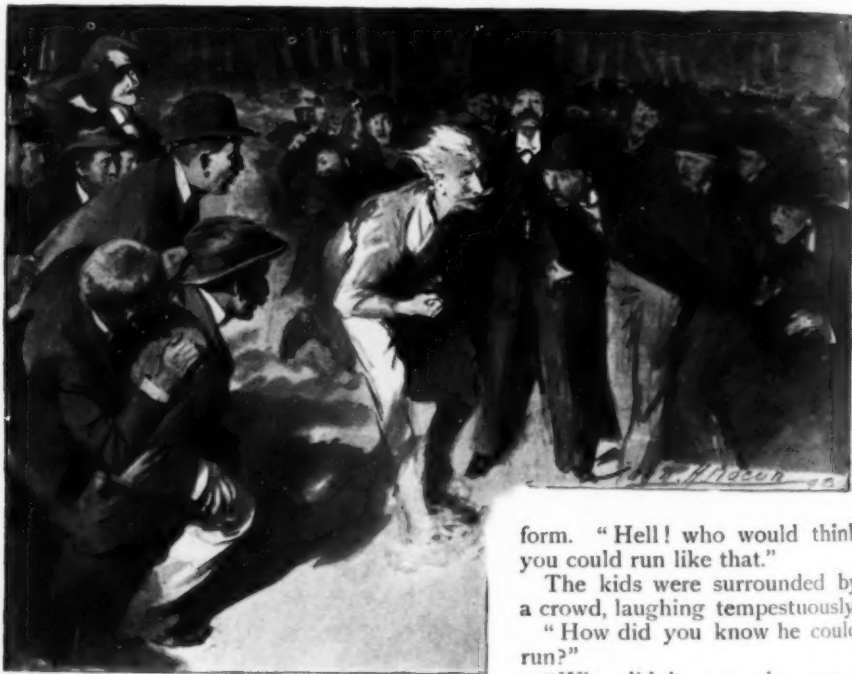
"Look at him, would you? Did you

Freddie falling into the arms of some men, struggled with his breath, and at last managed to stammer:

"Say, can't—can't—that old—old—man run!"

Pop, puffing and heaving, could only gasp: "Where's my shoes? Whose got my shoes?"

Later Freddie scrambled panting through the crowd, and held out his hand. "Good man, Pop!" And then he looked up and down the tall, stout



"THE OLD MAN SPUN TOWARDS THE TAPE LIKE A MADMAN"

ever think?" These cries flew in the air blended in a vast shout of astonishment and laughter.

For an instant the whole tragedy was in view. Freddie, desperate, his teeth shining, his face contorted, whirling along in deadly effort, was twenty feet behind the tall form of old Pop, who, dressed only in his—only in his underclothes—gained with each stride. One grand insane moment, and then Pop had hurled himself against the tape—victor!

form. "Hell! who would think you could run like that."

The kids were surrounded by a crowd, laughing tempestuously.

"How did you know he could run?"

"Why didn't you give me a line on him?"

"Say—great snakes!—you fellows had a nerve to bet on Pop."

"Why, I was cock-sure he couldn't win."

"O, you fellows must have seen him run before."

"Who would ever think it?"

Benson came by, filling the midnight air with curses. They turned to jibe him.

"What's the matter, Benson?"

"Somebody pinched my handkerchief. I tied it up in that string. Hang it!"

The kids laughed blithely. "Why, hello! Benson," they said.

There was a great rush for cabs. Shouting, laughing, wondering, the crowd hustled into their conveyances, and the drivers flogged their horses toward the city again.

"Won't Freddie be crazy! Say, he'll be guyed about this for years."

"But who would ever think that old tank could run so."

One cab had to wait while Pop and Freddie resumed various parts of their clothing.

As they drove home, Freddie said: "Well, Pop, you beat me."

Pop said, "That's all right, old man."

The kids, grinning, said: "How much did you lose, Benson?"

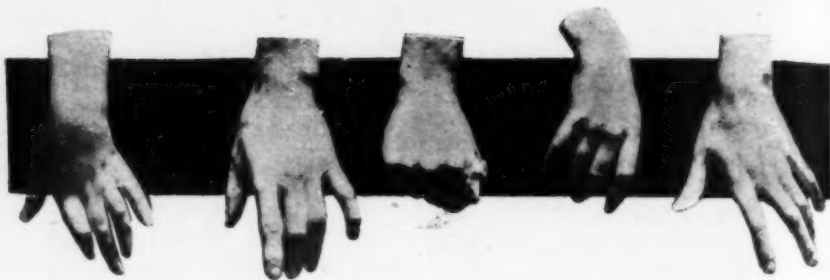
Benson said defiantly: "O, not so much. How much did you win?"

"O, not so much."

Old Colonel Hammigan, squeezed down in a corner, had apparently been reviewing the event in his mind, for he suddenly remarked, "Well, I'm damned!"

They were late in reaching the Café Colorado, but when they did, the bottles were on the bar as thick as pickets on a fence.





Plaster Casts

WRITTEN BY GEORGE BELLINGHAM. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

ENGLISH people are generally accused of lacking that love for art which is so characteristic of southern nations; but the perpetuation of the best statuary in the world, that

in proportion as the original or only a few inches in height.

Naturally, the moulds of the countless statues and busts that one sees at Brucciani's are of great value, as they require the greatest skill and nicety in their making. When a cast of a modern statue is wanted, the second figure that comes from the mould after the casting of the original generally serves as the model, its shape being faithfully taken in plaster of Paris. Any reduction in size is arrived at by a mathematical process of which the actual dimensions are the basis and starting point; the measurements of every cast are very carefully kept, as from time to time those for which there is a large sale wear out and have to be replaced. Outwardly these



BORGIA

takes place every day at Brucciani's, under the shadow of Drury Lane, points to a widespread appreciation of the masterpieces of sculpture. The long gallery is crowded with reproductions of the treasures of the British Museum, of the Vatican, and of the museums at Florence and at Naples, and at Paris, Berlin, Munich, and Madrid, in plaster. Whatever may be the size of the original statue or bust, it can be reproduced, by the skill of the caster, larger or smaller as may be desired; and a copy of the glorious Venus de Milo in the Louvre can be bought exactly the same



YOUTH AND AGE

casts look like shapeless pieces of wood with smoothed edges, but hidden in every one of them there are the graceful lines and perfect bodies of some of the most beautiful statues in the world. The outer case is in two pieces, but inside the casts present the appearance of a complicated puzzle, the actual form of the statue or statuette being impressed upon innumerable sections. Seated at a long table in an underground room the operators, apparently, are surrounded by hundreds of shapeless pieces of plaster of Paris; these they put together with remarkable quickness, each section fitting



QUEEN AND PRINCESS OF WALES

close to its neighbour. When, with infinite care, the whole figure has been collected and placed inside the outer mould, the second cover is placed upon the first, and the two are firmly bound together with string. Then the operator proceeds to mix his plaster of Paris, stirring it with water in a basin until the proper consistency is obtained. Having done this and, by carefully stirring, having melted all the lumps, he pours it into a hole in the top of the cast, until the mould is filled. The time required for the plaster to set depends upon the size of the statue or bust, but when it is ready to be withdrawn from the mould, a process requiring extreme delicacy of touch must be gone through. Removing one of the outer covers, and holding the mould firmly



PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE CONSORT

with one hand, the workman proceeds to take off the numerous sections one by one, gently forcing them apart with a sharp-pointed tool kept expressly for the purpose. As he works slowly, and as the heap of sections at his side gradually grows larger and larger, the delicate



NAPOLÉON III.
Mask taken after death



HERCULES, VICTORY AND WRESTLERS

limbs of a Venus, the sturdy arms of an Apollo, or the classic features of a Greek statue appear imbedded in gypsum, until at length all the pieces of the mould are removed, and the work is completed. But wherever the pieces of the mould have fitted together, a ridge appears on the cast, as is shown in the photographs of hands, taken by Brucciani from life, that we reproduce. When the casts are required for purely art purposes, such as examples or anatomical specimens in studios or art schools, these ridges are allowed to remain, as they show the various parts of the mould, but for all ordinary purposes the surface of the cast is carefully smoothed and rounded.

Year after year goes on this reproduction of antique and modern statues, of busts, of masks and sections of the face, hands, feet, arms, and legs; of old mural decorations, of fruit, flowers, and vegetables from Nature, as well as of animals and birds, fishes and shells. Plaster of Paris is very perishable and fragile, and speedily becomes ruined by dust and dirt, and every time it is dusted a considerable portion of the surface is removed, and this, as well as the growing love for art, causes the constant demand.

Some moulds are almost as valuable as the original statues, as it is now impossible to take casts of some of the finest works of sculpture in the world. As I have already pointed out, the actual cast as regards modern work is taken from the second figure that comes from the mould into which the bronze is run; in the case of marble statues a plaster cast is taken from the clay figure which the sculptor has himself made, and which serves his marble-cutters as a copy, these men hewing the stone by the most precise mathematical measurements. But with antique statues there are no clay figures, and

all casts must, therefore, be taken from the original. Unfortunately the preparation which the cast-makers must spread over the marble before covering it with plaster in order that their mould can be removed when dry, has been found to possess highly discolouring properties, and to leave effects which may be seen in more than one European museum upon the priceless masterpieces of other ages. For this reason no one is allowed to take fresh casts of a large number of pieces of

or group, the original of which stands in some other museum in the same country, the authorities have to send to England to order the cast from the holders of the mould. The cost of its carriage to Italy is heavy, but this is the only possible way by which some reproductions can be obtained. Some of the moulds consist of hundreds of sections, notably the colossal David by Michael Angelo, which stands in the South Kensington Museum and which was cast by Bruciani



GENERAL VIEW OF GALLERY

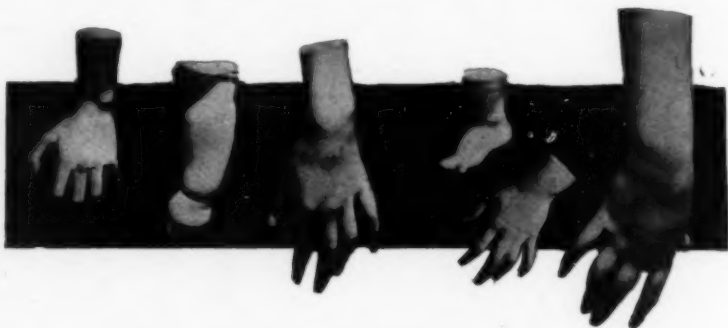
statuary, and naturally those already existing are jealously kept by their owners. A great many of these moulds are in the possession of Italian plaster-cast makers, and when a reproduction is wanted it can only be obtained from the holder. Some are in America, some are in England and other countries, since, as they are valuable commodities, they frequently change hands, and always at increased prices. It occasionally happens that when an Italian museum wishes to have a plaster reproduction of a statue

Plaster-casting is also largely used in reproducing death-masks for the use of sculptors, and our photograph shows the bust of Napoleon III., the face of which was modelled from a mask taken after his death at Chislehurst. A thin layer of warmed wax is laid upon the features, and when it is quite cool it is removed and liquid plaster of Paris is poured upon the inside, the plaster faithfully receiving the impressions made upon the wax. These masks are almost invariably taken of royal personages after death, in order

that their memory may be perpetuated by sculpture.

William Morris, in one of his many papers upon art, urged his readers never to be satisfied with imitations, and told them that when they could not possess an original they should "do without." However truly this advice may apply to

art generally, it does not touch sculpture. Plaster-casting is essentially an imitation, but without its aid we should lack some of the greatest treasures in our museums. Its use to art-students is incalculable, and the cheapness of its results places them within the means of everybody who has the faintest appreciation of beauty.



THE DEAD WIFE

OUT of the wind and out of the rain,
Una, come to my arms again;
Close though your grave-clothes wrap you round,
Come from your chamber underground.

There near your head though the rose root grows,
Out in the free air lifts the rose,
Breathes a sweetness that's like to pain—
Una, come to me once again!

Though you may listen what lilies say
Ere they rise to the summer day,
I can whisper you words more dear,
Living love for my dead to hear.

Deep is your grave, and dark and warm;
Yet I call you through night and storm,
Ghost of my love, through drenching rain,
Una, come to me once again!

Sure you remember as lone you lie,
Once how the short night drifted by,
Light as the shadow of flying hair—
Love, remember, and bide not there.

My door stands open towards the night,
Of hearth and lantern I've quenched the light;
Your old place is of your coming fain—
Una, come to my arms again.

NORA HOPPER.

The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

XI.—THE LOSS OF THE "EASTERN EMPRESS"

CHAPTER I.



RYDE was dining the Accredited Agent-General of the State of Minería at his club. Here Felix Gryde was known as Count Dumaresque, a South American grandee of wealth recently settled in England. For the most part, he surrounded himself with a halo of frosty politeness, which served to keep his fellows at a distance, and prevented the asking of questions. For the rest, he was lean and brown; his buttonhole flaunted the ribbon of some foreign Order.

The Minerian representative was also lean and brown, with a furtive eye and a reputation for dubious veracity. His life was one long battle with the capitalists who regarded Minerian Bonds dubiously. But a liar at once so picturesque and audacious as Don Marcos did not live in vain. At the present moment some twenty millions of British capital were buried in the pocket State, and, like a financial Oliver Twist, Don Marcos asked for more.

In desperate need of five millions, he asked for ten, and consequently got two. Things were very bad in the City, and "dilly-dally duck" cared nothing for the Minerian salt Marcos desired to put on his tail. And this was all the more annoying because Minería was on the verge of war with the neighbouring "State" of Catagonia over that turtle-fishing business.

Marcos was in despair. His finest romantic flights were spent in Lombard Street in vain. An expert in gold mining had worked at his samples of

the precious ore and asked if they had come via the Cape.

"Over the walnuts and the wine" Marcos became expansive. Count Dumaresque, his fellow-countryman, was duly sympathetic. And the latter betrayed such an astounding knowledge of the tortuous ways of Minerian finance as rendered Don Marcos uneasy.

"I declare I am afraid of you," he muttered.

Dumaresque smiled in the most reassuring manner.

"Positively there is no need," he replied. "I have no need to love my country, as you would say if you knew my story; but as she laid down my fortune for me I am not ungrateful, and I hate the Catagonians."

Marcos started. Really, this wonderful man knew everything.

"You are aware we are at loggerheads there?" he suggested.

"Dear friend, you will be at one another's throats ere two months are past," said Dumaresque, with a wave of his cigarette. "Under existing circumstances the prospect frightens you."

"Another million and I should feel easy enough. We want——"

"A line-of-battle ship," Dumaresque put in. "One big armed cruiser to blockade Inique and you would settle the business in a month."

"*Parbleu*, a wonderful man," Marcos muttered. "Your Excellency has guessed it."

"That is because I have studied the question," said Dumaresque. "A cruiser such as you require would, fully equipped, cost a million. The manning is of no great consequence, nor the officering either for the matter of that. Good

men with an eye to ultimate income will flock round you as a matter of course. What could you put down in cash for a ship such as you require?"

"I took £200,000 with me to Belfast and offered to secure the rest," Marcos responded, almost tearfully, "and they laughed politely in my beard."

Dumaresque lent across the table and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"If I provide you with one of the finest line-of-battle ships afloat," he said, "will you hand over the sum in question to me?"

Marcos smiled; and yet Dumaresque's face was grave enough.

"My noble friend is pleased to jest," Marcos muttered.

"Your noble friend was never more serious in his life," came the response. "You have heard of that new man-o'-war, the *Eastern Empress*?"

The listener's eyes sparkled at the mere suggestion. The *Eastern Empress*, recently launched from Belfast, was the finest belted cruiser afloat. Her triple-expansion engines were wonders, those quick-firing guns were an army corps in themselves, goodness knows what was the resisting power of the armour-plating; whilst on the trial trip even the boiler tubes had failed to leak, which fact in itself marked a new departure in naval engineering.

"Ah, if we only had a ship like that!" Marcos sighed.

Dumaresque's reply was brief but thrilling.

"Guarantee to hand me over £200,000 at the time I may demand it," he said, "and within two months the *Eastern Empress* shall be lying in the mouth of your de la Garde river to do as you please with."

Marcos hastily swallowed another glass of claret. Such an audacious proposal came as a shock to the nerve centres.

"I presume you do not mean to insult me?" he gasped.

"You allude to your sense of honour, doubtless," Dumaresque sneered.

"Bah! the sense I mean is my common sense," Marcos responded promptly. "Such a thing could not be done. Even

if it were possible detection could speedily follow. Otherwise, the £200,000 is your own."

"It has been as good as my own for some time," said Dumaresque. "The thing is easy as easy—when you know how it is done. What my plans are and whence I derived all my information is my own secret. Within three months, two months, the *Eastern Empress* shall be at the mouth of de la Garde. The spot is desolate; there is a good natural harbour there, and with your own engineers specially imported with the necessary appliances to the spot, a few days will alter the *Eastern Empress* beyond recognition. Then you can boldly sail into your chief harbour of San Maza and make up your complement of men and officers."

"Still, there are lions in the path," Marcos suggested. "Where did the ship come from?"

"Let a paragraph go round the papers that an American firm has turned out the cruiser for you. Do this at once. Mention a well-known firm by name—and if it is only for the sake of the advertisement they will never contradict the report."

Marcos wagged his head sagely.

"My faith, but you are a wonderful man!" he said. "O, yes; you shall do as you like, all the more as I run no risk in the matter. Still, there remains one lion, the biggest of the lot. The British lion, what of him?"

"You mean there will be a fuss over the loss of the ship?" Dumaresque smiled in the orthodox Mephistophelian manner. "My friend, there will be no fuss whatever. For months I have laid my plans, and they are absolutely flawless. How the thing is to be managed is my secret for the present. I give you my word that there will be no fuss or bother whatever."

"And as to the rest?"

"As to the rest, two months from today you will be at de la Garde with your engineers and workmen. To the hour I shall steam into the harbour. You will come aboard and pay me the £200,000 and provide me with a coaster to take me to San Maza. Is that so?"

Marcos stretched out a lean brown claw eagerly.

"Shake hands upon it," he gurgled. "Providence must have brought us together."

Dumaresque, otherwise Gryde, smiled.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," he said *sotto voce*.

CHAPTER II.

GRYDE'S audacious scheme was by no means the inspiration of a moment. Neither could the main idea be termed altogether novel, since the stealing of barks and luggers has ever been a favourite theme of nautical writers.

But the spiriting away of a line-of-battle ship at the end of the nineteenth century was quite another matter. Like Mark Twain's "Stolen White Elephant," the affair was certain to cause an immense sensation, for big cruisers, unlike big diamonds, cannot be hidden away in a waistcoat pocket.

Under ordinary circumstances, the recovery of the *Eastern Empress* was a certainty. True, this could have mattered little to Gryde, provided he got his money, but at the same time he was too finished an artist in crime to leave a thing to chance in this clumsy way. There had to be exceptions, of course, but he preferred the crime that on the surface appeared no crime at all.

In this case there was to be no sensation. This statement seems absurd on the face of it, but nevertheless Gryde had found a way.

Needless to say, the scheme had entailed a considerable expenditure of time and money, Gryde holding with Walpole that the latter commodity will do any-

thing. Certainly it had unlocked certain of the minor secrets of the Admiralty.

For instance, the golden key supplied the information that some little friction had arisen between this country and Spain as to the pearl-fishing rights in the Eastralian Ocean, where, strange to



"DUMARESQUE SMILED IN THE ORTHODOX MEPHISTOPHELIAN MANNER"

say, Mineria and Catagonia bordered. It was an open secret also that the first commission of the *Eastern Empress* would be for two years in these same waters. This step was intended to serve a dual purpose—to prove to Spain that no nonsense would be entertained, and also to revise the Admiralty charts, which were acknowledged to be defective so far as certain parts of the Eastralian Ocean were concerned.

Gryde's movements were carefully arranged. All that the Admiralty were doing in the matter he knew perfectly well. He knew, for instance, that the

First Lord and the commander of the *Eastern Empress* were discussing certain important matters late on the night following his meeting with Marcos, long after the First Lord's household had gone to bed. Gryde had oral and ocular demonstration of this fact, and he stood outside Sir Dorian Bax's library door in his stocking feet listening to the palaver. This act of burglary was necessary, as will hereafter appear.

A scent of fresh tobacco smoke floated out from the library. Gryde wondered if he might indulge himself, then he abandoned the suggestion. The mixture of pleasure and business rarely leads to satisfactory results.

To overhear and oversee this interview Gryde had remained *perdu* in the Grosvenor Crescent house for two hours. Through the half-opened door he could see Lord Ararat and Captain James Clinton carefully studying a huge chart laid out before them on the table.

"Not altogether satisfactory," said his lordship.

"Well, no," Clinton admitted. "The fact is we want a new survey of this portion of the Eastralian Seas. This Mineria-Catagonia business will be a fine excuse for sounding The Gut without arousing the suspicion of anybody. We are there to protect English interests in case of trouble."

Captain Clinton smiled, and the First Lord smiled also. An eminent cotton-spinner who had made a fortune, and attained a peerage, was just the very man for an enlightened Government to choose as head of the Admiralty. Lord Ararat was profoundly ignorant of everything appertaining to his office, and did no worse for the fact.

"Dangerous place, The Gut, isn't it?" he asked.

Clinton replied in the affirmative. Still, the chart lying on the table there was a reliable one, with all the dangerous rocks and shoals marked upon it. The same had been recently purchased from a scientific Catagonian with a bent for turning his knowledge to account.

"The only place we have to fear," Clinton concluded, "is the Hen and Chickens reef. The currents there are

extremely dangerous. Still, with a chart like this, I fail to see how we can get into trouble. My intention is to go entirely by the chart, taking fresh soundings by the way. In two years the whole thing should be complete."

"You are taking a scientific survey party along?"

"Yes, four of them altogether. Mr. Erenthal is an exceedingly clever German, and his friends are all enthusiasts, I'm told. The thing is somewhat irregular, but I've no doubt we shall find these gentlemen of great assistance."

The listening Gryde smiled. A little while later and he would be playing the part of the distinguished German savant about to become a guest on the *Eastern Empress* in the cause of science. As to the others, they are merely accomplices to be used and discarded at leisure.

Lord Ararat yawned, and looked somewhat pointedly at his watch. The hour was late, and his lordship had been to many functions the same evening. Clinton rose.

"I will not detain you any longer," he said.

"Well, I am tired," the First Lord confessed. "Leave this chart with me till to-morrow; I will show it to Cansford as arranged. You shall have it back before you leave for Portsmouth on Saturday. Good-night."

Clinton took another cigarette and departed. Then the First Lord proceeded to fasten up the house and creep yawningly to bed, having first dropped the Eastralian chart into a drawer under the library table.

Half an hour later Gryde sat at the same piece of furniture carefully examining the chart with the aid of a shaded candle. The chart he compared minutely with several scraps of paper which he produced from his pocket. Then, with a pair of compasses and an ivory scale, he went over the glazed cloth. From his pocket he produced a tiny phial and a camel's-hair pencil. A few strokes with the latter, charged with some of the liquid from the phial, left every portion touched blank. A box of water-colours were next brought into

use, and then an hour's careful work followed. The alterations made were so skilful as to defy detection, but they were ample for Gryde's purpose.

Once dry the chart was replaced in the drawer, and for the present Gryde's

seemed assured. The alterations made in the chart were mere pin points by comparison, but then an inch thereon meant miles of blue water. The work of a few moments was the result of months of steady toil and study. If genius be an



"GRYDE SAT AT THE SAME PIECE OF FURNITURE CAREFULLY EXAMINING THE CHART WITH THE AID OF A SHADED CANDLE"

task was at an end. A few minutes later he stood in the deserted street.

"A pity to leave the door unfastened," he muttered, "because those little things are inartistic. Not that the servants will notice: they will merely conclude that their master came in late and forgot to lock up. And I can safely indulge in a smoke now."

Gryde strolled along the street to his lodgings in an amiable frame of mind; all his plans were complete and success

infinite capacity for taking pains, then veritably Gryde was a genius in his way.

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Two days later Gryde started for Portsmouth to take his place on the *Eastern Empress*. He was altered out of recognition. He had a rotund figure, a profusion of fair hair, and his eyes looked out from rimmed spectacles. In the gaze of the world he was no longer Felix Gryde, but Herr Max Erenthal.

CHAPTER III.

THE latest and most expensive addition to Her Majesty's Navy had been at sea now for some six weeks. The *Eastern Empress* had exceeded the same sanguine estimate formed of her character, and Captain Clinton was serene in the knowledge that he commanded the finest ironclad afloat.

It was a perfect October night, summer in those favoured seas where the breeze came cool and crisp, yet laden with spices and perfumes from the group of islands that fringed the mainland of Mineria, hard against the coastline at the end of which lay the harbour of San Maza. Millions of stars flamed in the deep blue of the arch; on the water lay an arc of lights, the meaning of which those upon the *Eastern Empress* knew perfectly well. They were Catagonian gunboats watching San Maza as a cat watches a mouse.

Clinton, with some of his officers about him, was smoking a cigar on the quarter-deck. Amongst the group was Herr Erenthal. His subordinates were somewhere down in the engine-rooms. Being of a mechanical turn of mind they haunted the engineers.

"Why don't those beggars fight?" Clinton asked. "Those gunboats are enough in themselves to force a declaration of war."

"They wait for their new ship from America, these Minerians," Erenthal smiled. "When she come you will see what you call ructions. And I shall like to see der fun. One gets tired mit all dese dredging and sounding."

"You can take the steam pinnace and go ashore if you like," said Clinton.

Erenthal expressed his thanks. He was just going to ask the same favour, he said. An hour later he was saddling across the quay-head at San Maza looking about him as if quite uncertain of his direction, and yet at the same time there seemed to be a deal of method in his drifting. Quite naturally he found himself at length in a café, and as if the thing were the merest accident in the world, who should be there but Marcos.

"A fine night, my friend," said the latter.

"Fine indeed," Gryde responded. "But you would not have recognised me had I not given you what some people call the office. You have seen the ship?"

"Ay, indeed. If she were only ours! Those gunboats! Well, if you are successful we will make short work of them."

"I am always successful," Gryde said calmly. "Three days from now the *Eastern Empress* will sail into de la Garde. All your men are ready?"

"They are now waiting with all appliances."

"Good. I leave it to your people to alter the *Eastern Empress* beyond recognition. The thing is nothing like so difficult as it would appear. There is another thing to which I would direct your earnest attention. About the same time that my prize arrives at de la Garde the complement of an English man-o'-war will reach San Maza—in boats. They must be got away at once: plead the disturbed state of the country or what you will. Because, if they should happen to be still there when your fine cruiser arrives—"

And Gryde paused significantly. Marcos nodded.

"I am obliged to you," he said; "it shall be done. Is there any more?"

"A little thing—a mere trifle," Gryde replied. "When you board the *Eastern Empress* and hand me over that money, you will find my four accomplices on board. Whilst I go on to San Maza with the coaster you have for me, they will remain to enjoy your hospitality for a day or two. If anything happens to them in the meantime I will try and put up with the loss with fortitude."

"Dead men tell no tales," Marcos whispered.

"I never heard of one who did," Gryde said drily; "neither do they ever cause trouble as to their share of the plunder."

The two men exchanged significant glances and Gryde rose from his seat. He lapsed quite naturally into his rolling gait again; he looked the amiable

absent-minded savant to the life. San Maza was a charming place, he informed Captain Clinton a little time later.

"Sorry not to have seen it," said the latter.

"Perhaps you may yet." Gryde smiled. "One never can tell. Pough, I must now to my cabin to write up those soundings. I wonder where my fellows are."

As it happened the confederates were in the cabin awaiting the chief. As he closed the door they looked towards him eagerly.

"You have news for us," one of them asked.

"Yes, I have news," Gryde whispered. "I have at length all the information about the tides that I require. An intelligent native yonder told me everything. On Wednesday night at ten we shall be on the edge of the Hen and Chickens reef. I have arranged all that very nicely with the Captain. There will be no moon, and it will be pitch dark for some hours afterwards. At eleven o'clock on the night in question you will all be at your posts down below. There will be no need for me to give you the signal, you will *feel* it. If all goes well, a few hours later will see you worth £10,000 apiece."

The listeners smiled: the prospect was an exceedingly pleasant one.

"It all depends upon you now," Gryde proceeded. "The ship is steering by the chart, as these people think, a degree or so to the south of the reef. As you know perfectly well, we are steering right on to it. When you feel the first shock, you will know exactly what to do. That water balance must be shifted as

arranged to convey the idea that the vessel is filling, and thus increase the confusion. This course will also lighten the ship by the head, and enable her to float."

"Yes, but will she float?" a listener asked.



"HE LOOKED THE AMIABLE,
ABSENT-MINDED SAVANT TO
THE LIFE"

"Naturally. The reef we shall strike upon will be the softest coral, and we shall run aground at dead low water. An hour later and we shall be off. By this time the ship's complement will have taken to the boats, and we shall be left on board. With fair weather, it's hard if four practical engineers like you cannot

navigate this boat the hundred odd miles to de la Guardé. And long before daylight the ship's crew will be hull down behind the horizon."

With perfect confidence in his scheme, and his ability to carry it out, Gryde dismissed his confederates, and retired to rest. Next morning showed the coast of Mineria, a faint blue streak upon the weather bow, and the whole of that day Gryde was busy with her soundings.

The succeeding day worked slowly out, and night fell at length like a black cloud out of nothingness. Till nearly ten o'clock Gryde was busy in his cabin, and then he crept up on deck, as if desiring not to be noticed.

His gait had lost its roll, his step was lithe and elastic as that of a cat. He crept from place to place, avoiding the lanes of light left by the ship's lanterns, and crouching in the shadows.

Presently he gained the coign of vantage he required—the shadow of the wheel-house. A calm and balmy night, with a clear seaboard, the watch were half sleeping on the deck. Not a single officer was to be seen. Gryde peeped at his watch, and saw that the hour had come.

Where the *Eastern Empress* was on that placid sea he knew to an inch, and the knowledge was not without its meed of anxiety. The ship was listing away a little to the south; a space longer, and the reef would be missed. The carelessness or ignorance of the steersman was wrecking Gryde's plans.

He shut his teeth close together. Like a shadow he slid into the wheel-house. Something long and bright came from his pocket: it flashed high in the air, and then crashed at some soft substance.

Pierced to the heart by the unerring sweep of Gryde's blade, the steersman collapsed upon the floor with one long sigh, and then all was still. The die was cast now; this rash step had become absolutely necessary. Gryde laid his hand upon the powerful yet delicate machinery, and altered the ship's course almost imperceptibly. Still, it was sufficient for his purpose.

"That's the worst of having a lot of fools to deal with," he muttered. "When

you have to rely upon anyone else, it always upsets your plans. A risk of this kind should have been absolutely unnecessary."

Cool as he was, Gryde was conscious of the blood singing in his ears. Left alone for five minutes, he knew that he was safe. But already there were steps coming in his direction. It became a mere matter of seconds. Would it become necessary to take a second life, Gryde wondered, and were they never going to strike—

A hand was laid on the door of the wheel-house. Gryde was preparing to spring forward, when the *Eastern Empress* gave a shiver and groan from end to end like some gigantic creature in mortal agony. Then there followed a tremendous crashing and grinding, and the cruiser was still.

A yell of triumph rose to Gryde's lips, but he suppressed the desire. All the same, it is doubtful as to whether or not it would have been heard, for already hundreds of feet were trampling the decks.

As if to increase the horror of the situation, there followed a loud report from below, and then the sound of water as if pouring ton after ton into the hold of the doomed vessel. Almost immediately she began to sink by the stern.

"Get out the boats!" came the stern command. "Steady there! Plenty of time if you fellows only keep your heads."

Gryde watched everything from the seclusion of the wheel-house. The crew worked as steadily and as orderly as if on parade. In a remarkably short space of time the last boat was lowered and manned.

Gryde and his confederates had the *Eastern Empress* to themselves. All the same, it was some time before they dared to move, and then one by one the lights were put out and the ship plunged into darkness. Down in the engine-room Gryde found his grimy, perspiring assistants.

"Remarkably well done," he said, approvingly. "That explosion and the rush of water finished the business off dramatically. When the tide rises, the

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"GRYDE LAID HIS HAND ON THE POWERFUL, YET DELICATE MACHINERY, AND ALTERED THE SHIP'S COURSE"

water-ballast will find its way back again quite naturally, and all we shall have to do is to steer by the chart—our chart, of course."

"But *will* she float?" one of the confederates asked.

"As sure as you will some day be hanged," Gryde responded pleasantly. "Can't you feel her swinging at the bows already? One of you go up to the wheel-house with some sacking and a shot or two. You'll find a body there to dispose of. That fool of a steersman didn't know his business, and I had to— Mind you clear everything up."

Higher and higher rose the tide and more buoyant became the *Eastern Empress*. Finally, she rose like a thing of life. It was two o'clock before Gryde gave the signal. There was a stern triumph in his eyes.

"Start the engines again," he said curtly. "By noon to-morrow we shall be ready for them off de la Guardé."

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Three days later, at about the same time that the news of the total loss of the *Eastern Empress* reached England, her ship's company, intact save one missing man, were leaving Mineria by a special steamer chartered for them out of courtesy by the Government of the country. The steamer contained one passenger besides, a boasting, inquisitive Yankee, who speedily rendered himself so objectionable as to be tabooed by the rest of the little colony. But the Yankee bore it all philosophically.

"A very good disguise," he told himself, as his cab rolled out of the dock gates a few weeks later. I wonder what those fellows, particularly Clinton, would have said if he'd known the bouncer, 'Ezra P. Stanton' and 'Max Erenthal' were one and the same? And I wonder if ever they will discover the trick played upon them? In any case it can't make any difference to me. My dead men will tell no tales."

HEROES OF THE ~ FIRE ~ BRIGADE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

THE heroism of our Fire Brigade is a byword ; but the object of this article is to give the portraits of those men who have earned for themselves the coveted honour of the



AMBROSE LESTER

silver medal for conspicuous gallantry in saving human life at fires.

This medal may well be termed the Victoria Cross of the Fire Brigade, for when earned the action that has gained it would compare favourably with the bravest deeds on land or sea. In addition to the portraits of our living heroes, no article on the Fire Brigade would be complete without the portrait of that brave and gallant fireman, William Godfrey Jacobs. A plain, unvarnished official report will be found beneath his portrait, but the golden halo of



D. J. RICE



D. WALL

brave self-sacrifice shines through the meagre details. A photograph of the remains of Jacobs' uniform are also given here : all that was left of the fine, big, brave man we see in the portrait.

"The Helmets of Heroes" speak for their departed wearers' dangers in an eloquent manner. There are three cases of these helmets, some battered right out of shape, which are kept in memory of the brave men who wore them and, in many cases, died in them, in the heroic execution of their dangerous duty. When the Duke of York visited the headquarters he spent quite a long time in front of these cases, which are indeed enough to make anyone pause and reflect.

With the exception of one or two, the brief story of how the medal was won is told by the men themselves with a straightforward rugged effectiveness, combined with modesty, which invariably



J. WAINWRIGHT



W. T. EMANUEL

accompanies the narrative of a brave man's deed.



W. G. JACOBS

WILLIAM GODFREY JACOBS.

On September 12th, 1889, a call was received at the Wandsworth Fire Brigade Station to a fire on the premises of Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome, manufacturing chemists, at Dormay Wharf, Bell Lane, Wandsworth.

The manual engine and five men attended, quickly followed by a steam fire-engine from the Battersea Fire-engine Station. The firemen found on their arrival that it was a manufacturing chemists of three floors, the third floor well alight.

The officer in charge ordered a stand-pipe to be got to work, and Jacobs, with a comrade named Charles W. Ashby, took the branch upstairs to the seat of the fire, shortly after which an explosion was heard, and it was found that the two men were cut off by the flames from escape.

Their comrades immediately got four lengths of scaling ladders shipped, but found they would not reach to the third floor. In the

meantime two builder's ladders had been procured, and they proceeded to lash them together, and, with help from the people around, raised them at the end of the building; these were, however, about five feet too short to reach the windows, and at the same time Ashby was seen struggling through the swing sash of the iron-framed window, and Jacobs helping to push him through.

Fourth-class fireman Mark Francis immediately ran up the ladders and caught Ashby by the legs, guiding him until he could get a hold of the ladders: while doing this Jacobs was seen to fall back from the window overpowered by smoke and fire, and was not seen again alive. Francis again ascended the ladders, but could not see anything of Jacobs. Ashby, who was severely burned, was removed to the infirmary.

The sashes of the window were of cast iron, and Jacobs being a large, heavy man could not have got through the swinging pane, and he evidently intended after he had helped Ashby through to have tried to break them away with his



THE REMAINS OF JACOBS' UNIFORM

axe, as it was found after the fire was extinguished close to his body; but the smoke and flame were too rapid for him, and he was overpowered and burned to death.

Jacobs was twenty-seven years of age, unmarried, a native of Jersey. By his death the Brigade lost a good servant, and the fireman a valuable comrade.



S. T. PIPE



G. W. RYNE

He was buried with all honours in the Fireman's Grave at Highgate Cemetery.

AMBROSE LESTER.

Mr. Lester gained his silver medal at a fire which took place at Mr. Whiteley's premises in Bayswater on August 6th, 1887. Mr. Lester performed a most meritorious and courageous act by which he saved the life of a comrade at imminent risk of his own. Mr. Lester and Fireman James Brown had been working with a branch inside the building when a heavy fall occurred, and they had to make a precipitate retreat. Lester got out, but found that Brown was not with him, and, although severely burned, and otherwise bruised and injured, he at once returned, and was just in time to rescue his comrade from immediate and certain death.

DAVID JOSEPH RICE.

Mr. Rice, who is now in charge of the Pimlico Pier Fire Station, earned his medal under the following circumstances: Whilst on escape duty at Knightsbridge Green he received a call

to High Road, Knightsbridge. The house was already well alight. Mr. Rice was informed that there were people in the house, and pitched his escape at the first-floor window and entered the room. The flames were showing through the floor and twisting through the door. He discovered a man in the room, insensible.

After a severe struggle, owing to the tremendous heat and smoke and the heavy weight of the man (seventeen stone), Mr. Rice managed to get his unconscious burden to the escape and in the shoot. By this time the house was almost entirely enveloped in flames, but being informed by the crowd that there were still more inmates inside, Mr. Rice again ascended the escape and searched the upper part, but discovered that the two sons had made their escape through the skylight to the next roof. They were severely burned, a part of their clothing being completely burnt off them. In addition to the silver medal, Mr. Rice has this year received from the hands of the Duchess of York the Good Service medal for faithful and conscientious discharge of duty.

DAVID WALL.

Mr. Wall joined the Fire Brigade in August, 1874, and was awarded the silver medal for saving life at a fire in Hackney Road, Shoreditch, on May 16th, 1881. It was while stationed at Whitechapel that a call to a fire was received at the above-named place, and on arriving there they found a shop well alight, and a woman calling out for someone to rescue her child which was in the front room on the third floor. A fire-escape was already pitched at the window, and the flames were coming from the shop all round it. Several firemen had attempted to enter, but were driven back by the suffocating smoke. As the woman continued screaming for someone to save her child, Mr. Wall determined to try, so ran up the ladder and entered the room, but

the smoke was so suffocating that he was obliged to hold his breath. He failed to reach the bed, but tried again; but this time, although, owing to the density of the smoke, he was obliged to feel his way, he managed to reach the child and brought it to the window. As he looked down it appeared like a sea of faces turned in one direction, and as he made his way down the escape the cheering could be heard a long way off. The doctor was sent for, and the child soon recovered, for fortunately the bed-clothes had got round the face and acted as a respirator, and so averted the calamity which must otherwise have happened. In addition to receiving the silver medal for this gallant act, Mr. Wall has been commended several times, and has had a great number of narrow escapes while at fires.

JOSEPH WAINWRIGHT.

On the night of May 26th, 1896, Mr. Wainwright and two others—viz., Mr. S. J. Abbott and Mr. John Sinclair—were on duty at the street station in Farringdon Street, City, when, shortly after midnight, they were called by some strangers to the ground floor of Harris's sausage shop alight opposite the station. After sending the call by telephone to Watling Street Station they at once attended, Abbott bringing the fire-escape, whilst Sinclair and Wainwright, being less encumbered, reached the shop first, and knowing there were people inside, at once burst open the street door. The shop was well alight, but they managed to get up the staircase, and closed the doors after them to keep the fire confined to the shop as long as possible. They then broke open the

doors of all the rooms on the first and second floors, but found no one there. But the noise they made was sufficient to alarm the two men who were sleeping on the third floor, and they met one of them on the stairs coming down to see what was the matter as they went up. By this time the shop and staircase were too far gone for them to get down that way, and about the same time the plate-glass front of the shop fell out, and the flames shot up the front of the building, which was covered with match-boarding, and was well alight by the time they got to the front windows.

Abbott, who had found it impossible to get into the shop, had fetched his escape to the windows. Although the



THE HELMETS OF HEROES

flames were licking the escape and the wirework on the escape was soon red-hot, they got the two men on the escape and sent them down. Mr. Sinclair followed, and Mr. Wainwright came last.

All four of them were more or less burnt about the hands and face. Mr. Sinclair was some weeks in the hospital, but Mr. Wainwright was more fortunate, and was all right again in a week or so. Both Mr. Wainwright and Mr. Sinclair received the silver medal as the reward for their bravery on this occasion.

WILLIAM T. EMANUEL.

Mr. Emanuel was on duty with a fire-escape at Long Acre in September, 1880, when, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock a.m., a call was received to a house alight in a turning off Drury Lane. Upon arriving at the scene of the fire, two lodging-houses, both adjoining and communicating, were found to be well alight. The escape was fixed against the burning building, and Mr. Emanuel went up to search for some of the inmates, who he was informed were still in the place. He entered the building through a second-floor window to make his search, but this was a very difficult matter owing to the dense smoke and great heat. Groping his way through the smoke, he came across a child about five years of age, a woman about sixty years, and a man about sixty-two years old, who were in a partially suffocated condition. The child was rescued first, then the woman, and then the man. He again ascended the escape and entered the building. The flames were now roaring terribly up the staircase and through the back rooms, and all hope of saving others, if they were there, was quite hopeless. Through the dense smoke he could now see the fire glittering through the fire boards, and the flooring itself was becoming very shaky; he himself was much exhausted through the exertion of carrying people down and being among the great heat and smoke. He then made his way to the window guided by the life-line from the escape, which he had had the precaution to take with him, or else he would not in all probability have been able to find his way out. Arriving at the window, he heard one of the crowd crying out that there were people at the back of the premises. Immediately, Mr. Emanuel ran round through a narrow

court with his smaller ladders, and at the back of the burning building rescued an old soldier aged about seventy-three years, who stood when upright over 6 feet. He was paralysed, and very much burnt. Mr. Emanuel passed him over the yard wall at the side of the court, after which he was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, where he eventually recovered. Again Mr. Emanuel endeavoured to enter the now blazing tenement, but it was then impossible, as the whole of the two buildings were enveloped in flames. Great difficulty was experienced in rescuing these people, owing to their age and the helpless condition they were in. After the fire was extinguished, the charred bodies of two persons were found among the ruins.

SAMUEL T. PIPE.

On March 19th, 1881, while on duty with a Whitechapel fire-escape, Mr. Pipe received a call about 9.30 p.m. to a fire in Great Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields. When he arrived with the escape he found it was a private house of ten rooms, and the fire was already well advanced, the flames coming out of all the windows. He was told that one of the inmates was still in the house. Seeing that an entrance could not be made in the front part of the building, he went to the back, and by means of a high wall reached the first-floor window. As soon as he had done so, he heard moaning sounds from the interior. Dense smoke and heat was coming out of the window, but he managed to get in, and crawled across the floor, when he found a man lying down unconscious. With great difficulty he got him to the window, as he clutched a chair in one hand, which Mr. Pipe had to wrench from him. By this time the engine arrived, and he was helped down the ladder which another fireman had planted against the window. The man whom Mr. Pipe so bravely rescued from death's door was taken to a doctor's close by, and with great difficulty, and after some time, was restored. For this rescue Mr. Pipe received the silver medal, which was presented to him by Sir McGarel-Hogg, Chairman of the Metropolitan

Board of Works. Mr. Pipe also received a Good Service medal (awarded by the London County Council) from the hands of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, on July 6th, 1895.

GEORGE W. BYNE.

Mr. Byne, after a life of stirring adventure, left the sea and came to London and joined the Metropolitan Fire Brigade in April, 1890. At a fire which occurred at No. 38, Egerton Gardens, Knightsbridge, on May 23rd, 1891, three lives were lost, and one was saved by Mr. Byne under the following circumstances: When Mr. Byne arrived with his escape from the Fire Brigade Station at Knightsbridge, the house was well alight and a woman was calling for help at the front window on the third

floor. He placed his machine in position and ascended and rescued the woman, the flames coming out of the second floor window very fiercely and scorching the escape at the time, and when he reached the ground it was found that the woman's legs and Byne's hands were badly burned. In spite of his condition Byne again tried to ascend and search the building, but was unable to do so. For this meritorious action the silver medal for conspicuous bravery at fires was awarded Mr. Byne by the London County Council.

The photographs are by A. J. Bailey, J. Cole, W. H. Faron, Forest Gate Studio, H. Greene, A. L. Jarchy, London and Provincial Photographic Company, and the Mansion House Photographic Company.





WRITTEN BY J. A. FLYNN ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACFARLANE

IT had been raining softly all day, and in the evening the wind got up and drove the showers upon the windows in intermittent bursts. I was tired of tossing upon my pillows, and wondering if the headache would ever cease, tired of closing my ears to the plashing upon the ledges and the pattering at the panes. So I closed my eyes wearily and listened to the voice of the rain, with its message from the departed. O, the foolishness of man, who thinks that he can forget! There comes a sound, a perfume, a word, a song, and the past springs upon him out of the dark.

There was an afternoon, said the voice, autumns ago, when she met me in the rain. We stood where a big tree sheltered us with its withering leaves, and laughed at the showers that fell suddenly from the branches above.

"I scarcely thought you would come, Lorry," I said, "so I am especially glad to see you."

She shook the wet from her golf cap and smiled.

"Did you think that rain, or fire, or

anything, would keep me from trying to get what I wanted? Obstinate me!" she rejoined in her soft, rippling voice.

"And you wanted me?"

I bent over her, and she looked up with her eyes dancing.

"Why, yes, I suppose so, you solemn old dear."

"And you mean to keep me?" We quarrelled so often.

She looked up at me with big eyes and serious. "Ah! I don't know. You see I am a creature of fancies and moods. You will probably lose all patience with me at last. O yes, you will—it's no use shaking your head. 'Some things in life are too important to make game of, Laura,' she quoted, mimicking my gravest manner. 'It would be well if you realised this.' You will say something of that kind again, you know."

"And then?"

"We shall quarrel."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously."

"And afterwards?"

"You will console yourself with your books. I hate your books. There!"

"And you will console yourself with someone else." My voice was bitter. It is my way to take things seriously.

"With someone who can laugh! But"—she laid her hand upon my arm—"you needn't be cross this afternoon, when I am so nice and good."

So I took her little hands in mine and drew her to me; and kissed her wet cheeks and eyes and made much of her.

"If it would only rain always!" she cried passionately. "If it would thunder, and lighten, and snow, and hail, just to try and part us! Then I should be sure to come, and we shouldn't quarrel any more. O, Harry, there are plenty of better fair-weather sweethearts; but I should be truest in a storm. If ever we quarrel badly, ask me to come when it blows and rains—when you are in trouble, my dear—and I shall come!"

Ah! little Lorry, it was a winning way that you had—such a very winning way. But you were wilful, and I was obstinate. You tried me too far, my dear. It was a mistake, everyone said, our engagement. And we ended it, which was the cruellest mistake of all.

There was another time, said the voice, when I came a thousand miles through storm and rain; when I reached her house, with the rain dripping from my face, the blinds were drawn down.

"I understand," I said, quietly, holding on to the side of the door. "Let me see her;" and I staggered up the stairs.

There was a smile upon her face, as if her eyes would open soon, and she would laugh and tease. Her hands were folded across her breast, and there was a toy ring hidden in her bosom that I had given her when she was a child. "She wished it," someone sobbed, supporting me a little. They were to give me her kindest regards, if I seemed grieved, they said; and her "very, very best love," if I was terribly sorry and sad.

Then there were a few months of grief that was almost madness; a few years of sorrow; and at last they told me that I must forget. And sometimes I thought that I had forgotten.

"Ask me to come when it blows and

rains." To-night it blew and rained, but Lorry was beyond call. "No!" thundered the rain at the windows, with a crash that shook the panes. "No!" shrieked the wind, with sudden passion. I opened my eyes and sat up on the couch. My face in the mirror looked drawn and white, and slowly smiled a compassionate smile. "I am growing delirious," I murmured impatiently, as I walked to the window and opened it. The rain beat upon my upturned face, and the wind blew the light curtains upon me with a rush, as it were her dress. No; there was nothing—only dark. I closed the window with a sigh, and went back to the couch, for it seemed that I could sleep. The rain-drops on my cheeks were the touch of her lips, methought, and her cool fingers were closing my weary eyelids. The rain upon the windows pattered the words of a little song which she had written in one of her eerie moods:

THE SORROWFUL WAY.

*Love that is born of the sun,
Love that is fire and light
Dies when the day is done—
Long is the love of the night!*

*Love of the summer noon still,
Love of the zephyr warm
Flies when the winds blow chill—
Give me the love of the storm!*

*List! there are tears in the rain;
Hidden the skies above.
Calling, I call in vain—
Faithless—my summer love!*

"O, Lorry, I do not forget," I tried to call; but something—was it a hand?—closed my lips. Surely she had come in the wind and rain to sing me to sleep? I could feel my heavy eyes smiling, and my arm slipping heedlessly from my breast on to the couch—or was it her dress? "Lorry," I cried softly; or, perhaps, only thought, for my voice had no sound. "Lorry!"

Then the headache went, and I opened my eyes upon a dim room—if it were a room—and felt no surprise that she sat by my side, with her face smiling and her lips quivering a little, as I had



"SURELY SHE HAD COME IN THE WIND AND RAIN TO SING ME TO SLEEP?"

seen her so often. She shook the rain carelessly from her dripping garments, and bent quickly over me between laughing and crying, which was always her way.

"Why did you not call me before?" she asked impatiently—it was wonderful how little she had changed! "Did I not tell you I would come?"

I tried to speak, but my voice failed me, and she shook her head.

"You must not speak," she said, "because you are asleep. To-morrow you will think it was a dream. Dear boy"—she laid her hand caressingly upon my head—"it is *not* a dream."

Then she smiled at me, and I smiled at her, and we looked at one another for a long, long time, so that there was no need of words. Only once, when the rain came with a sudden burst, I thought

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she heard a voice calling, and half roused, fearing that she might leave me.

"Rest, dear," she said softly, "rest, or I must go. Rest, because it is a dream, you will think to-morrow." Then she laughed her old, quick laugh. "Dear boy," she said again, "it is not a dream." My eyes questioned eagerly.

"You cannot understand, my dear," she murmured, "though you are so much cleverer than I. But some day I shall be the first to tell you. I am waiting for you. You know I am waiting, dear?"

Her face was radiant, and my lips framed a vow that I would be true. There came no sound, but she understood.

"Of course, dear," she said, simply. "Of course, we were always true; always must be true. That is why—ah! some day you will understand!" She bent lovingly down and kissed me, and I smiled.

Again the wind and the rain clamoured at the window, and she looked up and nodded in her old, impulsive way.

"I must go," she said, "but sometimes

I shall come again in the rain. You will listen, dear, and know. You will remember when it beats and drives that I am *there* waiting."

"But in the sunshine?" The words burst from my lips, and in an instant the dark sprang upon me, and I clasped her wildly in my arms, and drew her face to mine. Her tears fell over me, but her voice was happy when she spoke.

"In the sunshine—always—everywhere—I shall be waiting. O, my love!" Then the darkness swam round and she was gone.

• • • • •

When I woke upon the couch, the light was streaming in across the rugs with which they had covered me as I slept. The headache and the rain had gone; and as I opened my eyes a sunbeam slid swiftly from my pillow and vanished; and I sat up with a contented smile. For I knew that, in rain or shine, she was watching; and my heart was strong.



The Most Famous Criminal Court

AT THE OLD BAILEY

WRITTEN BY FREDERICK DOLMAN. ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. BROWNE

IT is more than sixty years since what the late Serjeant Robinson termed "the more euphonious name" of the Central Criminal Court was bestowed by Act of Parliament on the dread tribunal of the Old Bailey. But the ancient name lingers in popular usage, and I have heard a man in the street repudiate all knowledge of the Central Criminal Court and then readily inform his interlocutor of the whereabouts of the Old Bailey. The old name is, indeed, so very old. Probably nothing more strikingly illustrates the ancient stability of the City of London than that its principal court of justice should have occupied the same site for a period beyond the oldest record. In the absence of anything like proof, the antiquarians have had to hazard various guesses as to the origin of the name. The balance of probability appears to be divided between two. If we accept the first, Old Bailey is "a corrupt of Bail-hill, that is the place of trial for prisoners by the bailiff—as we still retain the name of the Bail Dock for a certain part of this Court in which the malefactors are confined till called up for trial." According to the other hypothesis the name is derived from "the Ballium," or outer walled court, which is believed to have stood here as part of the city walls.

No part of the present building is older than 120 years. The Old Court in which, being the largest of the four, the most important cases are still tried, was built between 1770 and 1780. Until that time the court-house was a veritable death-trap during the prevalence of "gaol fever" in the adjoining Newgate. In 1750, the Lord Mayor, two judges, an alderman, and a number of jurymen and witnesses were attacked by the

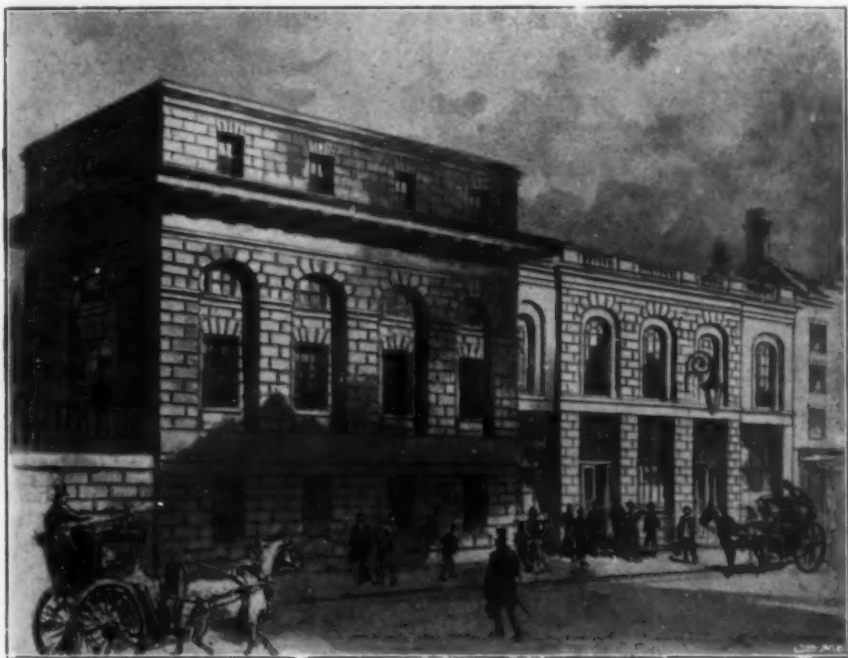
pestilence and died in a few days. Twenty years later a similar holocaust occurred, and then the authorities tardily decided on the demolition of the pestilential building, and the erection in its place of a new Court with better regard for sanitation and health. It was enlarged early in the century. The new Court was built on the passing of the Act which in 1834 gave to the Old Bailey the name of the Central Criminal Court, and extended its jurisdiction to the whole of the metropolis, and such distant places as Wood Green and Woolwich. The Third and Fourth Courts have been added since to provide for the crime of a greatly increased population.

Architecturally the Old Bailey is certainly not worthy of its widespread fame. The dingy walls, the mean-looking doors, the narrow, gloomy staircases may be in accordance with the sordidness of crime, but they hardly suggest the majesty of the law or the greatness of the city under whose auspices it is administered. For years past the members of the Old Bailey Bar, and others frequenting the Central Criminal Court, have been asserting that the time has come for a building whose size and design shall not fall short of the importance and dignity of the work performed within its walls. However, it must be admitted that the arrangements in the Courts have been made as far as they could be with a view to economy of space and the general convenience—comparing favourably in this respect with some of the Courts in the palace at Temple Bar. The Bench, the jury, the barristers, the witnesses, the reporters, and the prisoners are all so placed that they can hear and see without difficulty everything which is said and done. But with the exception

of the old Court, all the Courts are absurdly small, and this is quite inadequate for the proper accommodation of the people legitimately interested in a case of the first importance.

The Bench at the Central Criminal Court consists of the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chancellor, the judges, the aldermen, the Recorder, and the Common Serjeant of London—this being the order of the Act of Parliament. It

jeant, City Pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the Bar. There were in reality two dinners, one at three o'clock for the civic judges, another at five o'clock for the superior judges whom the Recorder and Common Serjeant then relieved, the Central Criminal Court at that time often sitting far into the night. Serjeant Robinson, Serjeant Ballantine, and Mr. Montagu Williams, in their reminiscences, had much to say



NEWGATE

need not be said that the two first-named never put in an appearance at the Old Bailey, but the aldermen frequently adorn the Bench by their presence, their rich robes giving a welcome relief to the dingy Court. There was a time when they were induced to attend by what might have been a stronger sense than that of duty. The Sheriffs, who are responsible for the general arrangements at the Old Bailey sittings, used to give a dinner every day to the judges and aldermen in attendance, the Recorder, the Common Ser-

jeant, City Pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the Bar. There were in reality two dinners, one at three o'clock for the civic judges, another at five o'clock for the superior judges whom the Recorder and Common Serjeant then relieved, the Central Criminal Court at that time often sitting far into the night. Serjeant Robinson, Serjeant Ballantine, and Mr. Montagu Williams, in their reminiscences, had much to say

concerning these civic feasts and the unfortunate consequences they sometimes had upon the occupants of the Bench. It is said that some of the aldermen and barristers, not being obliged to return to the Court, would partake of both repasts!

As a rule, a judge of the High Court is to be found only in the Old Court at the Old Bailey trying a case of murder, or one in which an exceptionally important point of law is involved. It is this Court which has been the scene of all the more famous trials at the Old Bailey,

beginning with the prosecution of Dr. Dodd in 1777, and including the trials of Bellingham (for the assassination of the statesman, Perceval) in 1812, the Cato Street conspirators in 1820, the Clerkenwell Fenians, and such celebrated murderers as Mrs. Manning, Peace, and Le-froy. In the other Courts all kinds of miscellaneous cases are heard under the direction of the Recorder, Sir Charles

Sir Charles's manner and demeanour always lead you to suppose that, at the age of fifty-two, he is surprised to find himself presiding over the rather gruesome business of the Old Bailey. As Common Serjeant, on the other hand, Sir J. Forrest Fulton is almost to the manner born. For nearly twenty years he was one of the most active practitioners at the Old Bailey, although he



NEWGATE

Hall, Q.C., M.P., or the Common Serjeant, Sir Forrest Fulton, Q.C. Sir Charles has been Recorder four or five years, but even yet he gives you the impression of not being "at home" at the Old Bailey. I do not mean that he does not prove himself well qualified to administer the criminal law, but as a barrister Sir Charles Hall's work was far removed from that of the Central Criminal Court. His practice lay principally in the Admiralty Division, and he was distinguished as Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales. Hence

never obtained there the reputation of a Ballantine or a Montagu Williams. He is conversant with all its ways, with the characteristics of its leading counsel, the pulse of its juries, the idiosyncrasies of its typical witnesses, and the crucial points of nine-tenths of its cases. As the result, the Common Serjeant has a remarkably quick method of getting through his work. The terse directness of his summing-up, delivered in a voice which is always clear if sometimes coldly metallic, is always in refreshing contrast to the tedious iteration and useless

loquacity which counsel and witnesses between them so often inflict upon the jury. Both Sir Charles Hall and Sir J. Forrest Fulton are models, as a rule, of fairness and impartiality to the prisoner, of courtesy and kindness to witnesses and jurymen.

In the prevalence of these virtues,

indeed, the Central Criminal Court has grown out of recognition of its former self. The Old Bailey barrister, at one time a just term of reproach, is almost as dead as the dodo. Now and again there may be a suggestion of the old practitioners, whose principal forensic arts were to bully the witnesses and to shed crocodile's tears in the sight of the jury. But the leaders of the Old Bailey Bar at the present day—Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. C. F. Gill, Mr. Horace Avory and Mr. Geoghegan, &c.—are men of quite a different stamp. There are now, I

believe, about a hundred members of the Old Bailey Bar Mess, and as a rule about half this number are to be found in the different Courts. It is sad to think how many of these men fail to get a brief during the sittings from month to month. A barrister practising at the Old Bailey, however, has the consolation of knowing that sooner or later his turn will come for what in the slang of the Bar is known as "a spoonful of soup." By "soup" are understood the briefs for the prosecution in cases of ordinary importance

which are given out with an impartial hand by the Treasury and come in rotation to every barrister practising at the Court. To the newly "called" young man one of these briefs is the first rung in the ladder—which, in the imagination of the ambitious, reaches to the dizzy heights of Lord Halsbury or Lord



THE OLD BAILEY—INSIDE THE COURT

Russell, Sir Edward Clarke and Sir Frank Lockwood. Each of these distinguished men laid the foundations of their future fame at the Old Bailey; Sir Edward Clarke still occasionally re-visits it to have his memory revived of the time when he was glad enough of a spoonful of soup from the official tureen.

A day at the Old Bailey, if not exactly

exhilarating, is not all gloom. True, you realise as you never realised before how much unhappiness and misery are represented by those brief newspaper reports of the Central Criminal Court. But the witness-box—and occasionally even the dock—has a humour and a pathos that are full of human interest. I think that the makers of our best melodramas must sometimes go to the Old Bailey and obtain many a suggestion from the figure successively appearing in the witness-box and the little bits from the life-stories of Londoners which they tell. Even the squalid crowd of men and women assembled round the doorways of the Court, discussing the prospects of friends "in trouble" and revolving on the perjury by which—too often—they hope to "get them off," have an aspect for the reflective observer which is not altogether ignoble. The

shade is, of course, out of all proportion to the light, but the light and shade together can hardly fail to interest keenly all but the most hardened frequenters—such as the newspaper reporters—of the Old Bailey. The juror summoned for the Sessions is an object of commiseration among his friends and neighbours, and all the way to the Court condoles with himself on his ill-luck. But before long—whether on duty in the box or in waiting on the side seats—he generally yields to the dramatic interest of the scene which is being enacted before him. A jury have often been known to prolong a case—long after their minds had been decisively made up in favour of acquittal—simply to give themselves the pleasure of hearing Mr. Charles Mathews heighten the realistic meaning—as he knows so well how to do—of the facts which had been laid before them.



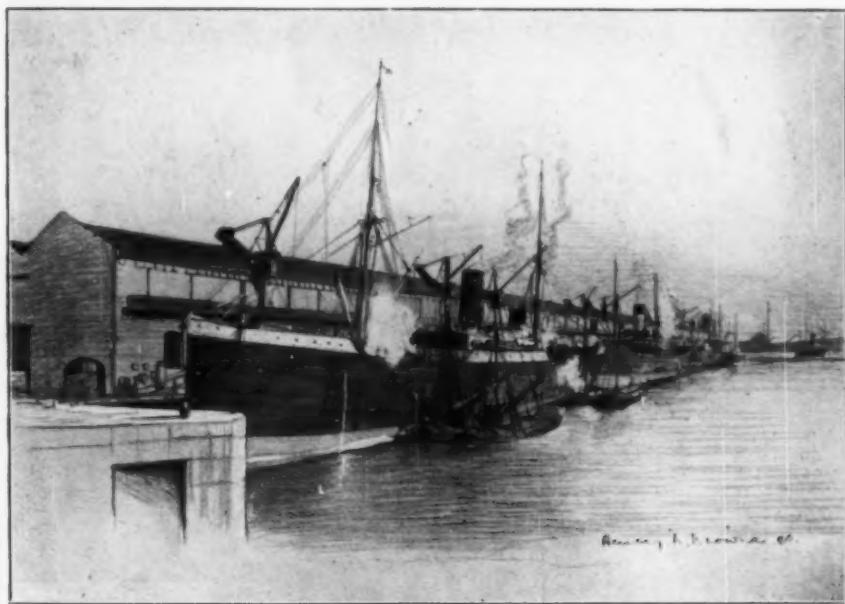
Cotton in Liverpool

WRITTEN BY E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN. ILLUSTRATED BY H. N. BROWNE

LIVERPOOL is, above all things, a cotton port; the trail of the ancient Indian fibre is over all the mercantile district. On 'Change the talk is of cotton, and the frequenters go about wearing coats covered with tufts of white down, the youngest and obscurest brokers being,

ragged and disreputable that one has difficulty in appreciating their value. Liverpool boasts the finest draught horses in the world, and they are needed. Despite their heavy work, however, they look sleek and prosperous.

The influence of cotton is even more obvious at the Docks, where it pre-



DISCHARGING COTTON

of course, the most downy. Larger tufts lie in profusion about the streets, small boys with apparently ponderous but really trifling loads of sample parcels collide with you at all corners; the newspapers devote columns daily to incomprehensible figures about "crop movements" and other recondite matters; and continually the causeways groan under luries bearing enormous loads of bales which look so dirty,

dominates ruthlessly, though Liverpool has an enormous share of almost all the businesses of the world. The world's production of cotton in the year 1895-1896 was estimated by Mr. A. B. Shepperson, of New York, as about six thousand millions of pounds, and somewhere about a fifth of this, nearly three million bales, comes to Liverpool. In its water-carriage the finest mercantile fleets in the world are constantly en-



WAITING TO BE LOADED

gaged. No week, even in the summer season, fails to bring at least a few thousand bales. The giant passenger steamers between Liverpool and New York do not carry cotton; but vessels of at least equal capacity are employed, as is illustrated by the recent record-breaking arrivals of the *American* with about 20,000 bales, and the *Samoa* with

about 18,000—the latter being probably the larger cargo of the two, as the cotton was from Texas, where much larger bales are made. The Liverpool docks and warehouses are equal to all demands. The warehoused cotton commonly exceeds a million bales, and sometimes nearly double that quantity is accommodated, but with difficulty.



LOADING THE LURRIES

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The cotton debarkation takes place principally in the docks at the north and south ends of the port. It is only at the north end that the largest vessels can be received and accommodated. Once in the dock no time is lost, but sometimes in the height of the cotton season some delay is inevitable. I have seen as many as seven vessels lying side by side in the

town dues; after which a crane swings it to its place on a lurry. There is not much evidence of muscular decadence about the performances of the lusty Lancashire lads who assist at these performances.

American bales of cotton, as they lie on the quay, tattered, grimy, shapeless, wrapped in coarsest canvas, bound with



ON THE FLAG

dock waiting for berths. One of the great ocean liners at the quay is like a mighty Gulliver bound and powerless in the hands of Lilliputian armies. Ugly and industrious as ants, porters swarm over the quay, while below in the hold others are preparing the bales for the steam or hydraulic cranes that make light of any load, however ponderous. As each bale is deposited it is weighed in order to determine freight, dock, and

rusty hoop-iron, look so disreputable and valueless that it is hard to believe they are worth from £8 to £10 each. At all the docks a most careful watch is kept, not only to prevent theft, but also on behalf of her Majesty's Customs; and at docks where cotton is handled the precautions are doubled, for not only is cotton easily stolen, but it is highly inflammable. Woe to the man, no matter of what degree, who is caught



SEARCHING FOR MATCHES

smoking within the dock enclosure or even on board a ship in dock! The manner in which cotton is packed and handled makes it inevitable that countless wisps of it should be scattered to the ground, and the picking up of these by the poorest poor is a definite industry in which very many dreadful specimens of humanity engage. They are, of course, thieves whenever they get a chance, and they pursue their employment under great restrictions and the most vigilant supervision.

The destination of each lurry is some huge warehouse of five or six storeys, arrived at which it is speedily relieved of its burden.

The interior of a warehouse when cotton is arriving presents a scene of apparent confusion not unlike that on the Dock Quay, but instead of bright daylight a Tartarian gloom prevails everywhere beyond a few feet from the door of the room, only modified here and there by lanterns, carefully padlocked and barred. On the arrival of cotton bales which have changed hands

since shipment they are re-weighed, and then wheeled on hand trucks up the gangway to temporary resting-places.

The next event in the career of a bale is that of being sampled. Though only about 5 feet 1 inch by 2 feet 8 inches by 2 feet in size, it contains an immense quantity of cotton, four to five hundred pounds closely packed by hydraulic pressure; wrapped in coarse canvas, and bound together with seven or eight stout iron bands, like the heart of the faithful servant in the fairy tale, to keep it from bursting. In sampling one or more of these bands is broken with a "goose." A large handful of cotton, weighing about a quarter of a pound, is drawn



SAMPLE BOY

out, carefully ticketed for identification, and placed on one side to be "dressed" or trimmed to shape before being sent to the broker's office. This done, and not before, the bale reaches its temporary resting-place. Sampling is not so simple a process as it might seem—like most things in connection with the cotton trade its methods have been perfected to a fine art, and a really clever sampler is a valuable man. He will contrive to supply a sample to his employer which, if he be a seller, exhibits its quality to the utmost advantage, or, if he be a buyer, contains the maximum of seeds, twigs, discolorations, and other defects. The commercial value of samples is very considerable, so much so that a broker thinks himself very unlucky if his office rent or other expenses are not covered by the produce of his "bin."

The cotton porter differs from the common dock labourer, being to some slight extent a skilled workman, and he is usually a neat writer and ready reckoner. He earns about four shillings and sixpence per day, but though this seems good pay, it must be remembered that the work is hard and not constant. Men who have "seen better days" are to be found among the porters, but a certain measure of respectability is required, if only on account of the fire risk. The regulations not only forbid smoking, but even the carrying of materials, and the porters are searched very thoroughly before they fall to work—a necessary indignity which, to judge by their expressions, is decidedly unpalatable.

Some people attribute cotton fires to the detectives whose business it is to prevent breaches of the rules. These men are well known, and on their approach notice is promptly passed round a warehouse by a peculiar method of telegraphy. Any man with a pipe or matches must immediately divest himself of them, and what hiding-place is better or readier to the hand than a crevice in a bale? Once a spark gets to work there is very little hope for a warehouse. It is not the bales themselves that make the danger so great, but the

all-pervading loose cotton-down, which covers everything, and even seems to fill the air, and which ignites with such rapidity that the moment a flame is seen everyone in the warehouse has to run for his life.

The samples when duly made up and ticketed are carried to the offices of merchants and brokers, who cluster



A COTTON PICKER

thickly in and around the Exchange Buildings, which enclose three sides of the Square, known as "The Flags," the fourth side of which is filled by the back of the Town Hall, one of the oldest buildings in Liverpool, yet—so much of a mushroom is the city—the oldest part is not much more than a hundred and fifty years old.

The mysteries of the cotton trade are controlled by the Cotton Association, which has a large membership of merchants or brokers. The merchant buys and imports cotton; the broker sells it or buys it (selling broker and buying broker being quite distinct), but the distinction between merchant and broker is not so clear as it might appear, for there are merchants who are also brokers, brokers who are also merchants, jobbing brokers who do not precisely fall into either category, but live—and live well—by speculations in cotton, and other varieties, down to that body of honest jobbers long known by the nickname of "The Forty Thieves."

There is probably no staple of commerce which commands such an elaborate and skilfully-ordered mechanism for distribution as cotton: none which is more involved in the meshes of speculation. Occasionally a crisis comes: some greatly daring financier forms a syndi-

cate and endeavours to "corner" the market of a particular month by such large purchases in advance as will enable him to force prices up artificially. Failure, however, is the common result of such ventures, but only after a period of intense crisis, during which highly dramatic scenes are enacted on the flags. Until a short time ago the merchants and brokers congregated for business on the flags, no matter what the weather might be; but now there is a new and handsome Cotton Exchange, which is found a welcome novelty when the weather-clerk provides wind, rain, frost or snow; and the flags are only now resorted to for conversation and fresh air in the intervals of more serious business. Liverpool sells all the cotton she imports, for, oddly enough, all attempts made from time to time to spin it have proved failures. When Manchester and her satellites import all their own cotton by way of the ship canal, Liverpool will perhaps try again! The metamorphoses undergone by these bales of fleece, from the sheep of the vegetable kingdom before they reach the consumer in the form of calicoes, "all wool" goods and finest "silk velvets," are full of curious interest, but form no part of the subject of this brief sketch.





SCENE AT THE WEST PIER
Photo by E. Hawkins and Co., Brighton

WRITTEN BY FREDERICK A. A. TALBOT

FRIDAY, December 4th, 1896! If the records of the Meteorological Office for this date are perused, it will be observed that a terrific gale, almost unparalleled in tempestuousness, raged upon our eastern and southern shores, inflicting tremendous and widespread havoc. Also, if the annals of the flourishing seaside town of Brighton are but transiently examined, it will be found that this self-same date is a most memorable one in its history, as the zenith of the fury of this euroclydon was vented upon this popular resort, wreaking devastation and desolation to the tune of several thousands of pounds upon every side. But the most eventful episode was the total demolition of the familiar Chain Pier, which was swept away into the depths of the Channel during the height of the gale.

The history of this quondam picturesque "lion" of London-super-Mare is both interesting and romantic. First opened to the public on the 25th of November, 1823, it had braved the severe storms of the Channel for seventy-three years. The designer and constructor was Mr. Samuel Brown, a commander in the Navy of his Majesty George IV. It was indubitably a marvel of engineering skill, and although its wooden founda-

tations appeared bizarre in juxtaposition with the modern gigantic iron columns that constitute the supports of our piers of to-day, one cannot help admiring the ingenuity and prescience of the builder in the unique style of construction of which he availed himself. The pier was in all 1,150 feet in length, and was suspended by immense iron chains upon four clumps of wooden piles, placed at intervals of 258 feet apart. The vertical baulks of timber forming the principal foundations were driven 10 feet into the solid rock sea-bottom, and projected 14 feet above high water. To ensure additional stability and solidity to these piles, which were of titanic proportions, some of them weighing half a ton, they were iron shod, nail mailed, and tied firmly together by heavy cross-pieces, converting the whole structure, as it were, into one solid, rigid skeleton framework. The fourth pile from the shore, being the pierhead and landing-stage for passengers—a regular steamboat service formerly existed between Brighton and France, but owing to the difficulty experienced by passengers in embarking and landing because of the rough weather that frequently prevailed, the service was subsequently transferred to Newhaven, where, proper harbour and landing accommodation being afforded, the pas-

sengers suffered no inconvenience from inclement weather—was considerably larger, being about 80 feet long by about 40 feet wide, and weighed closely upon 200 tons. Crowning each collocation of piles were two pyramidal towers of cast-iron, 25 feet in height, from which depended the massive suspension chains, four upon each side, that supported the wooden deck. At the shore end these main chains were firmly secured to a huge mass of iron, three tons in weight, embedded over 50 feet into the face of the cliff, which rises precipitously from the water's edge; while at the sea extremity the chains were carried in a wood encase-

life for twelve hours' rustication at the seaside, have trod its deck with the same keen delight. The moresque appearance of its towers, its graceful symmetry and outline, its peculiar quaintness of construction and picturesque unconventionality, so refreshing after the prosaic, not to say ugly, iron piers so prevalent nowadays, made it dear to all. But the venerable old man, Age, whose attacks we may resist feebly for a time, but not vanquish, coupled with the severe tempests of seventy years, had played sad havoc with its foundations, and it had at last become so decrepit that, in the interests of the public safety, it was deemed advisable to close its gates. As



REMAINS OF THE CHAIN PIER AT LOW WATER

Photo by E. Hawkins and Co., Brighton

ment, keyed and bolted to the foundation piles to maintain it in position, and anchored firmly to the rocky sea-bottom. The chains were connected to the sides of the bridge by iron rods, fluctuating in length according to the sag of the chain. On the whole it was of immense strength and stability, and certainly no iron structure could have resisted so efficaciously the terrible buffetings of the Channel seas for such a span of years. Up to within a few years of its demise it was the rendezvous of all the rank and fashion of Brighton. High and low, from our gracious Queen and other royal personages and equipages to the "umble 'Arry and 'Arriett," who had left the vitiated air and humdrum city

may be seen in our first illustration, the pierhead had assumed a most dangerous list, while the second clump of piles from the shore was in an even more precarious condition, and the whole structure oscillated most alarmingly in a gale of but mediocre turbulence.

Punctually at dusk on this memorable 4th of December, old Fogden the shipwright, precisely as he had done every night at the same hour for forty years before, walked out to the pierhead in the teeth of the rising gale, trimmed and lighted the lamp that shed its warning rays across the dark waters for ships that would pass in the night. How sagely this weather-beaten old sea-dog must have gazed at the ominous

clouds scudding across the sky and listened to the sinister moaning of the rising "sou' easter," and, with the prerogative innate to all those whose liveli-hood is by the sea, prognosticated "a dirty rough night"! It was indeed, though even his worst anticipations must have been more than realised in what followed. As the night wore on and the tide mounted higher and higher, the wind increased in strength and each succeeding wave rolled in with accentuated violence. It was nearly half-past ten and wanted but half an hour to high tide. Few

thundered upon the beach, and many swept over the sea-wall on to the esplanade above, hurling pebbles they had gathered up in their anger with terrific force upon the pavement, while the spray dashed vehemently against the houses along the sea-front. Those in the vicinity of the Chain Pier gazed anxiously seawards. In the dim hazy light they could faintly discern tremendous seas sweeping with relentless violence against the pier, frequently enveloping it in a white seething cloud of spray, and the sea appeared to hurl



THE DEVASTATION AT THE WEST PIER
Photo by E. Hawkins and Co., Brighton

people lingered upon the sea-front, for the inclemency of the elements had driven the majority to seek the more hospitable shelter and warmth of their fireside, but those who defied the fury of the storm witnessed a magnificent though awful sight. The wind was blowing with the velocity of a hurricane, and whistled, shrieked and howled so fiendishly that even the most atheistical could scarcely help being impressed with the momentous omnipotence of Nature, and might have cried conscientiously:

*"O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."*

Huge waves in all their solemn grandeur

its herculean blows with redoubled vigour upon its weakest spot, as if fully cognisant of its debility. Suddenly a huge, ragged foam crested wave, mightier than the rest, was observed rolling majestically shorewards. It struck with full force the treacherous and tottering clump of piles. The whole structure staggered under the terrific impact; the chains groaned under the augmented strain, and, being incapable of resistance, gave way, snapping one after another with loud reports like a rifle volley; the pierhead light vacillated to and fro in a curious manner; and then, with a terrific crash, distinctly heard above the roar of

the storm, the whole pier from the entrance to its furthest sea extremity, together with its foundations, with the exception of the first pile from the shore, heeled over and disappeared beneath the waves. It had all happened within the space of a few seconds, and the handful of spectators loitering around the entrance did not readily grasp what had really happened; but when the

the overwhelming success that attended its first assault upon the handiwork of man, now rent asunder the huge baulks of timber, and utterly regardless of their elephantine proportions and weight, tossed them hither and thither like straws upon its fermenting bosom. Many of them were dashed against the stone groynes that successfully defied the element, and were smashed into



DEBRIS ON THE BEACH AT LOW TIDE

Photo by E. Hawkins and Co., Brighton

huge chains drooped limply across the road, and they rushed to the front and beheld a yawning abyss of foaming water, where less than a minute before the pier had rested nobly, they realised that the worst had happened, and that the stately landmark which had been so dear to them for nearly three-quarters of a century was now enumerated "among the things that were."

The foundering of the chain pier, however, was but the beginning of the end. The insatiable sea, flushed with

splinters; while some were carried upon the crest of a wave and propelled with gigantic force into the roadway. Many boats on the beach were stove in and otherwise wrecked. But the damage was not confined to the precincts of the Chain Pier. The West Pier, a magnificent iron structure about a mile to the westward of where the destroyed pier formerly stood, was assailed with dozens of the cumbersome timbers that had been swept in an occidental direction by the tide. No ancient army with their

unwieldy battering-rams ever plied so zestfully and with such effective success against the walls of a beleaguered city, as did the waves armed with débris against this pier. It was a grand sight. The heavy timbers of the wrecked pier were carried by rushing volumes of water and impelled with awe-inspiring force against the massive iron columns that constitute the supports to the structure. The iron columns echoed back defiance! The sea, as if infuriated by this feeble opposition, increased its energy, and the huge logs of timber fell upon them like hailstones upon a window-pane. Still they held out, but not for long. Nature triumphed over man. When one recollects the weight of the missiles and the tremendous impetus that was imparted to them by the surging sea, it is not surprising that these supports, after a short and heroic defence, surrendered and snapped one after another as if composed of the most brittle materials.

In the morning a terrible spectacle presented itself. Although the turbulence of the sea had subsided somewhat, it still bubbled, boiled, hissed and foamed upon the beach, a graphic idea of which is conveyed in our illustration. The massive iron towers that surmounted the first clump of piles, although almost intact, had heeled over to a most alarming degree and threatened to fall and bury themselves in the seething billows at any unexpected moment. Around the entrance the poor old shipwright, to whom the Chain Pier had been his whole life and being, wandered disconsolately, and the warning notices in the windows of the kiosks, which were formerly the toll-gates, announcing that "the Royal Chain Pier is closed until

thoroughly examined by our (the borough) engineer," added to the incongruity of the scene. In the foreground of the illustration are the remains of Volk's electric railway which suffered severely from the wrath of the gale. This seashore railway extends for a considerable distance along the shore at Brighton, forming a convenient connection between the various "lions." For many yards each side of the pier the strong wooden viaduct upon which the railway was constructed had been prac-



SEA-GOING CAR
Photo by Donovan, Brighton

tically exterminated, only a few stout joists which were fixed into the solid masonry of the sea-wall, and some twisted rails remaining.

At the West Pier the scene, as will be seen from one of our illustrations, was equally appalling and the damage as widespread. Huge waves still rolled in, sweeping ruthlessly away all that barred their progress. As many of the main supports had been torn away, a large portion of the deck, 100 feet by 150 feet, gradually subsided at one side into the sea. This now constituted a new and

graver danger, as it afforded great resistance to the wind. Great fear was apprehended as to what would happen next. It was the inevitable, and the suspense was not of very long duration. The tremendous seas that were running soon supplemented their destructive force against the settling section with such might that the whole pier quivered under the assaults. The climax was reached. With a terrorising crash it collapsed and disappeared into the sea, thus bisecting the pier. A spice of ex-

any the worse for their involuntary incarceration—in fact, they appeared to have enjoyed their unenviable experience, especially the young ladies.

A week previous to this red-letter day Brighton had become possessed of a new attraction. This was a unique sea-shore railway connecting Brighton with the picturesque little suburb Rottingdean. Contrary to the usual practice, this railroad was constructed several feet from the seashore, being bare at low tide and covered with water several feet in

depth at high tide. The car itself was suspended upon an iron platform, the four supports of which projected sufficiently above the level of the sea at high tide to place the car beyond the reach of the waves. Our illustration on page 643 gives a very comprehensive idea of the car travelling at high water. To prevent the car toppling over, the wheels at the feet of the supports were encased firmly in massive blocks of masonry, which, besides maintaining a perfect equilibrium for the car, performed the additional office of enabling it to travel smoothly. Speculation had been rife as to how the car would



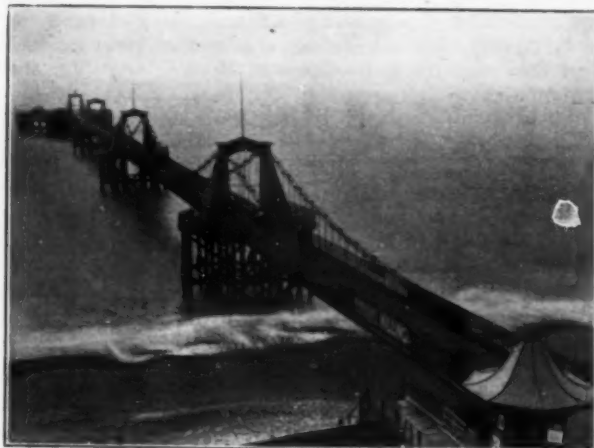
POOR OLD FOGDEN
Forty years shipwright on the Old Chain Pier

citement attended this latest development. Some half a dozen people, including the young ladies engaged in the refreshment buffet, were now imprisoned upon the insulated portion of the pier, and anxiety was exhibited for their safety. No boat could be launched for their rescue, and the gulf was too wide to permit a temporary bridge being thrown across the chasm. There was no alternative but to wait till the tide went down, and then they were rescued from their perilous plight by ladders, none of them, however, feeling

behave in a gale, but the promulgators of this anomalous mode of travelling, imbued with the same spirit of absolute confidence that infused Winstanley regarding his Eddystone Lighthouse, declared that it was sufficiently stable to resist a gale many times the severity of any yet experienced upon the south coast. Alas for the degenerate egotism and self-aggrandisement of mortals! This gale conclusively proved that it was *not* capable of withstanding a heavy sea by completely swallowing it up. When morning broke not a trace or vestige

of the car was to be seen. Where was it? What had become of it? The solution to the enigma was not very

of the erstwhile Chain Pier protruded above the water like the ghastly remains of a stranded ship, while the massive chains from the first pile trailed languidly from each side of the drooping towers. On the beach the damage was more frightful, being thickly strewn with cumbersome baulks of timber thrown up promiscuously and left by the sea. The West Pier was divided, dilapidated and tottering. On the beach lay a few of the heavier broken iron columns, while many of the other supports had been distorted into remarkable shapes. The whole edifice was in a most unsafe condition, and had to be thoroughly



THE CHAIN PIER BEFORE THE GALE
Photo by E. Hawkins and Co., Brighton

distant. As the tide ebbed, a few twisted iron rails, fashioned into fantastic shapes, appeared above the water, then splinters of wood, followed by remnants of the interior upholstery. This was all that remained of what a few hours previously had been one of the "prides" of Brighton.

The sea, however, by this time had expended its exuberant potentiality. Apparently gloating over the wholesale devastation it had wrought, as it receded it cast up the fruits of its victories in dying spasmodic efforts upon the beach. At low tide, what an extraordinary and direful spectacle presented itself! It was devastation, desolation and débris upon every side. What the fluid element did not accomplish the tempest did, and what the gale commenced the sea completed. Out to sea the base, gaunt timbers of the other clumps of piles

overhauled and renovated—the damage was estimated at about £2,000—before it could be re-opened to the public. There was scarcely a perfect yard of Volk's electric railway intact, and something like £2,000 had to be expended to restore it, while the station of the Sea-Going Car at Paston Groyne was nothing



THE CHAIN PIER THE MORNING AFTER THE GALE
Photo by Donovan, Brighton

more than a heterogeneous heap of timbers and iron, literally speaking, not one piece being left joined to another. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Now the Chain Pier was gone, many who had given it only a cursory thought while it was among them, were now only too anxious to obtain a memento. The gale which had been so disastrous to Brighton was a perfect God-send to the lower orders, who, cognisant of the sympathy now aroused, improved the shining hour by fashioning such ephemeral articles as walking-sticks, &c., out of the stranded piles, vending iron nuts and bolts, and for a little while Brighton beach was a veritable Klondike to this fraternity. Relics of the Chain Pier now repose in an honourable resting-place in the homes of hundreds, though

it must be confessed that the unscrupulous did not hesitate to manufacture their souvenirs out of wood other than that of the Chain Pier, and in many cases out of that which had never so much as seen Brighton before. The unpatriotic were in their hey-day, and struggled home to their scantily-furnished, comfortless, poverty-stricken homes under the crushing weight of some huge log of timber, to return for a second, and probably many other equally heavy loads. There were few homes that did not possess on the next day of that bleak December a roaring and heat-yielding fire, so that although it had caused widespread havoc, the force of the sea was the means of gladdening many a dissatisfied and sorrowing heart.



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The Golden Scarab

WRITTEN BY J. W. BRESLIN. ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. SALMON



I HAD come to hate the sight of it, yet I could not keep long away from the shop where it was displayed. I desired it, but told myself that it would be folly to

purchase it, and, naturally, in the end I became its possessor. To be the cause of so much vacillation it was a very trivial object, merely an absolute facsimile in gold of an ancient Egyptian scarab. It was about the size of the palm of a man's hand, and was fashioned of pure gold. It was hollow, a mere shell, to judge by its weight, but the closest examination failed to detect any join or opening on its surface. It was inscribed with hieroglyphics, which, despite the plausibility of their arrangement, I was quite unable to decipher. Beyond the exceptional material employed, if genuine, or if modern, that any artist should have thought it worth his labour to counterfeit with such extraordinary precision so common an amulet, my fascination was inexplicable. It had caught my eye as it lay among a miscellaneous collection of jewellery and trinkets on a tray in the window of a pawnbroker's sale-room, and for weeks I had gone almost daily to look at it, and turn away, resisting the temptation to which I at length succumbed.

I placed it in my pocket, and hurried home, fingering it as I went with a delightful sense of possession; and in the seclusion of my study I examined it in detail. The metal was bright and clean, and free from scratches, as if it had just left the engraver's hands, but it bore no trace of signature or hall-mark, and I could not decide whether the workmanship was of recent or antique date. I laid the scarab on my knee, and fell to

musing as to when it was made, and why and by whom.

Night came down, creeping out from corners and recesses till the whole room was in darkness, but I did not notice it. I had gradually become aware of a peculiar, sweet, pungent odour, growing more insistent as the twilight deepened, with a strange sultry oppressiveness, which roused me to vague speculation as to its origin, and I remembered it as the odour which is felt, only in less degree, when unwrapping the clinging cerements of a mummy. I looked up to see if a large glass case, or cabinet, containing a very fine example, which had once been a priest of Osiris, was in any way damaged. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. I did not see the case, but it was not that which made me doubtful of my vision. As my eyes travelled to the case, I should have caught the dark outline of one of two rhododendrons which graced my somewhat prim and restricted front garden, but instead of the blurred outlines visible through the dusk of an English evening, what I saw was a grandiose vision of gigantic buildings ranged in sharply contrasted lines of light and shade, and beyond a cool glow where the star-lit splendour of an Eastern night was reflected from a vast expanse of water. I looked eagerly, greedily, for I saw Egypt, the Egypt of the Pharaohs, not dead, deserted, overpiled with the dust of centuries, but full of the stately pomp of life. The streets, the temples, the palaces, sparkled with innumerable lights; slow-pacing processions and hustling throngs moved hither and thither; the house-tops were crowded with men and women, resting, feasting, singing; the river alive with boats gliding through the cool night air. I saw Egypt as not the most learned could reconstruct it, not as it might live

in the assuredness of dreams, but vivid beyond conception in palpitating reality.

A sudden impression that there was someone standing beside me caused me to turn round, and when I looked again, reluctant to loose my eyes from that wonderful vision, I saw only the familiar outlines of the rhododendron and the railings beyond. I gazed vacantly, incuriously, merely conscious that what I had seen was no longer there, till roused by a voice at my ear: "What, Swinton, moping among your plunderings from the past?"

I looked up and saw my old friend Dr. Rainsford, and pulled my wits together to greet him. I lit the gas, and as I did so he noticed my latest acquisition and inquired, "Surely something new?"

"Yes," I said; "it has been a source of temptation to me for weeks, and as you see, I could not resist the temptation to buy. It is a very common form of amulet, but it has some exceptional features. The material is unusual; it is hollow, and yet it is not a box, as I have examined it carefully with a powerful glass. The third feature is that I cannot make head or tail of the hieroglyphics engraved on it. I must take it to Faucit and see if he can interpret them."

"But," objected Rainsford, "is it not possibly a counterfeit, and the symbols merely superficial in the *vraisemblance*?"

"No, I think not. A copyist is bound to make some mistake, and I have found none: and though I cannot decipher the inscription, it has a certain ordered appearance, from which I gather that it has a meaning. It has been an ungovernable abscission to me. I brought it home this afternoon, and have been poring over it till the approach of darkness, which, by the way, reminds me that a most wonderful hallucination was dispelled by your entry. My mind was certainly deep in things Egyptian, and, happening to look out of the window there by the mummy, I believed I saw, not my suburban front garden, but ancient and majestic Egypt in all the glory of actuality. The more I think of it, the more astonished I am, as my

vision differed in many details from what I should have imagined according to my knowledge, and yet I somehow fancy that these details were not the mere irrational variations of a dream."

My friend, instead of laughing at me as I expected, took the matter seriously. "It is certainly very strange. I cannot say you did not see the truth, nor yet can I admit that it was more than a vivid reminiscence of your knowledge of this particular subject. There is no doubt that to a certain extent the past is existent to us, as shown in dreams, which, though mostly absurd farragoes, yet sometimes represent old experiences with startling reality. At times I could almost say that if our own past lives in ourselves, why not the past of the world, somewhere, somehow? Why should it be more wonderful than that with the aid of some clock-work we should see and hear incidents enacted thousands of miles from us and in the grave of time past?"

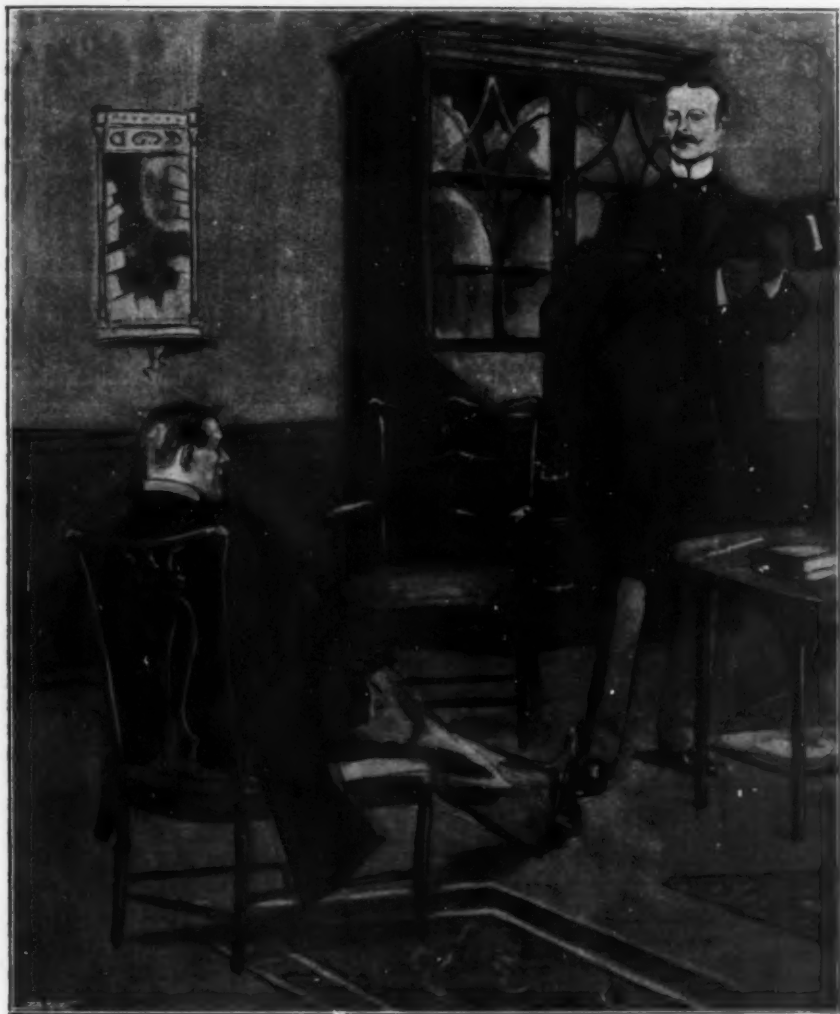
"You are wandering in very thorny ways," I remarked with a laugh; "you might as well speculate as to the origin of life."

"And why not," he cried warmly. "I am a surgeon, a sort of tinker who sews and solders the battered vessels come from other hands than his, careless of whence they come or where they go, their use or abuse, yet I cannot help wondering at times whether the human body is simply an exquisite adjustment of parts, or whether there is something behind it all. Life, yet life which flies by a gash or pin-prick, which flames or flickers with its containing matter, and still may be a spark when the organism is perfect, a conflagration when it is a wreck. It is a strange speculation."

"Strange indeed," I said; "but I suppose your profession will not be content till it has discovered the fount and origin of life, and succeeded in separating it from the body and keeping it bottled on your shelves for supply to all who may require it."

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised out of reason if something that way came about; but we have ascended to somewhat too rare an atmosphere, let us

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"LET ME KNOW IF YOU SOLVE THAT CRUX"

change the subject." And our conversation took another turn.

As Rainsford took his leave his eye caught the golden scarab lying on the table, and he said jestingly:

"Let me know if you solve that crux. The old Egyptians have been credited with some curious knowledge."

"O, certainly," I rejoined, in the same tone. "I may find some long-lost secret;" and as he left I took up the scarab to put it in the place which I

had long since decided it should occupy. This was on one of the shelves in the glass case containing the mummy and my collection of antiquities. As I moved some objects to make room for it, I had a momentary impression that the mummy was stirred, and instinctively put out my hand to steady it, when I found that it was beyond the reach of any accidental touch. I tried if the supports on which it lay were in position; but they were quite firm, and I

concluded that my eye must have been deceived by some chance reflection in the glass.

For some time after this I was occupied with other matters, and forgot the golden scarab and its indecipherable inscription. It was recalled to my mind by chance, and I decided to call the next day upon Professor Faucit, the eminent Egyptologist, and get his opinion. On my way home I was passed by a newsboy shouting, "Special! Mysterious murder! Escape of the assassin!" And I bought a paper from him and thrust it in my pocket.

On reaching home I opened the journal, and was profoundly shocked to read that Faucit had been found murdered in his study. He had evidently been engrossed in the examination of some papyri, and had been struck down unawares from behind. So far as was known there had been no robbery, and the only trace of the murderer were some footprints on the ground below the window of the Professor's room. These were curiously long and narrow, and appeared to have been made by a person walking in his stocking soles. There was no known motive for the crime, and the only plausible explanation was that the murderer had come unexpectedly into the room and attacked the Professor in an impulse of fear for his own safety if discovered. I noticed that my friend Rainsford had been called, and as he had an appointment with me for that afternoon I looked forward to receiving from him a less sensational and more accurate statement of the facts.

While pacing up and down the room I noticed the trace of dirty fingers on the door of the glass case. With the strange aptitude of the mind for trivialities in even the most solemn circumstances, I resented this untidiness and wiped off the marks with my handkerchief. In doing so I noticed that the smears ran close to the edge of the polished frame as if the door had been open when they were made. This, however, was absurd. The door fitted closely into a velvet-lined recess, and could only be opened by inserting the key into the lock and using it as a handle. A glance

told me that the various articles lay on their shelves undisturbed, and I knew my servants would not venture to closer acquaintance with the grim, drawn countenance of the long-dead priest of Osiris.

The matter would never have recurred to my mind but for another circumstance, also of trivial moment if taken by itself. I was about to close one of the windows which happened to be open when I noticed on one of the panes, but on the outside, similar finger-marks. They were more strongly impressed, and were of a faint reddish-brown colour. This appeared as if the person who had left the stains on the case had entered by the window. I went outside to see if I could trace any sign of entrance, and on the narrow strip of flower border by the wall I found the impress of a foot set down, half on the grass, half on the soft mould. It appeared to have been made by a long, narrow foot covered with a stocking. As I looked at it a nameless horror crept upon me that the vile being who had done Faucit to death must have entered my dwelling after the deed, Heaven knows with what purpose.

Rainsford entered from the road as I was standing there, and called to me, but I was incapable of speech, and could only beckon him to me.

"Swinton," he said, "anything wrong? You're as white as chalk."

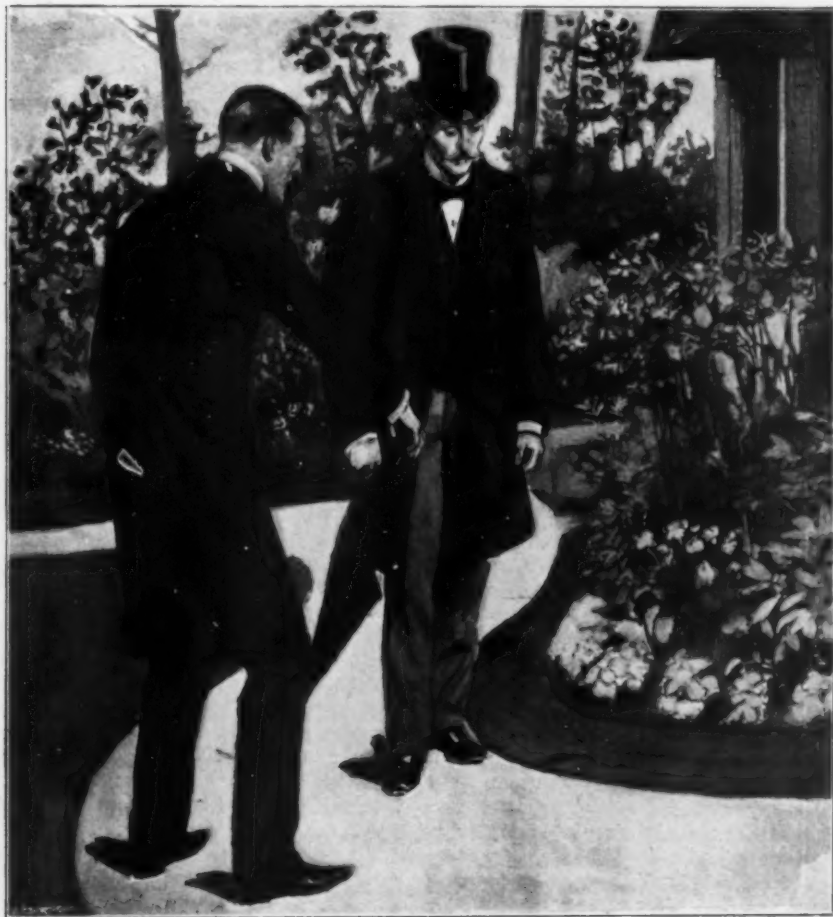
For answer I pointed to the mark on the border. He stooped to examine it, but immediately started back. "Great Heaven, it's the same! How did you know?"

I told him how I had made the discovery, and on his advice sent for the police. They came and made a careful and minute search, but made no further discovery. The only explanation they could give was that the man must have found the window partly open, and entered the room and tried to secure the only portable object of value in it, the golden scarab, but had been scared and fled. As they left the house one remarked: "It's odd he came to you, sir; another gentleman with a fancy for them old Egyptian things."

The days went by, and the murder of Faucit remained an unsolved mystery.

I fell back into my usual routine, only very particular to see that all the windows on the basement were duly fastened before retiring for the night. I spent hours of vain labour over the hieroglyphics on the scarab. One evening, after

murdered, and another developing monomania. But that reminds me of something I have to tell you. A man was brought to me this morning. He had been attacked and half strangled quite close to your gate by a Hindu-looking



"I POINTED TO THE MARK ON THE BORDER"

long puzzling, I was sitting with it in my hand, when I saw again a wonderful vision of old, dead Egypt. Something drew away my attention, and, as before, it had vanished when I looked again.

The next evening I told Rainsford, but he laughed at me. "This locality is getting notorious. One Egyptologist

fellow, all bundled up in dirty linen, and smelling most atrocious. I use his own description. Might it not be some insane Asiatic, and possibly the murderer of Faucit?"

"O," I said, carelessly, "more likely some quick-tempered native against whom the fellow may have been airing

his drunken wit. There are two or three Hindu servants about here."

"Very probable," admitted Rainsford, dropping his hastily-found clue, and the conversation on the subject ended.

I later made a discovery which I confess I kept to myself, as my friend, in spite of his transcendental discourse on hallucinations, might have insisted on a course of matter-of-fact treatment. It was that I could call up my visions of old Egypt by merely holding the golden scarab in my hand and looking in the direction of the case containing my Egyptian relics. They were invariably night scenes, and the most prominent actors in them were the priesthood of Osiris. Sometimes I beheld the celebration of strange rites amid the vast splendours of some mighty temple, at others a ceremonial procession through the streets or by the banks of the great river. The scenes were of amazing vividness and reality, but I could only see them on the approach of evening, and they stood out bolder and sharper as the shadows deepened, and I accepted them without question as to the reality of the life they pictured to my eyes.

I had indulged myself in these waking dreams on several occasions when an incident occurred which brought them to an abrupt conclusion. One morning early, and while it was yet dark, I was awakened by a thunderous knocking at the house-door. I hurried downstairs, and found a policeman telling the excited servants that he had seen a man enter the house by my study-window. He and another constable had been seeking shelter from a slight shower under some trees, on the opposite side of the road to my house, when they saw an Indian-looking sort of fellow creep stealthily in at the gate, push up the window, and disappear into the house. He answered in every detail to the description of the man who had committed the assault some days previously, and who was also suspected to be the murderer of Professor Faucit. I told the constable he might make sure of his man, as the door of the room was locked, and handing him the key he opened the door, and flashed his lamp into the room. We could see

nothing, though he directed the light into every corner, beyond the usual furniture of the room. The other constable, seeing his watch outside to be no longer necessary, now joined us, and we entered the room, and lit the gas. There was not the slightest sign of an intrusion. The windows were all properly fastened, and I pointed this out to the two policemen, who stood confounded, and I fear I spoke somewhat sharply to them.

"I fear, my good men," I said, "you've been dreaming. There has been no person in this room since I left it, except this gentleman," pointing to the mummy, "and as he's been dead these two or three thousand years, he is not likely to be the man, but you can satisfy yourselves," and I offered to open the case. They, however, declined, somewhat hastily, and left the room, protesting that they could have sworn they saw the man enter the house. As they went out I overheard one remark, "It must have been the ghost of that blessed old mummy."

I felt a bit nervous, and called after them that they might knock up Dr. Rainsford and ask him to come down to me.

Half an hour later Rainsford arrived, and I told him of the incident. My nerves had got a considerable shock, and I must confess I could not help coupling it in some way with my curious visions. He thought I had been worrying too much over that impossible inscription, and that the occurrence unfortunately fitted in with the reveries in which I had been indulging. He asked if the constables had examined the room, and I replied that they had done nothing beyond satisfying themselves that it was empty. "Besides," I added, "the door and windows were fastened." He considered for a few minutes, then said:

"The door and windows might be unfastened from inside. Are you addicted to sleep-walking?"

I had no knowledge of any such tendency, but he said it was quite possible, and continued: "There was a sharp shower at the time. Anyone entering from the wet lawn must have left some trace."

He examined the window, but there were no marks discernible there. A tall man, however, could have stepped over the sill without more than grazing it. We could find no marks on the carpet which could be distinguished from those left by the boots of the constables. We then examined the hall, but also without result. Rainsford admitted himself puzzled. There was not the faintest indication of infraction, and yet it seemed impossible that two men should have been so completely deceived. He continued, however, to move about the room with a light, apparently determined either to prove or disprove the story.

Suddenly he stopped before the glass case. After a few minutes' examination he inquired, "Did you open this?"

"No; why should I? There was no occasion."

"Well," he answered, "look here!" and holding the light in his hand at an angle he pointed to the floor of the case, and I saw some moisture glistening on the polished wood as if a damp cloth had rested against it for a moment.

I stood looking helplessly at the mark, while Rainsford seemed to be considering the next step to be taken. He came quickly to a resolution and asked me to open the door of the cabinet. I did so, and he said, "Now this," pointing to the plate-glass cover to the mummy case. I stared at him in amazement, but he insisted, and together we lifted off the cover. He bent down and passed his hand carefully over the swathings. As he felt the wrappings about the feet he cried out, "Great Heaven, it is impossible! Swinton, feel this."

I put my hand on the wrappings. They were slightly damp.

We stood there trembling in an agony of fear at we knew not what monstrous inconceivable horror glimpsed at through this discovery. Rainsford was the first to recover, pulling himself together with a mighty effort. He felt the hands of the mummy, the drawn features, every portion of the body, but they remained rigid and unyielding.

We sat down, but could not bring ourselves to give utterance to the thoughts which forced themselves upon us. Our

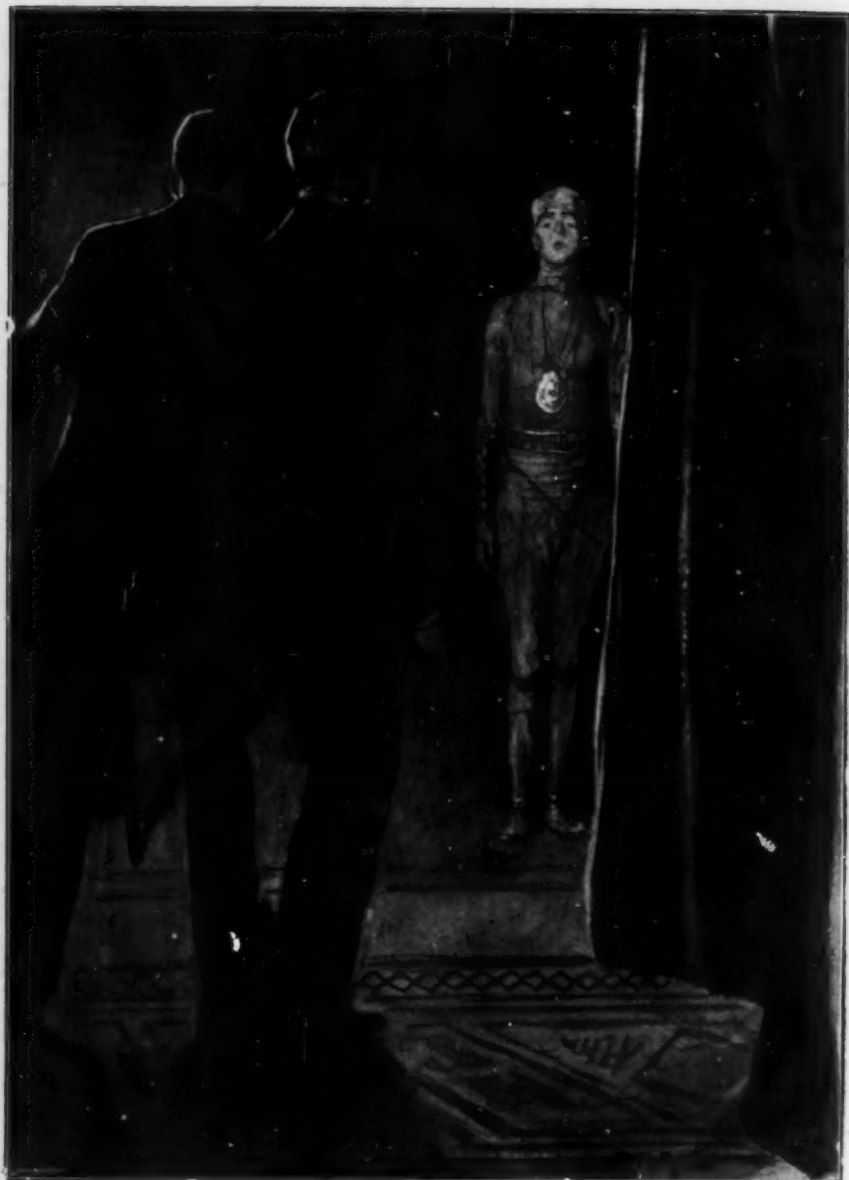
eyes kept wandering to that enigmatic face retaining still a faint umbra of life despite the centuries of the tomb. At length I whispered, "For Heaven's sake, let us get away from it," and we removed to another room.

"It is incredible, but what can be the truth?" said Rainsford when we had somewhat recovered from the first shock of our discovery, but shirking still to put in words our inmost thoughts. "I cannot believe it; but I am certainly going to get to the bottom of it all;" and before parting it was arranged that we should keep watch in the room on the following night.

I passed the day between fits of feverish excitement and nervous depression, alternately longing for and dreading the approach of darkness.

There was a large recess curtained off one end of my study which would furnish us with an admirable place for concealment. It had at one time been a separate room, and had a door leading into it from another part of the house. We sat late trying in vain to converse, and the time seemed interminable till the clock struck the hour at which I usually retired, and we left the room, carefully locking the door behind us. We then noiselessly entered the recess by the other door and took up our position. Rainsford had provided himself with a revolver and a portable electric lamp, by means of which we would be able to immediately procure light.

The room was in total darkness, and we could not distinguish any object in it. Above all we could not discern the faintest outline of the cabinet, as it stood between two windows and in the deepest shadow; but every time I turned my eyes towards it I seemed to see the grim, strange face of its occupant. We had waited some time—how long I cannot say—in profound silence, when Rainsford's hand tightened on my arm, and I heard a faint, tinkling sound followed by an almost imperceptible rustling, and the window curtains were drawn gently aside. We saw dimly a tall figure stoop and raise the sash, then step out into the darkness.



"LIVING OR DEAD . . . IT STOOD FACING US"

The same inconceivable fear which had taken hold of us upon the previous night again held us bound, and it was some minutes before we came to ourselves and struck a light. Our first

glance was towards the case. It was empty: the mummy was gone. I felt my head reeling, and fell heavily to the floor. I awoke to find Rainsford bending over me with a glass in his hand,

from which I drank greedily. My eyes kept wandering to the cabinet, but I could not bring myself to look at it.

"Pull yourself together, Swinton," said my friend. "We must see it out now. I could not leave you and follow the thing. Besides," he added, with a hysterical laugh, "I could not very well ask the first policeman I met to go with me in chase of an escaped mummy. We will wait for its return—for return it will, it must—and face it then."

How the long horror of that night passed I cannot remember. I tried in vain to steady my shaken nerves, and but for Rainsford would have fled from the room. He summoned his whole strength of will to meet whatsoever it might be that came and solve the mystery.

At last we heard the window-sash being moved, and at the faint rustling which followed Rainsford touched the button of the lamp, and at the same moment tore aside the curtains of our hiding-place.

I shrieked aloud at the strange vision disclosed by the sudden light. I saw right before me the figure, the shrivelled face of the long-dead priest of Osiris, and I saw the light of life glowing in the

great hollow orbits of his eyes. My fear fled, and my whole being seemed to be concentrated in the one faculty of sight. I gazed, without curiosity, without speculation, without dread; and I could not satisfy the hunger of my eyes. Living or dead, it—I cannot call it man—stood facing us, calm, inscrutable, mysterious, as when its countenance was first laid to the darkness of centuries. It raised one arm and took a step forward, and at the same moment a loud report echoed through the room. Rainsford had fired.

How can I describe what followed? There was no outcry, no fall, only a slow fluttering of the brown cerements to the floor. We rushed forward. There was nothing but a heap of ancient rags, thickly covered with a pungent, odorous dust, and in their midst we found the golden scarab, battered and dented by the bullet to the nollow within.

Horror gave place to a vague wonder, and Rainsford said slowly, "We cannot explain, we must accept. Perhaps, after all, we had better say we have been victims of an hallucination—in spite of these:" and he pointed to the empty mummy case and the pile of cerements whereon glittered the battered golden scarab.





LITTLE RED RIDING - HOOD

Photo by H. C. Shelley

Jewellers' Tricks

BY AN AMATEUR



HE disease began at the age of three. It took the form of a chronic desire for the annexation of brass carpet rings. Happy childhood! The ring was yellow, and that was enough.

Ever since that time jewellery—rings especially—have had an absorbing interest for me. Between three-and-thirty a man should learn something of a subject that becomes an increasing hobby as he grows older. My education with regard to gems and goldsmiths' work has been chiefly gained from shop windows, a form of education of which most people do not realise the value.

The streets of London are a vast museum of treasures for those who care to look out for them. True, a great deal is sham, but it is an endless amusement and a byway of culture to hunt them down, and show them up—to oneself!

By hook or by crook, how, I hardly know, I have learned so much about my special mania that it has become a source of endless delight to me to show some sharp men of business, whose lives have been spent in selling gems, how little they understand the works of art that they deal with every day.

In London I have often been amazed at finding men in first-rate shops who do not know crystal from glass, or a "doublet" from a real stone.

Whether some subtle instinct is required to tell the difference, I do not know, but during the last few years I have met with extraordinary cases of ignorance on the part of professional jewellers.

Ordinary folks, the average man or woman, who buy jewels for gifts, or for

fashion's sake, are absolutely at the mercy of the jewellers, and their only protection is to go to a firm above suspicion. There are many shrewd sharks waiting for those whose pockets prohibit this precaution, for of course the firm "above suspicion" charges for its virtue, since virtue is always more costly than vice!

For my own part I feel certain that the shop windows, my chats with jewellers, and my constant study of the jewellery of everyone with whom I happen to be thrown into friendly contact, have made me shark-proof, save on one delicate point. I allude to pearls. I believe that my fear of being "done" over these very beautiful gems is shared by many professional merchants, if they would be honest enough to admit it. The imitations are so perfect, and in some of them so much real pearl is used, that nothing short of a destructive test would in many cases be certain proof of genuineness.

The sham diamond may be dismissed with a word. By daylight, and in the hand, the paste has not been made yet that has any resemblance to the real stone. At night, especially by candle light (the finest of all lights for jewels, by the way), they may escape detection if not seen too near, but never by daylight. For the most part the imitations are so contemptible that I marvel when ladies say to me: "Please buy a diamond ring for me. I am sure they would sell me an imitation if I did not go to a *very* well-known or expensive shop."

I think it is a little hard on "they," for I have never met with a case of a jeweller selling a sham for a real diamond. To do such a thing would, indeed, be a charming exhibition of childlike trust on his part. I do not, however, wish to run

down "paste." Much of the old paste and some of the modern (only a little, alas!) is exquisite and too little worn, and is spoken of, by women especially, slightly. This is unfair. I met a lady in Devonshire the other day who has the courage to wear at night a quantity of magnificent old paste. She told me that when she first lived there, everyone in the little town was raving about "Mrs. B.'s diamonds." She hastened to correct the error, and then the country dames rather "scoffed" at the ornaments. Surely a little hard, for they remained as they had been for a hundred years, beautiful in lustre and in design.

Some of the tricks resorted to by jewellers I can best point out by a few of my personal experiences.

One day I went into a great jeweller's, one of the largest in London, for some trifling purchase. In a case I saw a sapphire ring. There never was such a stone. It was more vividly blue than "Reckitt's" advertisement, it was blindingly blue!

"That is a very fine paste you have there," I said.

"Paste, sir?"

"Certainly."

"O, sir," the man groaned, "if I'd only known that. I gave £10 for it a few weeks ago. A swell gentleman came in, and wanted to get rid of it at a great sacrifice, and I bought it. It's a 'doublet.'"

"Really, it's uncommonly well done. May I look at it? O, not paste, I see, a 'doublet.'"

The moment I had it in my hand I could see how the unfortunate man had been "done." The thing on the surface had that indescribable cold look that a real stone always possesses.

And now a word as to "doublets." A "doublet" consists of, first, on the top a thin layer of the *real* stone, the thinner the better from the swindler's point of view, since stones are more costly than glass; underneath this is the imitation, flat on the top and cut like a real stone underneath. It can therefore be "set clear." Of course the glass is made to represent the most perfect colour of whatever stone it may be

imitating. Then the real and the sham are secured to each other by invisible cement and set. As a rule the slip of the real stone is a poor colour, and gets its depths of blue or crimson, or whatever it may be, from the glass beneath it. Holding one of these "doublets" sideways to the light the fraud may often be detected.

In the case of this particular "sapphire" I was shown the whole trick. The man was so disgusted at an obvious amateur like myself recognising the ring off-hand as a sham, that he took it to pieces and threw them over the floor. That was a pity, for it was a masterpiece of fraud. In a moment he had picked off the slip of sapphire, so thin that it was quite worthless, and laid bare the flat top of the glass; one push, and that was out too, and flipped away to a far corner of the shop.

I then left him with his own sad thoughts, and the handsome setting of the ring.

I discovered a very curious trick only a few days ago. I had been looking at several rings in the shop of a man with whom I had often dealt. A wonderful shop it is! Mr. X has a vast stock of modern and antique second-hand jewellery, and will often give a humble amateur very interesting information.

Amongst the rings was a fair-sized single stone emerald in a solid heavy setting—not claws. The colour was pale and the price £3. Even taking into consideration the bad colour, its cheapness roused my suspicions.

"Now, Mr. X," I said, "you don't mean to tell me that you would sell that stone at that price unless there was something very 'fishy' about it. A 'doublet,' perhaps," I added, against my better judgment.

"No sir, but——"

"Ah!"

"But that stone is made a better colour by being lighted from the sides of that solid setting, where the stone is let into the gold. It is done with all kinds of paint, and even with enamel sometimes, and the colour from the sides throws a light into the stone."

This was a revelation to me. I have,

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In these days of keen business competition and brisk commercial enterprise, when the markets are flooded with various kinds of articles of food and drink, and when people are naturally desirous of getting the best value for their money, it is only reasonable to suppose that there will be a "survival of the fittest," and that only those products which possess sterling merit will long continue in public favour. Amongst these there is one which has won its way to the front by sheer merit, and merit alone, and that is Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. This wonderful Food Beverage has become known even in the most remote districts, and as the knowledge of its excellence has increased, so also has the demand.

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of course, found foil of every imaginable colour used at the *back* of stones, but this emerald was "set clear," and on close observation I had no doubt that it was an emerald, though its family must have been heartily ashamed of it.

I have found numberless jewellers, especially in the country, who have a mania for stating that a stone is ruby, emerald, or sapphire, simply because they happen to be red, green, or blue. I believe in some cases this is honest ignorance, though in most a deliberate desire to cheat. A garnet or olmadine often has a fine colour, but always more purple in their redness than a ruby, yet I have many times had them offered to me as rubies. I suppose that they are not worth a quarter of the value of a ruby.

Of all stones probably the sapphire is the most easily imitated. There are a great number of shams sold as genuine stones. They feel like glass, and look like glass if people would only take the trouble to look at them in a good light, and to seek for the sharp, fine edges that are never obtained in modern paste, and that are the hall-mark of any well-cut gems.

An amusing incident in the shop of one of the best-known West End jewellers is amongst the most treasured experiences in my hobby history.

I wanted some little thing for a present, and I had gone to Mr. A.'s to rummage amongst his packets of odds and ends, awaiting their purgatory in the melting-pot. I also wanted to sell some old broken scraps of gold and silver. Amongst these were three small white crystal studs, hideous to look upon, with no lustre, and absolutely worthless.

The scraps were duly weighed and a price offered for them, which I accepted. I then said: "These valuable crystals I will bestow on you, Mr. A."

"Very kind of you, sir, but they are only paste."

"Quite sure, Mr. A.?"

Careful examination followed.

"Yes, quite sure."

"Did you ever know me call these kind of things by their wrong name?"

"Never before, sir, but you are mistaken this time."

"Do you mind fetching a file?"

"Not at all," said Mr. A., smiling pityingly.

"Now file them."

He did. He filed until "paste" would have been reduced to dust, but my silly little crystals remained unmoved.

We turned, laughing, to the bundles. Queer collections these! What joys, what headaches, all these poor battered odds and ends have caused or witnessed. Love-tokens, lockets once so dear, rings that told of a life's devotion, and others that, perhaps, had been returned when hearts grew cold; rings bought in memory of rich old people, because they willed it so, and knew that no one cared for them, and that they only cared the price of a ring for the person it was respectable not quite to forget.

Amongst the odd jumble was a little seal, very black, and with a sham stone set in rough claws, a thing of brass.

"A queer little gilt seal that."

"Gold," Mr. A. answered, firmly.

"Gilt, Mr. A."

"I am almost certain it is gold," he replied, doubtfully.

"Please fetch the acid."

The seal was tested.

"I will give you this seal, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. A. Gold?"

"Gilt, sir. It is dirty, I will have it re-gilt."

"Rather a case of gilding refined gold from your point of view, isn't it, Mr. A.?" I was mean enough to say.

But I was half angry at finding another instance of stupid ignorance about an art so absorbing, from my point of view, and I ought to have been grateful.



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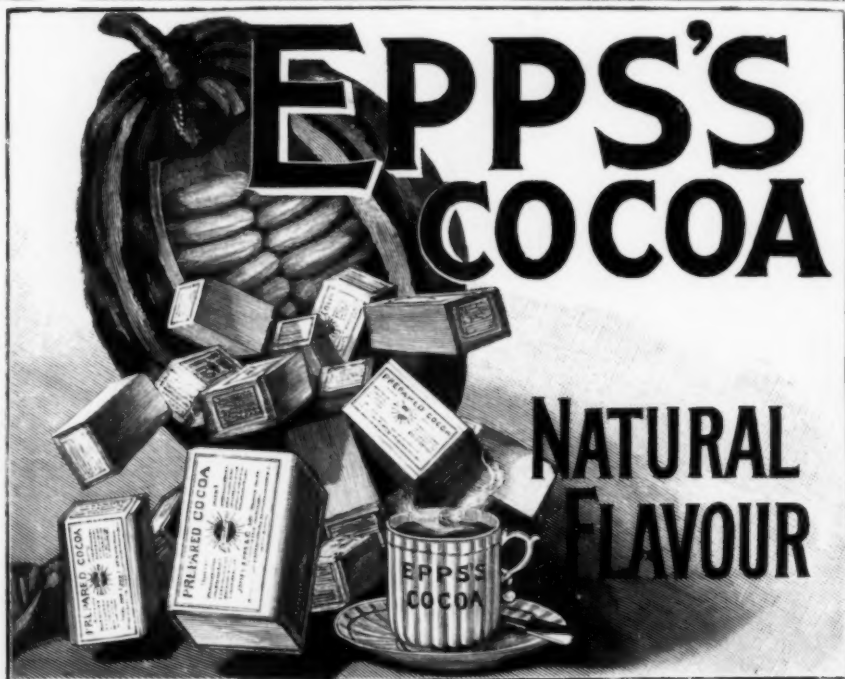
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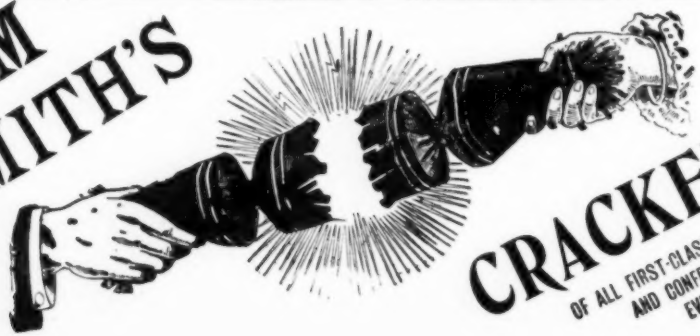
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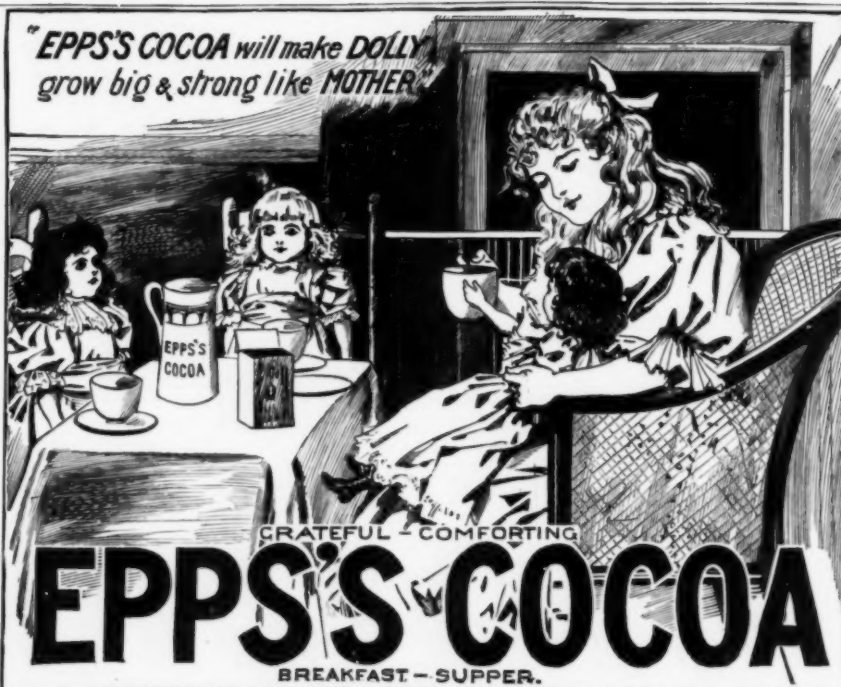
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